FAMILY
HISTORY
MYERS
HUGHES
C15

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Auburn, IN 46706

Myers - Hughes

Betty Joyce Hughes-Laurence F. Myers
12884 Meaghan Court
Jacksonville, FL 32225

Abbe, Joshua	1710
Acker, Albert	1760
Adams, Aaron	1747
Allgar, Robeert	1435
Bacchus, Robert	1603
Beebe, John	1715
Boddy,	1809
Bradford, Robert	1500
Brewster, William	1566
Brown, Katherine	1435
Carpenter, Alexander	1546
Collingridge, Ursulla	1407
Collins, Walter	1572
Cornell, Richard	1565
Cotton, John	1585
DeGrauw, Marretje	1626
Dotts, David	1760
Dredge, Daniel	1715
Dudley, Anne	1612
Dunham, John	1406
Dyggs, John	1426
Elliott, Deborah	1681
Fabian, Jane	1435
Fitzjohn, Adam	1286
Gardiner, Sarah	1584
Geer, George	1621
Gray, John	1602
Groot, Symon	1628
Hall, Ellen	1441
Hallet, William	1553
Hamblin, John	1570
Harcourt, Sir Knight	1450
Haskins	1760
Holdridge, William	1680
Houk, Conrad	1776
Hues	1690
Hungerford, Robert	1431
Jusonne, Robert	1515
Kethum, Hannah	1685
Kittel, Richard	1706
Langford, Edward	1440
Lummys, Laurent	1491
McClellan, David	1790
Mead, Sarah	1706
Moleyns, Eleanor de	1426
Mullins, Thomas	1676
Neville, Amphilicia	1463
Newhall, Mary	1637
Norris, Ann	1450
Olmstead, Daniel	1591
Otis, Doris	1732
Parke, Thomas	1615
Peverell, Thomas, Sir	1340
Phenicie	1745
Porter, John	1594
Pratt, andrew, Rev	1538
Quance, Elizabeth	1661
Ripley, John	1622
Rudd, Mary Mabel	1649
Ryan, Robeert	1745
Sackville, Humphrey	1426
Sage, Benjamin	1745
Sandford, Elizabeth	1432
Scott, Anne	1603
Shelley, John	1428
Sisson, Joan	1576
Smit, William, The Elder	1684
Smith, Mary	1645
Spencer, Jared	1612
Stalham, elizabeth	1608
Stanley, Timothy	1604
Stebbins, Benjamin	1706
Stenton, Anna Mary	1611
Stoddard, Hannah	1688
Stradling, John	1430
Strange, Alice Alienore	1375
Stratton, Dorothy	1727
Strug, Eleanor	1334
Studebacher, Caspar	1675
Swift, William	1575
tudor, Owen	1630
Van Aachen, Jan Fosteer	1629
Warner, Stevin	1500
Watt, Mary Smith	1763
Wentworth, Thomas, Sir	1484
Westphael, Bridget	1602
Westwood, William	1606
Williams, Robert	1607
Wilson, Thomas	1493
Wolsey, Thomas	1558
Woolcott, Jane Ann	1816
Wyncelow, John	1400
Young, Margery	1540
Zoucher, Lenthal, Baroness	1453

PEDIGREE CHARTS

Kathleen Ann Myers

Compiled by: Betty Joyce Hughes
Laurence F. Myers

Mad Hatter Publications
2002

Individual Summary
for Kathleen Ann Myers

Event	Date(s)	Place	Description
Born	11 Mar 1955	Lutheran Hsp, Fort Wayne, Alldn Co, IN	
Christened		Epworth Meth, Fort Wayne, Allen Co, IN	
Died			
Buried			

Nickname:	AKA:	Married Name:
Sex: F	ID:	AFN:
Last Changed: 17 Feb 2002		

Parents

Father	Mother
Laurence Frederic Myers	Betty Joyce Hughes

Marriages

Spouse	Marriage Date/Place
Steven Letro	18 Oct 1980 Catholic Ch, Memphis, TN

Notes

Kathleen Ann Myers is the start of these pedigree charts combining both Laurence Frederic Myers and Betty Joyce Hughes genealogy. Joyce became interested in establishing accreditation in the Daughters of the American Revolution. In her job as consultant dietitian for the Indiana State Board of Health she traveled some sixteen counties of Northeastern Indiana. This is the area where most of our early ancestors settled. Laurence would accompany her during the summer and they worked in the local county libraries, vital statistics and personal contacts with known relatives.

Following initial interviews with living Hughes relatives, searches were made in the Allen County Public Library. Mr. Fred Reynolds during the depression had obtained many grants in the area for Works Project Programs. The Allen County Public Library, of which he was director, stimulated the collection of many family memoirs. They have the largest collection of this kind. With the use of the Later Day Saints' Family Records Joyce established credentials on Robert Ryan and Gurdon Geer. In the meantime, Laurence began collecting. He was fortunate with the accumultion of Nora Del Gumble Smith's OFT TOLD TALES, his Aunt Cora Meyer recollections of the Moorhouses, John Moorhouse's DIARY, and Lowell Smith's THE SMITHS OF PLEASANT TOWNSHIP, that was a jump start on many immediate generations. He soon established credentials on Albert Acker and Alexander Lawton Smith for membership in the Sons of the American Revoltuion.

There are additional Patriots listed in this report but the paper work of collecting birth, marriage, and death certificates was not completed. You will also note where only Later Day Saints files are used the file name is marked LDS. Also others that are questionable have been marked with a "?" mark. Names of military rank have not been verified. Captain Geer may have been in the army although he lived in New London for some time. General Samuel McClellan was an aide to George Washington and in charge of supplies even after the conflict.

We hope you will enjoy and can use our material. Copies of collections mentioned above are available in the Allen County Public Library. We are placing this in that library, as well as, DeKalb Co., Adams Co., and with the SAR in Louisville. Several copies are being given to the DAR for local distribution.

Laurence F. Myers
12884 Meaghan Court Phone: 904 928-0468
Jacksonville, FL 32225 E-mail enigma12884@AOL.com

Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 1

2 **Laurence Frederic Myers**
B:16 May 1920
P:Hilo,Hawaii,Terr USA
M:5 Jun 1950
P:Rev F Hickman,,Durham,NC
D:
P:

1 **Kathleen Ann Myers**
B:11 Mar 1955
P:Lutheran Hsp,Fort Wayne,AC,IN
M:18 Oct 1980
P:Catholic Ch,Memphis,TN
D:
P:

Steven Letro
(Spouse of no. 1)

3 **Betty Joyce Hughes**
B:20 Mar 1924
P:Hudson,Steuben Co,IN
D:12 Sep 2001
P:'St luke's Hosp,J,DC,Florida

4 **Frederic Irwin Myers**
B:1 May 1892
P:Linn Grove,Adams Co,IN
M:12 Aug 1919
P:catholic Ch,Albion,Indiana
D:3 Jun 1937
P:St Joseph Hsp,SB,St Joe Co,IN

5 **Mary Francis Moorhouse**
B:9 Jun 1891
P:Albion,Jefferson Twp,NC,IN
D:21 Jul 1961
P:St Joseph Hsp,SB,St Joe Co,IN

6 **Dale Hughes**
B:21 Aug 1899
P:Salem Twp,Steuben Co,IN
M:30 Apr 1921
P:ME Parsonage,Angola,SC,IN
D:21 Jan 1990
P:Carlin Park NH,Angola,SC,IN

7 **Wilma Eliza Cole**
B:20 Apr 1901
P:Scott Twp,Steuben Co,IN
D:28 Nov 1968
P:Parkview Hsp,Fort Wayne,A,IN

8 **Charles Milton Myers**
B:8 Apr 1863
P:Decatur,Adams Co,IN
M:31 Jul 1886
P:
D:2 May 1919
P:Hartford Twp,Adams Co,IN

9 **Dora Anna Acker**
B:4 May 1867
P:Decatur,Adams Co,IN
D:5 Sep 1938
P:Hartford Twp,Adams Co,IN

10 **John William Moorhouse**
B:4 Jun 1846
P:home,Jefferson Twp,NC,IN
M:16 Feb 1874
P:Cathedral,FW,AC,Indiana
D:4 Apr 1926
P:home,Jefferson Twp,NC,IN

11 **Rebecca Mary Monroe**
B:22 Oct 1851
P:Ottawa,Putnam Co,OH
D:2 Jan 1933
P:Vogeding Home,Garret,DC,IN

12 **Albert Porter Hughes**
B:21 Aug 1880
P:Steuben Co,IN
M:22 Jun 1898
P:,Steuben Co,Angola,IN
D:23 Oct 1951
P:Salem Twp,Steuben Co,IN

13 **Clara Haskins**
B:23 Dec 1880
P:Salem Center,Salem Twp,S,IN
D:5 Feb 1949
P:Salem Twp,Steuben Co,IN

14 **Sherman Otto Cole**
B:24 Sep 1867
P:Scott Twp,Steuben Co,IN
M:27 Nov 1890
P:Steuben Co,IN
D:19 Sep 1948
P:Fremont,Steuben Co,IN

15 **Mary Louisa Dotts**
B:7 Mar 1870
P:Scott Twp,Steuben Co,IN
D:19 Nov 1943
P:home,Scott Twp,SC,IN

16 **Christopher F Myers** 2
B:22 May 1829
M:
D:1877

17 **Mary Catherine Carpenter** 3
B:
D:

18 **Irwin Samuel Acker** 4
B:15 Mar 1838
M:1 Jan 1860
D:2 Mar 1923

19 **Jane Smith** 5
B:9 Nov 1840
D:9 May 1936

20 **John Moorhouse** 6
B:28 Sep 1805
M:3 Jun 1829
D:2 Dec 1887

21 **Elizabeth Ann Boddy** 7
B:13 Jun 1809
D:1 May 1860

22 **William F. Monroe** 8
B:7 Sep 1817
M:10 Mar 1833
D:4 Jan 1862

23 **Jane Ann Woolcott**
B:1816
D:1860

24 **John Elis Hughes** 9
B:31 Jan 1837
M:13 Dec 1863
D:28 Mar 1893

25 **Martha Ann Meek** 10
B:20 Jul 1844
D:16 Oct 1918

26 **David Haskins** 11
B:7 Aug 1851
M:23 Feb 1873
D:31 Oct 1927

27 **Janett Ryan** 12
B:26 Jun 1854/1855
D:26 Apr 1939

28 **Nelson Cole** 13
B:4 May 1838
M:16 Feb 1860
D:4 Jan 1901

29 **Eliza A. Phenicie** 14
B:27 Jan 1834
D:29 Dec 1904

30 **John Dotts** 15
B:28 Mar 1835
M:25 May 1866
D:30 Aug 1915

31 **Mary Louisa Sage** 16
B:12 Jul 1842
D:23 Apr 1915

24 Mar 2002

Chart no. 2

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 16 on chart no. 1

2 **Frederick Myers**
B: 1791
P: Wuertemberg,S,Germany
M:
P:
D: 20 Jan 1860
P: Washington Twp,Adams Co,IN

1 **Christopher Frederic Myers**
B: 22 May 1829
P: Stuttgart,Germany
M:
P:
D: 1877
P:

Mary Catherine Carpenter
(Spouse of no. 1)

3 **Christine Havick**
B: 1809
P: Stuttgart,Germany
D: 26 Nov 1879
P: David's home,Adams Co,IN

Prepared by
Betty Joyce Hughes & Laurence F. Mye
12884 Meaghan Court
Jacksonville
FL
32225 USA

Telephone	Date prepared
904-928-0468	24 Mar 2002

4 **Frederic Meyer**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

5
B:
P:
D:
P:

6 **Havick**
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B:
D:

Family Group Record- 1

Husband		**Laurence Frederic Myers-3**			
	Born	16 May 1920	Place	Hilo, Hawaii, Terr USA	
	Chr.		Place	St Mary's Ch, Hilo, Hawaii, Terr USA	
	Married	5 Jun 1950	Place	Rev F Hickman, , Durham, SC	
	Husband's father	Frederic Irwin Myers-1543			MRIN: 673
	Husband's mother	Mary Francis Moorhouse-1547			
Wife		**Betty Joyce Hughes-2**			
	Born	20 Mar 1924	Place	Hudson, Steuben Co, IN	
	Died	12 Sep 2001	Place	'St luke's Hosp, Jacksonville, Duvall Co, Florida	
	Buried	15 Sep 2001	Place	Forest Meadows Cmt, Gainesville, Alachua Co, Florida	
	Wife's father	Dale Hughes-11			MRIN: 2
	Wife's mother	Wilma Eliza Cole-12			
Children	List each child in order of birth.				
1	F	**Marcia Kay Myers-4**			
	Born	23 Sep 1953	Place	Lutheran Hsp, Fort Wayne, Allen Co, IN	
	Chr.		Place	First Me, Angola, Steuben Co, IN	
	Spouse	Douglas James Gootee-6			MRIN: 3
	Married	23 Nov 1976	Place	Aldersgate Me Ch, Fort Wayne, Allen Co, IN	
2	F	**Kathleen Ann Myers-1**			
	Born	11 Mar 1955	Place	Lutheran Hsp, Fort Wayne, Alldn Co, IN	
	Chr.		Place	Epworth Meth, Fort Wayne, Allen Co, IN	
	Spouse	Steven Letro-8			MRIN: 4
	Married	18 Oct 1980	Place	Catholic Ch, Memphis, Shelby Co, TN	

Family Group Record- 673

Husband **Frederic Irwin Myers-1543**

Born	1 May 1892	Place	Linn Grove, Adams Co, IN
Died	3 Jun 1937	Place	St Joseph Hsp, South Bend, St Joe Co, IN
Buried		Place	Portage Cem, South Bend, St Joe Co, IN
Married	12 Aug 1919	Place	catholic Ch, Albion, Indiana
Husband's father	Charles Milton Myers-1573		MRIN: 718
Husband's mother	Dora Anna Acker-1574		

Wife **Mary Francis Moorhouse-1547**

Born	9 Jun 1891	Place	Albion, Jefferson Twp, Noble Co, IN
Died	21 Jul 1961	Place	St Joseph Hsp, South Bend, St Joe Co, IN
Buried		Place	Portage Cem, South Bend, St Joe Co, IN
Wife's father	John William Moorhouse-1611		MRIN: 720
Wife's mother	Rebecca Mary Monroe-1613		

Children List each child in order of birth.

1 M **Laurence Frederic Myers-3**

Born	16 May 1920	Place	Hilo, Hawaii, Terr USA
Chr.		Place	St Mary's Ch, Hilo, Hawaii, Terr USA
Spouse	Betty Joyce Hughes-2		MRIN: 1
Married	5 Jun 1950	Place	Rev F Hickman, , Durham, SC

2 M **Philip Frances Myers-2038**

Born	22 Dec 1923	Place	Hospital, Annapolis, Ann Arundel Co, MD
Chr.		Place	
Spouse	Rita Wilson-1566		MRIN: 989
Married	23 Feb 1948	Place	Akron, OH

3 F **Elizabeth Rebecca Myers-1549**

Born	25 Jul 1925	Place	St Joseph Hsp, South Bend, St Joe Co, IN
Died	1996	Place	Littleton, CO
Spouse	Donald Johnson EE-1565		MRIN: 538
Married		Place	

4 M **Ralph Vincent Myers-1550**

Born	24 Aug 1927	Place	Annapolis, Ann Rundel Co. MD
Spouse	Ruth Marie Fritz-1567		MRIN: 777
Married	31 Mar 1951	Place	Holy Cross Ch, South Bend, St Joe Co, IN

5 F **Mary Lois Myers-1551**

Born	25 Jul 1931	Place	St Joe Hsp, South Bend, St. Joe Co, IN
Spouse	Francis Molson-1776		MRIN: 573
Married		Place	

6 M **Paul Thomas Myers-1552**

Born	24 Dec 1933	Place	St Joseph Hsp, South Bend, St Joe Co, IN
Spouse	Elsie Ann Regard-1571		MRIN: 692
Married	11 Aug 1956	Place	Cathedral, Notre Dame, Indiana

Family Group Record- 718

Husband	**Charles Milton Myers-1573**		
Wife	**Dora Anna Acker-1574**		
Children	List each child in order of birth.		
11 F	**Iris Eveline Myers-1584**		
Born	6 Sep 1911	Place	Preble, Adams Co, IN
Died	17 Jul 1976	Place	
Spouse	Harold M. Dilley-1930		MRIN: 980
Married		Place	

Family Group Record- 718

Husband **Charles Milton Myers-1573**

Born	8 Apr 1863	Place	Decatur, Adams Co, IN	
Died	2 May 1919	Place	Hartford Twp, Adams Co, IN	
Buried		Place	Maplewood Cem, Decatur, Adams Co, IN	
Married	31 Jul 1886	Place		
Husband's father	Christopher Frederic Myers-1585			MRIN: 728
Husband's mother	Mary Catherine Carpenter-1586			

Wife **Dora Anna Acker-1574**

Born	4 May 1867	Place	Decatur, Adams Co, IN	
Died	7 May 1938	Place	Hartford Twp, Adams Co, IN	
Buried	10 May 1938	Place	Maplewood Cem, Decatur, Adams Co, IN	
Wife's father	Irwin Samuel Acker-1593			MRIN: 623
Wife's mother	Jane Smith-1594			

Children List each child in order of birth.

1 F **Lela Maude Myers-1575**

Born	17 Nov 1888	Place	Decatur, Adams Co, IN	
Died	5 May 1957	Place	Chicago, IL	
Spouse	Robert E. Bennett-1938			MRIN: 968
Married	26 Sep 1907	Place		

2 F **Lois M. Myers-1576**

Born	14 Jul 1890	Place	Hartford Twp, Adams Co, IN	
Died	11 Feb 1973	Place	Decatur, Adams Co, IN	
Buried		Place	Maplewood Cem, Decatur, Adams Co, IN	
Spouse	Milo Ward Black-1937			MRIN: 969
Married	16 Apr 1911	Place		

3 M **Frederic Irwin Myers-1543**

Born	1 May 1892	Place	Linn Grove, Adams Co, IN	
Died	3 Jun 1937	Place	St Joseph Hsp, South Bend, St Joe Co, IN	
Buried		Place	Portage Cem, South Bend, St Joe Co, IN	
Spouse	Mary Francis Moorhouse-1547			MRIN: 673
Married	12 Aug 1919	Place	catholic Ch, Albion, Indiana	

4 M **Paul Vernon Myers-1577**

Born	6 Dec 1894	Place	Hartford Twp, Adams Co, IN	
Died	Aug 1962	Place		
Spouse	Christine Pierre Pape-1936			MRIN: 972
Married		Place		

5 M **Ralph Smith Myers-1578**

Born	18 May 1898	Place	Hartford Twp, Adams Co, IN	
Died	9 Jan 1962	Place	Decatur, Adams Co, IN	
Buried		Place	Maplewood Cem, Decatur, Adams Co, IN	

6 M **Robert Acker Myers-1579**

Born	19 Sep 1901	Place	Hartford Twp, Adams Co, IN	
Died	30 Oct 1944	Place	Hartford Twp, Adams Co, IN	
Spouse	Helen Minigar-1935			MRIN: 975
Married		Place		

7 F **Jane Irene Myers-1580**

Born	21 Jan 1904	Place	Hartford Twp, Adams Co, IN	
Died	19 Aug 1974	Place	Evansville, IN	
Spouse	Victor William Raab-1934			MRIN: 976
Married		Place		

8 M **Richard Edwin Myers Admiral-1581**

Born	13 Oct 1905	Place	Hartford Twp, Adams Co, IN	
Died	12 Aug 1974	Place	Scottsdale, AZ	
Spouse	Marian Helen Pilton-1933			MRIN: 979
Married	28 Jul 1928	Place	Annapolis, Ann Arundel Co, MD	

9 M **Charles Milton Myers-1582**

Born	25 Aug 1907	Place	Hartford Twp, Adams Co, IN	
Died	11 Feb 1975	Place	Loblolly, Portland, IN	
Spouse	Retta Heath-1932			MRIN: 99
Married		Place		

10 F **Helen Nadine Myers-1583**

Born	21 Dec 1909	Place	Hartford Twp, Adams Co, IN	
Died	9 Dec 1945	Place	Hartford Twp, Adams Co, IN	
Spouse	Cecil Short-1931			MRIN: 97
Married		Place		

Family Group Record- 736

Husband	**Frederick Myers-1603**				
	Born	1791	Place	Wuertemberg, Stuttgart, Germany	
	Died	20 Jan 1860	Place	Washington Twp, Adams Co, IN	
	Married		Place		
	Husband's father	Frederic Meyer-2018			MRIN: 742
	Husband's mother				
Wife	**Christine Havick-1604**				
	Born	1809	Place	Stuttgart, Germany	
	Died	26 Nov 1879	Place	David's home, Adams Co, IN	
	Wife's father	Havick-2019			MRIN: 743
	Wife's mother				
Children	List each child in order of birth.				
1 M	**Christopher Frederic Myers-1585**				
	Born	22 May 1829	Place	Stuttgart, Germany	
	Died	1877	Place		
	Spouse	Mary Catherine Carpenter-1586			MRIN: 728
	Married		Place		
2 M	**William Jackson Myers-1750**				
	Born	21 May 1839	Place	Wooster, Wayne Co, OH	
	Spouse	Jennie Hunter-2281			MRIN: 703
	Married	9 Jul 1867	Place		
3 M	**David Myers-1751**				
4 M	**Daniel Myers-1752**				
	Born	2 Jul 1849	Place		
	Spouse	Annie Gwinner-2283			MRIN: 1093
	Married	23 Nov 1880	Place		

Family Group Record- 673

Husband		**Frederic Irwin Myers-1543**			
	Born	1 May 1892	Place	Linn Grove, Adams Co, IN	
	Died	3 Jun 1937	Place	St Joseph Hsp, South Bend, St Joe Co, IN	
	Buried		Place	Portage Cem, South Bend, St Joe Co, IN	
	Married	12 Aug 1919	Place	catholic Ch, Albion, Indiana	
	Husband's father	Charles Milton Myers-1573			MRIN: 718
	Husband's mother	Dora Anna Acker-1574			
Wife		**Mary Francis Moorhouse-1547**			
	Born	9 Jun 1891	Place	Albion, Jefferson Twp, Noble Co, IN	
	Died	21 Jul 1961	Place	St Joseph Hsp, South Bend, St Joe Co, IN	
	Buried		Place	Portage Cem, South Bend, St Joe Co, IN	
	Wife's father	John William Moorhouse-1611			MRIN: 720
	Wife's mother	Rebecca Mary Monroe-1613			
Children	List each child in order of birth.				
1	M	**Laurence Frederic Myers-3**			
	Born	16 May 1920	Place	Hilo, Hawaii, Terr USA	
	Chr.		Place	St Mary's Ch, Hilo, Hawaii, Terr USA	
	Spouse	Betty Joyce Hughes-2			MRIN: 1
	Married	5 Jun 1950	Place	Rev F Hickman, , Durham, SC	
2	M	**Philip Frances Myers-2038**			
	Born	22 Dec 1923	Place	Hospital, Annapolis, Ann Arundel Co, MD	
	Chr.		Place		
	Spouse	Rita Wilson-1566			MRIN: 989
	Married	23 Feb 1948	Place	Akron, OH	
3	F	**Elizabeth Rebecca Myers-1549**			
	Born	25 Jul 1925	Place	St Joseph Hsp, South Bend, St Joe Co, IN	
	Died	1996	Place	Littleton, CO	
	Spouse	Donald Johnson EE-1565			MRIN: 538
	Married		Place		
4	M	**Ralph Vincent Myers-1550**			
	Born	24 Aug 1927	Place	Annapolis, Ann Rundel Co. MD	
	Spouse	Ruth Marie Fritz-1567			MRIN: 777
	Married	31 Mar 1951	Place	Holy Cross Ch, South Bend, St Joe Co, IN	
5	F	**Mary Lois Myers-1551**			
	Born	25 Jul 1931	Place	St Joe Hsp, South Bend, St. Joe Co, IN	
	Spouse	Francis Molson-1776			MRIN: 573
	Married		Place		
6	M	**Paul Thomas Myers-1552**			
	Born	24 Dec 1933	Place	St Joseph Hsp, South Bend, St Joe Co, IN	
	Spouse	Elsie Ann Regard-1571			MRIN: 692
	Married	11 Aug 1956	Place	Cathedral, Notre Dame, Indiana	

Family Group Record- 718

Husband	**Charles Milton Myers-1573**		
Wife	**Dora Anna Acker-1574**		
Children	List each child in order of birth.		
11 F	**Iris Eveline Myers-1584**		
Born	6 Sep 1911	Place	Preble, Adams Co, IN
Died	17 Jul 1976	Place	
Spouse	Harold M. Dilley-1930		MRIN: 980
Married		Place	

Family Group Record- 718

Husband **Charles Milton Myers-1573**

Born	8 Apr 1863	Place	Decatur, Adams Co, IN	
Died	2 May 1919	Place	Hartford Twp, Adams Co, IN	
Buried		Place	Maplewood Cem, Decatur, Adams Co, IN	
Married	31 Jul 1886	Place		
Husband's father	Christopher Frederic Myers-1585			MRIN: 728
Husband's mother	Mary Catherine Carpenter-1586			

Wife **Dora Anna Acker-1574**

Born	4 May 1867	Place	Decatur, Adams Co, IN	
Died	7 May 1938	Place	Hartford Twp, Adams Co, IN	
Buried	10 May 1938	Place	Maplewood Cem, Decatur, Adams Co, IN	
Wife's father	Irwin Samuel Acker-1593			MRIN: 623
Wife's mother	Jane Smith-1594			

Children List each child in order of birth.

1 F **Lela Maude Myers-1575**

Born	17 Nov 1888	Place	Decatur, Adams Co, IN	
Died	5 May 1957	Place	Chicago, IL	
Spouse	Robert E. Bennett-1938			MRIN: 968
Married	26 Sep 1907	Place		

2 F **Lois M. Myers-1576**

Born	14 Jul 1890	Place	Hartford Twp, Adams Co, IN	
Died	11 Feb 1973	Place	Decatur, Adams Co, IN	
Buried		Place	Maplewood Cem, Decatur, Adams Co, IN	
Spouse	Milo Ward Black-1937			MRIN: 969
Married	16 Apr 1911	Place		

3 M **Frederic Irwin Myers-1543**

Born	1 May 1892	Place	Linn Grove, Adams Co, IN	
Died	3 Jun 1937	Place	St Joseph Hsp, South Bend, St Joe Co, IN	
Buried		Place	Portage Cem, South Bend, St Joe Co, IN	
Spouse	Mary Francis Moorhouse-1547			MRIN: 673
Married	12 Aug 1919	Place	catholic Ch, Albion, Indiana	

4 M **Paul Vernon Myers-1577**

Born	6 Dec 1894	Place	Hartford Twp, Adams Co, IN	
Died	Aug 1962	Place		
Spouse	Christine Pierre Pape-1936			MRIN: 972
Married		Place		

5 M **Ralph Smith Myers-1578**

Born	18 May 1898	Place	Hartford Twp, Adams Co, IN
Died	9 Jan 1962	Place	Decatur, Adams Co, IN
Buried		Place	Maplewood Cem, Decatur, Adams Co, IN

6 M **Robert Acker Myers-1579**

Born	19 Sep 1901	Place	Hartford Twp, Adams Co, IN	
Died	30 Oct 1944	Place	Hartford Twp, Adams Co, IN	
Spouse	Helen Minigar-1935			MRIN: 975
Married		Place		

7 F **Jane Irene Myers-1580**

Born	21 Jan 1904	Place	Hartford Twp, Adams Co, IN	
Died	19 Aug 1974	Place	Evansville, IN	
Spouse	Victor William Raab-1934			MRIN: 976
Married		Place		

8 M **Richard Edwin Myers Admiral-1581**

Born	13 Oct 1905	Place	Hartford Twp, Adams Co, IN	
Died	12 Aug 1974	Place	Scottsdale, AZ	
Spouse	Marian Helen Pilton-1933			MRIN: 97
Married	28 Jul 1928	Place	Annapolis, Ann Arundel Co, MD	

9 M **Charles Milton Myers-1582**

Born	25 Aug 1907	Place	Hartford Twp, Adams Co, IN	
Died	11 Feb 1975	Place	Loblolly, Portland, IN	
Spouse	Retta Heath-1932			MRIN: 99
Married		Place		

10 F **Helen Nadine Myers-1583**

Born	21 Dec 1909	Place	Hartford Twp, Adams Co, IN	
Died	9 Dec 1945	Place	Hartford Twp, Adams Co, IN	
Spouse	Cecil Short-1931			MRIN: 97
Married		Place		

Family Group Record- 736

Page 1 of 1

		Husband	**Frederick Myers-1603**			
		Born	1791	Place	Wuertemberg, Stuttgart, Germany	
		Died	20 Jan 1860	Place	Washington Twp, Adams Co, IN	
		Married		Place		
		Husband's father	Frederic Meyer-2018			MRIN: 742
		Husband's mother				
		Wife	**Christine Havick-1604**			
		Born	1809	Place	Stuttgart, Germany	
		Died	26 Nov 1879	Place	David's home, Adams Co, IN	
		Wife's father	Havick-2019			MRIN: 743
		Wife's mother				
		Children	List each child in order of birth.			
1	M	**Christopher Frederic Myers-1585**				
		Born	22 May 1829	Place	Stuttgart, Germany	
		Died	1877	Place		
		Spouse	Mary Catherine Carpenter-1586			MRIN: 728
		Married		Place		
2	M	**William Jackson Myers-1750**				
		Born	21 May 1839	Place	Wooster, Wayne Co, OH	
		Spouse	Jennie Hunter-2281			MRIN: 703
		Married	9 Jul 1867	Place		
3	M	**David Myers-1751**				
4	M	**Daniel Myers-1752**				
		Born	2 Jul 1849	Place		
		Spouse	Annie Gwinner-2283			MRIN: 1093
		Married	23 Nov 1880	Place		

Family Group Record- 728

Husband	**Christopher Frederic Myers-1585**		
Born	22 May 1829	Place	Stuttgart, Germany
Died	1877	Place	
Married		Place	
Husband's father	Frederick Myers-1603		MRIN: 736
Husband's mother	Christine Havick-1604		

Wife	**Mary Catherine Carpenter-1586**		
Wife's father	Carpenter-2020		MRIN: 632
Wife's mother			

Children List each child in order of birth.

1	M	**Charles Milton Myers-1573**			
		Born	8 Apr 1863	Place	Decatur, Adams Co, IN
		Died	2 May 1919	Place	Hartford Twp, Adams Co, IN
		Buried		Place	Maplewood Cem, Decatur, Adams Co, IN
		Spouse	Dora Anna Acker-1574		MRIN: 718
		Married	31 Jul 1886	Place	
2	F	**Rebecca Myers-1588**			
3	M	**John W. Myers-1589**			
4	M	**SIMON Myers-1590**			
5	F	**Amanda J. Myers-1591**			
6	F	**Mary E. Myers-1592**			

Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 3

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 17 on chart no. 1

2 **Carpenter**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

1 **Mary Catherine Carpenter**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

Christopher Frederic Myers
(Spouse of no. 1)

3
B:
P:
D:
P:

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D:

28
B:
M:
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29
B:
D:

30
B:
M:
D:

31
B:
D:

24 Mar 2002

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 18 on chart no. 1

Chart no. 4

1 **Irwin Samuel Acker**
B: 15 Mar 1838
P: Rochester, Seneca Co, NY
M: 1 Jan 1860
P:
D: 2 Mar 1923
P: 227 First St, Decatur, AC, IN

Jane Smith
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Samuel Acker**
B: 21 Oct 1804
P: Seneca Co, NY
M: 1825
P:
D: 3 Feb 1878
P: Adams Co, IN

3 **Catherine Keyser/Kiser**
B: 15 May 1806
P: Geneva, Wayne Co, NY
D: 15 Oct 1854
P: Pleasant Twp, Adams Co, IN

4 **Albert Acker Patriot**
B: 1760/1767
P: Sussex, NJ
M: 17 Jul 1786
P: Pepper Cotton, fairfield Co, NJ
D: 10 Jun 1832
P: Groveland, NY

5 **Sarah (Sally) Hart**
B: 17 Oct 1770
P: Frankfort, NJ
D: 11 May 1855
P: Groveland, NY

6 **John Keyser/Kiser**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

7 **Elizabeth Eliza Adams**
B: 7 Sep 1787
P:
D:
P:

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P:
D:
P:

10
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12
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

13
B:
P:
D:
P:

14 **Aaron Adams**
B: 22 Mar 1747
P: Canaan, CT
M:
P:
D: 13 Dec 1833
P: Dansville, Livingston Co, NY

15 **Sarah Hard**
B: 11 Jun 1757
P: Canaan, CT
D: 5 Feb 1854
P: Milan, OH

16
B:
M:
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D:

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904-928-0468

Date prepared
24 Mar 2002

Family Group Record- 623

Husband		**Irwin Samuel Acker-1593**				
		Born	15 Mar 1838	Place	Rochester, Seneca Co, NY	
		Died	2 Mar 1923	Place	227 First St, Decatur, Adams Co, IN	
		Buried		Place	Maplewood Cem, Decatur, Adams Co, IN	
		Married	1 Jan 1860	Place		
		Husband's father	Samuel Acker-1619			MRIN: 756
		Husband's mother	Catherine Keyser/Kiser-1622			
Wife		**Jane Smith-1594**				
		Born	9 Nov 1840	Place	home, Decatur, Adams Co, IN	
		Died	9 May 1936	Place	227 First St, Decatur, Adams Co, IN	
		Buried		Place	Maplewood Cem, Decatur, Adams Co, IN	
		Wife's father	Zacariah Smith-1595			MRIN: 739
		Wife's mother	Susanah McClellan-1596			
Children		List each child in order of birth.				
1	M	**Levi Acker-1597**				
		Born	1843	Place	St Mary's Twp, Adams Co, IN	
		Died	Mar 1865	Place	Shiloh Church	
		Buried		Place	Shiloh Mil Cem	
2	F	**Dora Anna Acker-1574**				
		Born	4 May 1867	Place	Decatur, Adams Co, IN	
		Died	7 May 1938	Place	Hartford Twp, Adams Co, IN	
		Buried	10 May 1938	Place	Maplewood Cem, Decatur, Adams Co, IN	
		Spouse	Charles Milton Myers-1573			MRIN: 718
		Married	31 Jul 1886	Place		
3	M	**Samuel S. Acker-1598**				
		Spouse	Frances W. Triplett-1199			MRIN: 1115
		Married	May 1895	Place		
4	F	**Eva Jane Acker-1599**				
		Born	1873	Place		
		Died	1955	Place		
5	F	**Minta Acker-1600**				
		Born	8 Nov 1875	Place	St Mary's Twp, Adams Co, IN	
		Died	1 Jan 1970	Place	San Jose, CA	
		Spouse	Francis Blissner-1914			MRIN: 1116
		Married	1 Jan 1920	Place		
6	M	**Albert Acker-1601**				
		Born	26 Nov 1860	Place	Decatur, Allen Co, IN	
		Died	27 Nov 1862	Place		
		Buried		Place	Mt Tabor Cem, Adams Co, IN	
7	F	**Victoria Acker-1602**				
		Born	4 Sep 1862	Place	St Mary's Twp, Allen Co. IN	
		Died	12 Sep 1863	Place		
		Buried		Place	Mt Tabor Cem, Adams Co, IN	

Family Group Record- 623

Husband **Irwin Samuel Acker-1593**

Born	15 Mar 1838	Place	Rochester, Seneca Co, NY
Died	2 Mar 1923	Place	227 First St, Decatur, Adams Co, IN
Buried		Place	Maplewood Cem, Decatur, Adams Co, IN
Married	1 Jan 1860	Place	
Husband's father	Samuel Acker-1619		MRIN: 756
Husband's mother	Catherine Keyser/Kiser-1622		

Wife **Jane Smith-1594**

Born	9 Nov 1840	Place	home, Decatur, Adams Co, IN
Died	9 May 1936	Place	227 First St, Decatur, Adams Co, IN
Buried		Place	Maplewood Cem, Decatur, Adams Co, IN
Wife's father	Zacariah Smith-1595		MRIN: 739
Wife's mother	Susanah McClellan-1596		

Children List each child in order of birth.

1 M **Levi Acker-1597**

Born	1843	Place	St Mary's Twp, Adams Co, IN
Died	Mar 1865	Place	Shiloh Church
Buried		Place	Shiloh Mil Cem

2 F **Dora Anna Acker-1574**

Born	4 May 1867	Place	Decatur, Adams Co, IN
Died	7 May 1938	Place	Hartford Twp, Adams Co, IN
Buried	10 May 1938	Place	Maplewood Cem, Decatur, Adams Co, IN
Spouse	Charles Milton Myers-1573		MRIN: 718
Married	31 Jul 1886	Place	

3 M **Samuel S. Acker-1598**

Spouse	Frances W. Triplett-1199		MRIN: 1115
Married	May 1895	Place	

4 F **Eva Jane Acker-1599**

Born	1873	Place	
Died	1955	Place	

5 F **Minta Acker-1600**

Born	8 Nov 1875	Place	St Mary's Twp, Adams Co, IN
Died	1 Jan 1970	Place	San Jose, CA
Spouse	Francis Blissner-1914		MRIN: 111
Married	1 Jan 1920	Place	

6 M **Albert Acker-1601**

Born	26 Nov 1860	Place	Decatur, Allen Co, IN
Died	27 Nov 1862	Place	
Buried		Place	Mt Tabor Cem, Adams Co, IN

7 F **Victoria Acker-1602**

Born	4 Sep 1862	Place	St Mary's Twp, Allen Co. IN
Died	12 Sep 1863	Place	
Buried		Place	Mt Tabor Cem, Adams Co, IN

Family Group Record- 756

Husband **Samuel Acker-1619**
Born 21 Oct 1804 Place Seneca Co, NY
Died 3 Feb 1878 Place Adams Co, IN
Buried Place Mt Tabor Cem, St Mary's Twp, Adams Co, IN
Married 1825 Place
Husband's father Albert Acker Patriot-1620 MRIN: 759
Husband's mother Sarah (Sally) Hart-1621

Wife **Catherine Keyser/Kiser-1622**
Born 15 May 1806 Place Geneva, Wayne Co, NY
Died 15 Oct 1854 Place Pleasant Twp, Adams Co, IN
Buried Place Old Mt Tabor Cem, St Mary's Twp, Adams Co, IN
Wife's father John Keyser/Kiser-1623 MRIN: 760
Wife's mother Elizabeth Eliza Adams-1624

Children List each child in order of birth.

1 F **Elizabeth Acker-1814**
Born 4 Sep 1828 Place NY
Died 11 Sep 1895 Place Adams Co, IN
Spouse Amos Gulick-1835 MRIN: 1124
Married 1 Jan 1846 Place

2 F **Laura Acker-1815**
Born 1831 Place NY
Died 1865 Place
Spouse Samuel Teeple-1836 MRIN: 1123
Married 21 Mar 1847 Place

3 M **Norman Acker-1819**
Born 1832 Place near Rochester, Adams Co, NY
Died Jun 1900 Place coming home
Spouse Loretta Carter-1837 MRIN: 540
Married 27 Nov 1856 Place

4 F **Maryett Acker-1820**
Born 15 Apr 1833 Place St Mary's Twp, Adams Co, IN
Died 15 Aug 1845 Place
Buried Place grave/mother, Old Mt Tabor Cem, Adams Co, IN

5 M **Irwin Samuel Acker-1593**
Born 15 Mar 1838 Place Rochester, Seneca Co, NY
Died 2 Mar 1923 Place 227 First St, Decatur, Adams Co, IN
Buried Place Maplewood Cem, Decatur, Adams Co, IN
Spouse Jane Smith-1594 MRIN: 623
Married 1 Jan 1860 Place

6 M **Lervi Acker-1865**
Born 1843 Place St Mary's Twp, IN
Died 1865 Place Shiloh Church
Buried Place Shiloh Cmt

7 F **Adeline Acker-1822**
Born 25 Feb 1848 Place St Mary's Twp, Adams Co, IN
Died 1872 Place
Spouse David Brittson-1838 MRIN: 1126
Married 18 Sep 1866 Place

8 M **Samuel Jr. Acker-1823**
Born Jun 1860 Place St Mary's Twp, Adams Co, NY
Died 1949 Place
Spouse Alice Roop-1826 MRIN: 1170
Married Place

9 F **Etta Acker-1824**
Born 25 Aug 1870 Place St Mary's Twp, Adams Co, NY
Died 20 Feb 1920 Place
Spouse Rufus Samuel Roop-1827 MRIN: 902
Married 10 Jan 1889 Place

10 M **Ora Acker-1825**

Family Group Record- 759

Page 1 of 1

		Husband	**Albert Acker Patriot-1620**			
		Born	1760/1767	Place	Sussex, NJ	
		Died	10 Jun 1832	Place	Groveland, NY	
		Buried		Place	Pepper Cotton, Groveland, NY	
		Married	17 Jul 1786	Place	Pepper Cotton, fairfield Co, NJ	
		Husband's father				
		Husband's mother				
		Wife	**Sarah (Sally) Hart-1621**			
		Born	17 Oct 1770	Place	Frankfort, NJ	
		Died	11 May 1855	Place	Groveland, NY	
		Wife's father				
		Wife's mother				
		Children List each child in order of birth.				
1	F	**Anna B. Acker-1729**				
		Born	10 May 1788	Place		
		Spouse	Stephen Banker-1749			MRIN: 1133
		Married	18 Jul 1806	Place		
2	M	**Silas Acker-1730**				
		Born	24 Jan 1791	Place		
		Spouse	Elizabeth McClenen-1748			MRIN: 1134
		Married	18 May 1814	Place		
3	M	**John Acker-1731**				
		Born	21 Apr 1792	Place		
		Died	Oct 1870	Place		
4	M	**Henry Acker-1732**				
		Born	15 Oct 1794	Place		
		Spouse	Mary Holden-1747			MRIN: 1135
		Married	15 Sep 1819	Place		
5	M	**Francis Acker-1733**				
		Born	15 Oct 1797	Place		
		Spouse	Permely Pond-1746			MRIN: 1136
		Married	30 Sep 1819	Place		
6	M	**Nathan Acker-1734**				
		Born	30 Oct 1799	Place		
7	F	**Elizabeth Betsey Acker-1735**				
		Born	25 Jun 1802	Place		
		Spouse	John Newkirk-1744			MRIN: 113
		Married	11 Jan 1819	Place		
8	M	**Samuel Acker-1619**				
		Born	21 Oct 1804	Place	Seneca Co, NY	
		Died	3 Feb 1878	Place	Adams Co, IN	
		Buried		Place	Mt Tabor Cem, St Mary's Twp, Adams Co, IN	
		Spouse	Catherine Keyser/Kiser-1622			MRIN: 75
		Married	1825	Place		
9	F	**Pamelia Acker-1736**				
		Born	2 Feb 1807	Place		
10	M	**Albert Acker-1738**				
		Born	30 Jan 1811	Place		
11	M	**Levy Levi Acker-1739**				
		Born	16 May 1813	Place		
12	F	**Sarah Ann Acker-1742**				
		Born	16 Apr 1820	Place		

Family Group Record- 739

Husband	**Zacariah Smith-1595**			
Born	Apr 1808	Place	Wayne Twp, Fayette Co, OH	
Died	7 Jul 1844	Place	St Mary's River, St Mary's Twp, Adams Co, IN	
Buried		Place	Mt Tabor Cem, Pleasant Twp, Adams Co, IN	
Married	17 Apr 1832	Place	Wayne Twp, Fayette Co, OH	
Husband's father	Isaac Smith-1605			MRIN: 738
Husband's mother	Nancy Jane Wilson-1606			
Wife	**Susanah McClellan-1596**			
Born	28 Aug 1812	Place	Lancaster Co, PA	
Died	6 May 1891	Place	St Mary's Twp, Adams Co, IN	
Wife's father	Jack John McClellan-1628			MRIN: 740
Wife's mother				

Children List each child in order of birth.

1	F	**Nancy Smith-1878**				
		Born	1833	Place	Fayette Co, OH	
		Spouse	Augustus P. Smith-1877			MRIN: 1140
		Married	29 Dec 1853	Place		
2	F	**Mary Smith-1892**				
		Born	1834	Place	Fayette Co, OH	
		Died	1916	Place		
		Spouse	James B. Teeple-1901			MRIN: 1141
		Married	13 Jun 1850	Place		
3	F	**Catherine Smith-1893**				
		Born	1 Jan 1835	Place	Adams Co, IN	
		Spouse	John E. Teeple-1900			MRIN: 958
		Married		Place		
4	F	**Martha Smith-1894**				
		Born	11 May 1836	Place	Adams Co, IN	
		Spouse	Joseph Frisinger-1899			MRIN: 1143
		Married	5 Feb 1882	Place		
5	M	**Isaac Smith-1896**				
		Spouse	Margaret Cowan-1897			MRIN: 1145
		Married	25 Oct 1868	Place		
6	F	**Sarah Ann Smith-1895**				
		Born	30 Sep 1839	Place	Adams Co, IN	
		Died	7 Dec 1906	Place	Fayette Co, OH	
		Spouse	Giles Hale Dixon-1898			MRIN: 1144
		Married	16 Oct 1860	Place		
7	F	**Jane Smith-1594**				
		Born	9 Nov 1840	Place	home, Decatur, Adams Co, IN	
		Died	9 May 1936	Place	227 First St, Decatur, Adams Co, IN	
		Buried		Place	Maplewood Cem, Decatur, Adams Co, IN	
		Spouse	Irwin Samuel Acker-1593			MRIN: 623
		Married	1 Jan 1860	Place		
8	M	**Joseph Wilson Smith-1881**				
		Born	7 Dec 1843	Place	Adams Co, IN	
		Died	24 Mar 1922	Place		
		Spouse	Catherine Elizabeth Gulick-1418			MRIN: 1146
		Married	18 Feb 1866	Place		

Family Group Record- 748

Husband **William The Elder Smit-1610**

Born 1684 Place Dortrecht, Holland

Married Place

Husband's father

Husband's mother

Wife

Wife's father

Wife's mother

Children List each child in order of birth.

1 M **William The Younger Smit-1609**

Born 1716 Place

Spouse Unknown MRIN: 747

Married Place

2 M **Jan John /Smit-1632**

3 M **Mathias Smit-1633**

4 M **Andrew Smit-1634**

5 M **Aeneas Smit-1635**

6 M **James Smit-1636**

7 M **Phillip Smit-1637**

8 M **Lucas Smit-1638**

Family Group Record- 738

		Husband	**Isaac Smith-1605**		
		Born	16 Jun 1780	Place Berkeley Co, VA	
		Died	3 May 1853	Place Wayne Twp, Fayette Co, OH	
		Buried		Place R McCelwain Cem	
		Married		Place Berk Co, VA/WV	
		Husband's father	Alexander Lawson Smith Patriot-1607		MRIN: 737
		Husband's mother	Diana Felps-1608		
		Wife	**Nancy Jane Wilson-1606**		
		Born	18 Jun 1783	Place Berkeley Co, VA	
		Died	3 Mar 1870	Place Wayne Twp, Fayette Co, OH	
		Buried		Place Rodgers-McElwain, Fayette Co, OH	
		Wife's father	James Wilson-1626		MRIN: 745
		Wife's mother	Susannah Pendelton-1627		
		Children	List each child in order of birth.		
1	F	**Mary (Polly) Smith-1754**			
		Born	25 May 1804	Place Lancaster, Fairfield Co, OH	
		Spouse	Eli Zimmerman-1790		MRIN: 1128
		Married		Place	
2	F	**Elizabeth Smith-1755**			
		Born	1805	Place	
		Spouse	William Merchant-1783		MRIN: 1153
		Married		Place	
3	M	**Zacariah Smith-1595**			
		Born	Apr 1808	Place Wayne Twp, Fayette Co, OH	
		Died	7 Jul 1844	Place St Mary's River, St Mary's Twp, Adams Co, IN	
		Buried		Place Mt Tabor Cem, Pleasant Twp, Adams Co, IN	
		Spouse	Susanah McClellan-1596		MRIN: 739
		Married	17 Apr 1832	Place Wayne Twp, Fayette Co, OH	
4	M	**John Smith-1756**			
		Born	1810	Place Wayne Twp, Fayette Co, OH	
		Spouse	Hannah Jones-2046		MRIN: 1156
		Married	30 Mar 1837	Place	
5	F	**Nancy Smith-1757**			
		Born	13 Jul 1813	Place Wayne Twp, Fayette Co, OH	
		Died	2 Aug 1886	Place	
		Spouse	Samuel Coffman-1782		MRIN: 1154
		Married	22 Aug 1831	Place	
6	F	**Sarah Smith-1758**			
		Born	1 Jan 1817	Place	
		Died	11 Jul 1857	Place	
		Spouse	Timothy Hinkle King-1781		MRIN: 1157
		Married	15 Mar 1838	Place	
7	M	**Alexander Smith-1763**			
		Born	1819	Place Wayne Twp, Fayette Co, OH	
		Spouse	Minerva Yeoman-1780		MRIN: 1155
		Married	Sep 1835	Place	
8	F	**Rhoda Smith-1764**			
		Spouse	Peter Caylor-1769		MRIN: 1158
		Married		Place	
9	M	**James W. Smith-1767**			
		Born	1831	Place Wayne Twp, Fayette Co, OH	
10	M	**Isaac Jr. Smith-1768**			
		Born		Place Wayne Twp, Fayette Co, OH	
		Died	1854	Place CA	

Family Group Record- 737

Husband	**Alexander Lawson Smith Patriot-1607**			
Born	1740/1742	Place		
Died	21 Jul 1801	Place	Martinsburg, Berkeley Co, W/VA	
Married		Place	kBerkeley Co, VA/WV	
Husband's father	William The Younger Smit-1609			MRIN: 747
Husband's mother				
Wife	**Diana Felps-1608**			
Born		Place	Albermarle Co, VA	
Wife's father				
Wife's mother				

Children List each child in order of birth.

1 M	**Isaac Smith-1605**			
Born	16 Jun 1780	Place	Berkeley Co, VA	
Died	3 May 1853	Place	Wayne Twp, Fayette Co, OH	
Buried		Place	R McCelwain Cem	
Spouse	Nancy Jane Wilson-1606			MRIN: 738
Married		Place	Berk Co, VA/WV	

Family Group Record- 747

Page 1 of 1

Husband **William The Younger Smit-1609**

Born	1716	Place	
Married		Place	
Husband's father	William The Elder Smit-1610		MRIN: 748
Husband's mother			

Wife

Wife's father	
Wife's mother	

Children List each child in order of birth.

1 M **Alexander Lawson Smith Patriot-1607**

Born	1740/1742	Place	
Died	21 Jul 1801	Place	Martinsburg, Berkeley Co, W/VA
Spouse	Diana Felps-1608		MRIN: 744
Married		Place	

2 M **John Smit-1639**

3 M **William Smit-1640**

4 M **Isaac Smit-1641**

5 M **James Smit-1642**

6 M **Charles Smit-1643**

Family Group Record- 737

Husband	**Alexander Lawson Smith Patriot-1607**			
Born	1740/1742	Place		
Died	21 Jul 1801	Place	Martinsburg, Berkeley Co, W/VA	
Married		Place	kBerkeley Co, VA/WV	
Husband's father	William The Younger Smit-1609			MRIN: 747
Husband's mother				
Wife	**Diana Felps-1608**			
Born		Place	Albermarle Co, VA	
Wife's father				
Wife's mother				

Children List each child in order of birth.

1	M	**Isaac Smith-1605**			
	Born	16 Jun 1780	Place	Berkeley Co, VA	
	Died	3 May 1853	Place	Wayne Twp, Fayette Co, OH	
	Buried		Place	R McCelwain Cem	
	Spouse	Nancy Jane Wilson-1606			MRIN: 738
	Married		Place	Berk Co, VA/WV	

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 19 on chart no. 1

Chart no. 5

1 **Jane Smith**
B:9 Nov 1840
P:home,Decatur,Adams Co,IN
M:1 Jan 1860
P:
D:9 May 1936
P:227 First St,Decatur,AC,IN

Irwin Samuel Acker
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Zacariah Smith**
B:Apr 1808
P:Wayne Twp,Fayette Co,OH
M:17 Apr 1832
P:Wayne Twp,Fayette Co,OH
D:7 Jul 1844
P:St Mary's River,SMST,AC,IN

3 **Susanah McClellan**
B:28 Aug 1812
P:Lancaster Co,PA
D:6 May 1891
P:St Mary's Twp,Adams Co,IN

4 **Isaac Smith**
B:16 Jun 1780
P:Berkeley Co,VA
M:
P:Berk Co,VA/WV
D:3 May 1853
P:Wayne Twp,Fayette Co,OH

5 **Nancy Jane Wilson**
B:18 Jun 1783
P:Berkeley Co,VA
D:3 Mar 1870
P:Wayne Twp,Fayette Co,OH

6 **Jack John McClellan**
B:
P:Lancaster Co,PA
M:
P:
D:
P:

7
B:
P:
D:
P:

8 **Alexander Lawson Smith P**
B:1740/1742
P:
M:
P:kBerkeley Co,VA/WV
D:21 Jul 1801
P:Martinsburg,Berkeley Co,W/VA

9 **Diana Felps**
B:
P:Albermarle Co,VA
D:
P:

10 **James Wilson**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

11 **Susannah Pendelton**
B:
P:
D:
P:

12 **John McClellan LDS**
B:4 Jan 1767
P:Woodstock,Windham,CT
M:27 Nov 1796
P:Woodstock,Windham,CT
D:1 Aug 1858
P:Woodstock,Windham,CT

13 **Faith Williams**
B:15 Sep 1774
P:Lebanon,New London,CT
D:25 Apr 1838
P:Woodstock,Windham,CT

14
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

15
B:
P:
D:
P:

16 **William The Y Smit** 17
B:1716
M:
D:

17
B:
D:

18
B:
M:
D:

19
B:
D:

20
B:
M:
D:

21
B:
D:

22
B:
M:
D:

23
B:
D:

24 **Samuel McClellan Gen** 18
B:4 Jan 1730
M:5 Mar 1766
D:17 Sep 1807

25 **Rachel Abbe** 19
B:6 Feb 1739
D:22 Jun 1795

26 **William Williams , Signer** 20
B:8 Apr 1731
M:
D:2 Aug 1811

27
B:
D:

28
B:
M:
D:

29
B:
D:

30
B:
M:
D:

31
B:
D:

24 Mar 2002

Chart no. 6

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 20 on chart no. 1

1 **John Moorhouse**
B:28 Sep 1805
P:Newbridge Farm,HP,NY,UK
M:3 Jun 1829
P:Ripon,North Yorkshire,UK
D:2 Dec 1887
P:home,Jefferson Twp,NC,IN

Elizabeth Ann Boddy
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Samuel Moorhouse**
B:9 Nov 1745
P:Newbridge Farm,Ripon,NY,UK
M:
P:
D:1821
P:

3 **Martha Morrell**
B:
P:
D:1870
P:

4 **Samuel Moorhouse Greave**
B:
P:Newbridge Farm,Ripon,NY,UK
M:
P:
D:16 Oct 1748
P:Newbridge Farm,Ripon,NY,UK

5 **Ellen Knightson**
B:
P:
D:2 Aug 1760
P:Newbridge Farm,Ripon,NY,UK

6
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

7
B:
P:
D:
P:

8 **William Moorhouse**
C:10 Jul 1672
P:Hampsthwaite Par,Ripon,N,UK
M:
P:
D:1704
P:

9 **Anne Shutt**
B:
P:
D:1734
P:

10
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

11
B:
P:
D:
P:

12
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

13
B:
P:
D:
P:

14
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

15
B:
P:
D:
P:

16 **W Moorhouse/Murras** 21
C:7 Mar 1650
M:
B:27 Mar 1696

17 **Anne Kendall**
B:
D:16 Jan 1688

18
B:
M:
D:

19
B:
D:

20
B:
M:
D:

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B:
D:

22
B:
M:
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Date prepared
24 Mar 2002

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 21 on chart no. 1

Chart no. 7

1 **Elizabeth Ann Boddy**
B: 13 Jun 1809
P:
M: 3 Jun 1829
P: Ripon,North Yorkshire,UK
D: 1 May 1860
P: Jefferson Twp,Noble Co,IN

John Moorhouse
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Johnathan Boddy**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

3 **Elizabeth Dilworth**
B:
P:
D:
P:

4 **Boddy**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

5
B:
P:
D:
P:

6 **Dilworth**
B:
P:
M:
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28
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M:
D:

31
B:
D:

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 22 on chart no. 1

Chart no. 8

1 **William F. Monroe**
B: 7 Sep 1817
P:
M: 10 Mar 1833
P: Huron Co,OH
D: 4 Jan 1862
P: Trumbo home,Noble Co,IN

Jane Ann Woolcott
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Wm Monroe**
B: 1780
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

3 Elizabeth Crawford
This person is the same a
no. 9 on chart no. 8

4 **Wm Monroe**
B: 1755/1760
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

5
B:
P:
D:
P:

6
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

7
B:
P:
D:
P:

8 **Charles William Monroe**
B: 1720/1725
P: Scotland,UK
M:
P:
D:
P:

9 **Elizabeth Crawford**
B: 1780
P:
D:
P:

10
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

11
B:
P:
D:
P:

12
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

13
B:
P:
D:
P:

14
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

15
B:
P:
D:
P:

16 **Spence Monroe** 2
B: Abt 1698
M:
D:

17
B:
D:

18 **James Crawford**
B: 1759
M:
D: 1836

19 **Rebecca Anderson**
B:
D:

20
B:
M:
D:

21
B:
D:

22
B:
M:
D:

23
B:
D:

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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 24 on chart no. 1

Chart no. 9

2 **David Sutton Hughes**
B:1818
P:OH
M:14 Jun 1836
P:Bellefontaine,Logan Co,OH
D:27 Jan 1894
P:Jackson Twp,Steuben Co,IN

1 **John Elis Hughes**
B:31 Jan 1837
P:Steuben Co,IN
M:13 Dec 1863
P:Steuben Co,IN
D:28 Mar 1893
P:Salem Twp,Steuben Co,IN

Martha Ann Meek
(Spouse of no. 1)

3 **Elizabeth Jane Watt**
B:29 Jan 1815
P:OH
D:20 May 1860
P:Steuben Co,IN

4 **Jacob Hughes**
B:1785/1790
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

5 **Rachel**
B:
P:
D:
P:

6 **John Watt**
B:12 Feb 1790
P:PA
M:1800/1805
P:
D:8 Jun 1865
P:Logan Co.,OH

7 **Mary Margaret Wyllie LDS**
B:7 Feb 1786
P:KY
D:22 May 1859
P:

8 **Jacob Hughes**
B:1763/1768
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

9
B:
P:
D:
P:

10
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

11
B:
P:
D:
P:

12 **Thomas Watt**
B:1760/1765
P:Ireland/PA/VA
M:1780
P:
D:21 Sep 1837
P:Champaign,OH

13 **Mary Smith Watt**
B:1763
P:PA
D:
P:

14 **John Wyllie**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

15 **X. Ray**
B:
P:
D:
P:

16 **Hues** 23
B:
M:
D:

17
B:
D:

18
B:
M:
D:

19
B:
D:

20
B:
M:
D:

21
B:
D:

22
B:
M:
D:

23
B:
D:

24 **John Watt Patriot** 24
B:
M:
D:

25
B:
D:

26
B:
M:
D:

27
B:
D:

28
B:
M:
D:

29
B:
D:

30 **Solar Ray**
B:
M:
D:

31
B:
D:

24 Mar 2002

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 25 on chart no. 1

Chart no. 10

1 **Martha Ann Meek**
B: 20 Jul 1844
P: Mansfield,OH
M: 13 Dec 1863
P: Steuben Co,IN
D: 16 Oct 1918
P: Salem Twp,Steuben Co,IN

John Elis Hughes
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **William Meek**
B: 1808/1809
P: VA
M: 1829/1835
P:
B: 1866
P: Trinity Cem,Salem Twp,SC,IN

3 **Rebecca McClellan**
B: 12 Sep 1808
P: Ireland
D: 24 Nov 1851
P: Richland Co,OH

4 **Adam Meek**
B: 1782
P: (VA)
M: 22 Feb 1804
P: Jefferson Co.,OH
D: 16 May 1843
P: Lippo Cem,Springfield,RC,OH

5 **Margaret (Peggy) Williams**
B: 1783
P: VA
D: 10 Nov 1859
P: Trinity Cem,Salem Twp,SC,IN

6 **David ? McClellan**
B: 1790
P: PA
M: 1815
P:
D: 8 Oct 1862
P:

7 **Rebecca Hazlet ?**
B:
P: OH
D: 5 Feb 1867
P: OH

8 **Isaac Meek Patriot ?**
B: Mar 1746
P: Ann Arundel Co,MD
M:
P:
D: 1840
P: West Liberty,Brooke,VA

9 **Rebecca Thomas ?**
B:
P: Alexander,VA
D:
P:

10 **Jacob Williams LDS ?**
B: Abt 1748
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

11 **White LDS ?**
B: Abt 1760/1762
P:
D:
P:

12
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

13
B:
P:
D:
P:

14 **Andrew Hazlet**
B: 22 Dec 1756
P: Old Philadelphia,PA
M:
P:
D: 1830
P:

15 **Ruth Adams**
B: 1759/1760
P:
D: 1820
P:

16 **Jacob Meek LDS ?** 25
B: 1730/1735
M:
D:

17 **Elizabeth Hedges LDS** 26
B:
D:

18
B:
M:
D:

19
B:
D:

20
B:
M:
D:

21
B:
D:

22
B:
M:
D:

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D:

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Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 11

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 26 on chart no. 1

1 **David Haskins**
B: 7 Aug 1851
P: Millgrove Twp,Lagrange Co,IN
M: 23 Feb 1873
P: Flint,Steuben Co,IN
D: 31 Oct 1927
P: Salem Center,Salem Twp,SC,IN

Janett Ryan
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Jefferson Haskins**
B: 4 Aug 1811
P: OH
M: 11 Jul 1850
P: Lagrange Co,IN
D: 30 Apr 1863
P: Lagrange Co,IN

3 **Olive Brown**
B: 25 Jun 1828
P: Phelps,Ontario Co,NY
D: 5 Mar 1906
P: Angola,IN

4 **John Haskins**
B: 1781/1784
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

5 **Jane Barber?**
B: 1780
P: NY
D:
P:

6 **George Brown**
B: 8 Feb 1786
P: Olford,Litchfield Co,CT
M: 27 Mar 1808
P: Columbia Co,NY
D: 23 Dec 1844
P: Salem Twp,Steuben Co,IN

7 **Elizabeth (Betsy) Wright**
B: 24 Oct 1790
P: NY
D: 28 Oct 1880
P: Salem Twp,Steuben Co,IN

8 **Haskins**
B: 1756/1760
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

9 **Jane Doe**
B:
P:
D:
P:

10 **John Doe**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

11 X. Ray
This person is the same a no. 15 on chart no. 9

12 **John Brown Captain**
B: 1762
P: Stonington,New London,CT
M: 1784/1785
P:
D:
P: New York,NY

13 **Phoebe Hamlin**
B: 30 Apr 1762
P: Sharon,Litchfield Co,CT
D: 25 Nov 1827
P:

14 **John Wright**
B: 1760
P: Columbia Co,NY
M:
P:
D:
P:

15 **Abigail Saulsbury**
B: 1763
P: Columbia Co,NY
D:
P:

16
B:
M:
D:

17
B:
D:

18 **James Doe**
B:
M:
D:

19
B:
D:

20
B:
M:
D:

21
B:
D:

22
B:
M:
D:

23
B:
D:

24 **Thomas Brown** 27
B: 5 Apr 1717
M:
D: 25 Jun 1791

25
B:
D:

26 **Jabez Hamlin Captain** 28
B: 17 Jul 1735
M:
D: 8 Sep 1826

27 **Dorcas Barnes** 29
B: 6 Nov 1743
D: 14 Feb 1827

28 **John Wright**
B:
M:
D:

29
B:
D:

30 **Saulsbury**
B:
M:
D:

31
B:
D:

24 Mar 2002

Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 12

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 27 on chart no. 1

1 **Janett Ryan**
B:26 Jun 1854/1855
P:Steuben Co,IN
M:23 Feb 1873
P:Flint,Steuben Co,IN
D:26 Apr 1939
P:Kendalville,Noble Co,IN

David Haskins
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Robert Ryan**
B:5 Nov 1814
P:Semphronius,(Niles),CC,NY
M:20 May 1849
P:
D:12 Apr 1895
P:E SpringfieldCem,JT,LC,IN

3 **Catherine Beebe**
B:22 Jun 1830
P:Chenango Co,NY
D:1914
P:

4 **Robert jr. Ryan**
B:11 Mar 1791
P:Virgil,Cortland Co,NY
M:26 Dec 1813
P:Virgil,Cortland Co,NY
D:29 Dec 1848
P:Niles,Cayuga Co,NY

5 **Eleanor (Ellen) Hannah**
B:1794
P:
D:1887
P:Cayuga Co,NY

6 **David Beebee**
B:28 Feb 1795
P:Chenango Co,NY
M:Abt 1820
P:Chanango Co,NY
D:10 Sep 1872
P:Jackson Twp,Steuben Co,IN

7 **Mary (Polly) Mead**
B:27 Dec 1795
P:Chenango Co,NY
D:27 May 1869
P:Lot 33,ES,JT,Lagrange Co

8 **Robert Ryan Patriot**
B:5 Apr 1765
P:Ireland,(Tipperary),(Limerick)
M:4 Oct 1784
P:Mapleton,Renessalaer Co,NY
D:5 Jun 1839
P:Virgil,Cortland Co,NY

9 **Mary Elizabeth Mars**
B:1765
P:(PA)
D:1850
P:

10 **Isaac (John) Hannah**
B:1760/1770
P:
M:Abt 1790/1793
P:
D:
P:

11 **Mary McKnight**
B:
P:
D:1822
P:

12 **David Beebe LDS**
B:Abt 1760/1765
P:Canaan,NY
M:Abt 1790
P:
D:
P:

13 **Dorcas Judson**
B:
P:
D:
P:

14 **(John) Jonathan Mead P**
B:Abt 1766/1767
P:CT
M:
P:
D:Bef 8 Feb 1844
P:will

15 **Hannah Sherwood**
B:15 Jan 1770
P:,Ridgefield,CT
D:
P:

16 **Ryan**
B:Abt 1735/1745
M:
D:

17
B:
D:

18 **(Samuel) William Mars** 30
B:1 Dec 1740
M:
D:

19 **Francina Bradshaw**
B:
D:

20 **Hannah**
B:Abt 1740/1750
M:
D:

21
B:
D:

22 **McKnight**
B:Abt 1740
M:
D:

23
B:
D:

24 **Martin Beebe LDS** 3
B:8 Oct 1738
M:
D:1783

25 **Dorcas Judson LDS** 3
B:5 May 1737
D:

26
B:
M:
D:

27
B:
D:

28 **Jonathan Mead** 3
B:1736/1740
M:
D:6 Sep 1806

29 **Sarah Guernsey**
B:
D:

30 **Benjamin Sherwood** 3
B:10 Apr 1753
M:1770
D:11 Apr 1840

31 **Sarah Olmstead** 3
B:11 Apr 1754
D:25 Feb 1848

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Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 13

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 28 on chart no. 1

1 **Nelson Cole**
B:4 May 1838
P:Portage Co,OH
M:16 Feb 1860
P:
D:4 Jan 1901
P:home,Scott Twp,Steuben Co,IN

Eliza A. Phenicie
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Jacob Van Auken Cole**
B:3 Mar 1812
P:Minisink,Orange Co,NY
M:9 Mar 1836
P:Akron,OH
D:3 Feb 1886
P:Pleasant Twp,Steuben Co,IN

3 **Sarah Geer**
B:26 Jul 1818
P:New London,CT
D:23 Sep 1885
P:Pleasant Twp,Steuben Co,IN

4 **Jacob W. Cole**
C:22 Jun 1783
P:Dutch Reform Ch,M,OC,NY
M:23 Jun 1803
P:
D:1860
P:

5 **Hannah Elston**
B:9 Sep 1782
P:Minisink,Orange Co,NY
D:1854
P:Milton,Trumbull Co,OH

6 **Samuel Geer Captain**
B:25 Nov 1784
P:Groton,New London,CT
M:10 Jul 1804
P:
D:8 Dec 1839
P:Akron,Summit Co,OH

7 **Mary L. (Polly) Latham**
B:1784/1785
P:Groton,New London,CT
D:May 1858
P:Pleasant Twp,Steuben Co,IN

8 **Jacob V. Cole Patriot**
C:21 Sep 1746
P:Minisink,Orange Co,NY
M:
P:
D:23 Aug 1838
P:Milton,Trumbull Co,OH

9 **Lydia Van Auken**
C:10 May 1747
P:Minisink,Orange Co,NY
D:25 Nov 1837
P:Milton,OH

10 **Joseph Elston**
B:Abt 1750
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

11
B:
P:
D:
P:

12 **Gurdon Geer Patriot**
B:20 Jun 1755
P:Groton,New London,CT
M:1782
P:
D:27 Jun 1829
P:Portage Co,OH

13 **Sarah Williams**
B:13 May 1756
P:Weston,MA
D:1816
P:

14 **(Cary) jr. Latham Patriot**
B:1759
P:Groton,New London,CT
M:
P:
D:
P:

15 **Mary (Polly) Packer**
B:14 Mar 1763
P:
D:
P:

16 **David Cole** 36
B:1712
M:
D:

17 **Elenora Westphael** 37
B:Abt 1715
D:

18 **Daniel Van Auken** 38
B:2 Feb 1735
M:
B:Abt 1815

19 **Lea Kitiel** 39
B:
D:

20
B:
M:
D:

21
B:
D:

22
B:
M:
D:

23
B:
D:

24 **George Geer** 40
B:10 Oct 1724
M:
D:5 Oct 1786

25 **Polly (Mary) Rouse LDS**
B:1 May 1730
D:

26 **Nathaniel Williams** 41
B:27 Jul 1725
M:
D:

27 **Dorothy Dolly Stratton**
B:4 Aug 1727
D:

28 **Cary sr. Latham LDS** 42
B:Abt 1733
M:
D:

29 **Doris Otis**
B:Abt 1732
D:

30 **James Packer**
B:
M:
D:

31 **Elizabeth Springer**
B:
D:

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Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 14

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 29 on chart no. 1

1 **Eliza A. Phenicie**
B: 27 Jan 1834
P: Bedford Co,PA
M: 16 Feb 1860
P:
D: 29 Dec 1904
P: Scott Twp,Steuben Co,IN

Nelson Cole
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **George W. Phenicie**
B: 3 Dec 1812
P: Pathel Twp,Bedford Co,PA
M:
P:
D: 29 May 1891
P: Reno Twp,Leavenworth Co,KS

3 **Mary Ann Houk**
B: 27 Oct 1812
P: Berkley Co,VA/WV
D: 26 Mar 1893
P: Scott Twp,Steuben Co,IN

4 **Joseph Phenicie, Sr.**
B: 1762
P: MD
M: 1833
P:
D: 17 Aug 1854
P: Warren Twp,Franklin Co,PA

5 **Nancy Long**
B: 1769
P: Bakers Lookout,WC,m
D: Bef 1816
P: Warren Twp,Franklin Co,PA

6 **Conrad Houk**
B: 1776
P: Westmoreland Co,PA
M:
P:
D:
P:

7
B:
P:
D:
P:

8 **Phenicie**
B: 1745
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

9
B:
P:
D:
P:

10 **John Long**
B: 1728
P: Germany
M:
P:
D: 1791
P: Washington Co,MD

11 **Margaret**
B: 1734/1737
P:
D: 11 Aug 1813
P: Washington Co,PA

12
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

13
B:
P:
D:
P:

14
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

15
B:
P:
D:
P:

16
B:
M:
D:

17
B:
D:

18
B:
M:
D:

19
B:
D:

20 **John Nicholas Long**
B: 1702
M:
D: 1776

21 **Anna Marie Studebaker** 43
B: 15 Oct 1702
D: 1754

22
B:
M:
D:

23
B:
D:

24
B:
M:
D:

25
B:
D:

26
B:
M:
D:

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B:
D:

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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 30 on chart no. 1

Chart no. 15

1 **John Dotts**
B: 28 Mar 1835
P: Hancock Co,OH
M: 25 May 1866
P:
D: 30 Aug 1915
P: Scott Twp,Steuben Co,IN

Mary Louisa Sage
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Andrew J. Dotts**
B: 19 Feb 1804
P: Hancock Co,OH
M: Abt 1828
P:
D: 16 May 1857
P:

3 **Matilda Quance**
B: 1807
P:
D: 1848
P:

4 **George Dotts**
B: 1780
P:
M:
P:
D: 1849
P: Licking Co,OH

5
B:
P:
D:
P:

6 **Jacob Quance**
B: 1774
P: Evercreech,Somerset,UK
M: 9 Jun 1794
P:
D:
P:

7 **Ann Mullins**
B: 21 Jun 1778
P: Evercreech,Somerset,UK
D: 24 Jun 1810
P:

8 **David Dotts**
B: 1755/1760
P:
M: 22 Sep 1781
P:
D:
P:

9 **Mary Rumgay**
B: 30 Aug 1760
P: Cameron,Fife,Scotland
D:
P:

10
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

11
B:
P:
D:
P:

12 **James Quance Patriot**
B: 1755
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

13
B:
P:
D:
P:

14 **John Mullins LDS**
B: 19 May 1750
P: Evercreech,Somerset,UK
M: 3 Mar 1772
P: Pylle,Somerset,UK
D: 5 Apr 1829
P: Evercreech,Somerset,UK

15 **Ann Dredge LDS**
B: 1750
P: Pylle,Somerset,UK
D: 26 Sep 1834
P: Evercreech,Somerset,UK

16
B:
M:
D:

17
B:
D:

18 **Andrew Rumgay**
B:
M:
D:

19 **Mary Mackie**
B:
D:

20
B:
M:
D:

21
B:
D:

22
B:
M:
D:

23
B:
D:

24 **Quance**
B: Abt 1730
M:
D:

25
B:
D:

26
B:
M:
D:

27
B:
D:

28 **Isaac Mullins LDS** 44
B: 5 Oct 1723
M: 1749
D: 27 Aug 1785

29 **Elizabeth Betty Mullins LDS**
B: 1726
D: 1 Dec 1796

30 **Daniel Dredge LDS**
B: 1715
M:
D:

31 **Betty Dredge LDS**
B: 1720
D:

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Chart no. 16

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 31 on chart no. 1

2 **John Sage**
B: 1818
P: Loraine Co,OH
M:
P:
D:
P:

1 **Mary Louisa Sage**
B: 12 Jul 1842
P: Huntington,Lorraine Co,OH
M: 25 May 1866
P:
D: 23 Apr 1915
P: Scott Twp,Steuben Co,IN

John Dotts
(Spouse of no. 1)

3 **Mary L. Gundrum**
B: 1820
P:
D:
P:

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4 **Sage**
B: 1794
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

5
B:
P:
D:
P:

6 **Gundrum**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

7
B:
P:
D:
P:

8 **John Sage**
B: 1770
P: Devonshire,England
M:
P:
D:
P:

9
B:
P:
D:
P:

10
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

11
B:
P:
D:
P:

12 **Gundrum**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

13
B:
P:
D:
P:

14
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

15
B:
P:
D:
P:

16 **Benjamin Sage**
B: Abt 1745
M:
D:

17 **Abigail Blinn**
B:
D:

18
B:
M:
D:

19
B:
D:

20
B:
M:
D:

21
B:
D:

22
B:
M:
D:

23
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D:

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M:
D:

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D:

26
B:
M:
D:

27
B:
D:

28
B:
M:
D:

29
B:
D:

30
B:
M:
D:

31
B:
D:

Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 17

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 16 on chart no. 5

1 **William The Younger Smit**
B: 1716
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **William The Elder Smit**
B: 1684
P: Dortrecht, Holland
M:
P:
D:
P:

3
B:
P:
D:
P:

4
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

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B:
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D:
P:

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M:
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P:

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D:
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15
B:
P:
D:
P:

16
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17
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D:

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B:
M:
D:

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28
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M:
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B:
D:

30
B:
M:
D:

31
B:
D:

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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 24 on chart no. 5

Chart no. 18

2 **William McClellan**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D: 1758
P:

1 **Samuel McClellan Gen**
B: 4 Jan 1730
P: Woodstock,MA
M: 5 Mar 1766
P: Woodstock,Windham,CT
D: 17 Sep 1807
P: Woodstock,Windham,CT

Rachel Abbe
(Spouse of no. 1)

3 **Jeannie Calhoun**
B:
P:
D: 1768
P:

4 **John William McClellan**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

5 **Emily Ann Mayo**
B:
P:
D:
P:

6
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

7
B:
P:
D:
P:

8
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

9
B:
P:
D:
P:

10 **Reuben Mayo**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

11 **Dorcas Hall Morrill**
B:
P:
D:
P:

12
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

13
B:
P:
D:
P:

14
B:
P:
M:
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15
B:
P:
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P:

16
B:
M:
D:

17
B:
D:

18
B:
M:
D:

19
B:
D:

20 **Isaac Mayo** 45
B:
M:
D:

21 **Hannah Cahoon**
B:
D:

22
B:
M:
D:

23
B:
D:

24
B:
M:
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M:
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Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 19

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 25 on chart no. 5

1 **Rachel Abbe**
B: 6 Feb 1739
P: Windham,Windham,CT
M: 5 Mar 1766
P: Woodstock,Windham,CT
D: 22 Jun 1795
P:

Samuel McClellan Gen
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Joshua Abbe**
B: 20 Jan 1710
P: Salem,Essex,MA
M:
P:
D: 13 Jan 1807
P: Windham,Windham,CT

3 **Mary Ripley**
B: 18 Nov 1714
P: Windham,Windham,CT
D: 13 Oct 1769
P: Windham,Windham,CT

4
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

5
B:
P:
D:
P:

6 **Joshua Ripley**
B: 13 May 1688
P: Windham,Windam,CT
M: 3 Dec 1712
P: windham,windham,CT
D: 18 Nov 1773
P: Windham,Windam,CT

7 **Mary Backus**
B: 8 Nov 1692
P: Windham,Windham,CT
D: 19 Oct 1770
P: windham,windham,CT

8
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

9
B:
P:
D:
P:

10
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

11
B:
P:
D:
P:

12 **Joshua Ripley**
B: 9 Nov 1658
P: Hingham,Plymouth,MA
M: 28 Nov 1682
P: Plymouth,Plymouth,MA
D: 18 May 1739
P: Windham,Windham,CT

13 **Hannah Bradford**
B: 9 May 1662
P:
D: 27 May 1738
P: Windham,Windham,CT

14 **John Backus**
B: 9 Feb 1661
P: Norwich,New London,CT
M: 17 Feb 1691
P: norwich,New London,CT
D: 27 Mar 1744
P: Windham,Windham,CT

15 **Mary Bingham**
B: 1 Jul 1672
P: windham,windham,CT
D: 19 Feb 1747
P: windham,windham,CT

16
B:
M:
D:

17
B:
D:

18
B:
M:
D:

19
B:
D:

20
B:
M:
D:

21
B:
D:

22
B:
M:
D:

23
B:
D:

24 **John Ripley**
B: 1622
M:
D:

25 **Elizabeeth Hobart**
B: 1632/1633
D:

26 **William Bradford** 46
B: 17 Jan 1624
M: 1613
D: 20 Feb 1703

27 **Bradford Dorothy May**
B: 19 May 1590
D: 7 Dec 1620

28 **William Backus** 47
B: 23 Nov 1634
M: 1658
D: 1720/1721

29 **Sarah Charles**
B: Oct 1637
D: 14 Jun 1663

30 **Thomas Bingham , D** 48
B: 5 Jun 1642
M: 12 Dec 1666
D: 16 Jan 1729

31 **Mary Mabel Rudd**
B: 1648/1649
D:

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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 26 on chart no. 5

Chart no. 20

1 **William Williams , Signer**
B:8 Apr 1731
P:
M:
P:
D:2 Aug 1811
P:

(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Solomon Williams**
B:4 Jun 1700
P:Hatfield,Hampshire,MA
M:
P:
D:28 Feb 1776
P:Lebanon,New London,CT

3 **Mary Porter**
B:4 Nov 1703
P:Hadley,Hampshire,MA
D:30 Sep 1787
P:

4 **William Williams**
B:2 Feb 1665
P:Roxbury,Salem,MA
M:2 Jul 1686
P:
D:29 Aug 1741
P:Hatfield,Hatfield,MA

5 **Elizabeth Cotton**
B:13 Aug 1665
P:Boston,Suffolk,MA
D:7 May 1698
P:Hatfield,MA

6 **Samuel Porter**
B:6 Apr 1660
P:Hadley,Hampshire,MA
M:22 Feb 1683
P:Hadley,Hampshire,MA
D:29 Jul 1722
P:Hadley,Hampshire,MA

7 **Joanna Cook**
B:10 Jul 1665
P:Hadley,Hampshire,,MA
D:13 Nov 1713
P:Hadley,Hampshire,MA

8 **Isaac Williams**
B:1 Sep 1638
P:Roxbury,Salem,MA
M:1660
P:Norfolk,MA
D:11 Feb 1707
P:Newton,Middlesex,MA

9 **Martha Parke**
B:27 Oct 1646
P:Wethersfield,Hampshire,MA
D:15 Feb 1716
P:Stonington,New London,CT

10 **Seaborn Cotton**
B:12 Aug 1633
P:O,,NH
M:14 Jun 1654
P:
D:14 Apr 1686
P:Boston,Suffolk,MA

11 **Dorothy Bradstreet**
B:1634/1635
P:Of Salem,Essex,MA
D:6 Sep 1689
P:Hadley,Hampshire,CT

12 **Samuel Porter**
B:2 Jun 1635
P:Felstead,Essex,UK
M:1659
P:CT
D:6 Sep 1689
P:Hadley,Hampshire,CT

13 **Hannah Stanley**
B:1649
P:Hartford,Hampshire,CT
D:18 Dec 1708
P:Hadley,Hampshire,MA

14 **Aaron jr. Cook Capt**
B:26 Feb 1640
P:Windsor,Hampshire,CT
M:20 May 1661
P:Hadley,Hampshire,MA
D:16 Sep 1716
P:Hadley,Hampshire,MA

15 **Sarah Westwood**
B:1644
P:Hadley,Hampshire,MA
D:24 Mar 1730
P:Hadley,Hampshire,MA

16 **Robert Williams**
B:24 Jul 1607
M:
D:

17 **Elizabeth Stalham**
B:11 Sep 1608
D:

18 **Thomas Parke**
B:13 Feb 1615
M:
D:

19 **D Thompson**
B:5 Jul 1624
D:

20 **John Cotton**
B:4 Dec 1585
M:
D:

21 **Sarah Story Hawkridge**
B:1601/1611
D:

22 **Simon Bradstreet**
B:18 Mar 1603
M:
D:

23 **Anne Dudley**
B:20 Mar 1612
D:

24 **John Porter**
B:1594
M:
D:

25 **Anna (Rosanna) White** 4
B:1600
D:

26 **Timothy Stanley**
B:22 Jan 1604
M:
D:

27 **Elizabeth Morrice**
B:1602/1603
D:

28 **Aaron Cook Major**
B:20 Mar 1613
M:
D:

29 **Mary Miriam /Ford**
B:18 Aug 1612
D:

30 **William Westwood**
B:1606
M:
D:

31 **Bridget Westwood**
B:1602
D:

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Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 21

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 16 on chart no. 6

1 **William Moorhouse/Murras**
C:7 Mar 1650
P:Hampsthwaite Par,Ripon,NY,UK
M:
P:
B:27 Mar 1696
P:Hampsthwaite Par

Anne Kendall
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **George Murras**
B:11 Sep 1627
P:Hampsthwaite Par,Ripon,N,UK
M:
P:
D:
P:

3 **Hellen Moorhouse**
B:
P:
B:26 Jun 1676
P:Hampsthwaite Par,Ripon,N,UK

4 **Robert Moorhouse**
C:11 Dec 1606
P:Hampsthwaite Par,NY,UK
M:
P:
D:
P:

5
B:
P:
D:
P:

6
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

7
B:
P:
D:
P:

8 **John Moorhouse**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

9
B:
P:
D:
P:

10
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

11
B:
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D:
P:

12
B:
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M:
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13
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28
B:
M:
D:

29
B:
D:

30
B:
M:
D:

31
B:
D:

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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 16 on chart no. 8

Chart no. 22

1 **Spence Monroe**
B: Abt 1698
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **William Monroe**
B: 1666
P: VA
M:
P:
D: 1737
P:

3
B:
P:
D:
P:

4 **Andrew, Monroe**
B:
P: Foulis,Scotland,Banished 1648
M:
P:
D: 1668
P: Northumberland Co,MD

5 **Elizabeth Alexander**
B:
P:
D:
P:

6
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

7
B:
P:
D:
P:

8 **David Monroe**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

9 **Agnes Monroe**
B:
P:
D:
P:

10
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

11
B:
P:
D:
P:

12
B:
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M:
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D:
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13
B:
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P:
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D:

18
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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 16 on chart no. 9

Chart no. 23

1 **Hues**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Hues**
B: Abt 1715
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

3
B:
P:
D:
P:

4 **Hues**
B: Abt 1690
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

5
B:
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B:
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24 Mar 2002

Chart no. 24

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 24 on chart no. 9

1 **John Watt Patriot**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Henry J. Watt**
B: 1614
P: England
M:
P:
D:
P:

3
B:
P:
D:
P:

4 **Watt**
B: Abt 1585
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

5
B:
P:
D:
P:

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B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 16 on chart no. 10

Chart no. 25

1 **Jacob Meek LDS ?**
B:1730/1735
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

Elizabeth Hedges LDS
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Joshua N P /Meek LDS**
B:Abt 1700
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

3
B:
P:
D:
P:

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B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

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M:
D:

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B:
D:

24 Mar 2002

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 17 on chart no. 10

Chart no. 26

2 **Richard Hedges**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

1 **Elizabeth Hedges LDS**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

Jacob Meek LDS ?
(Spouse of no. 1)

3 **Mary Robinson**
B:
P:
D:
P:

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24 Mar 2002

4
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

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B:
P:
D:
P:

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P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

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M:
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B:
D:

28
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30
B:
M:
D:

31
B:
D:

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 24 on chart no. 11

Chart no. 27

1 **Thomas Brown**
B: 5 Apr 1717
P: Stonington,New London,CT
M:
P:
D: 25 Jun 1791
P:

(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Thomas Brown**
B: 14 Feb 1692
P: Stonington,New London,CT
M: 4 Oct 1715
P: Stonington,New London,CT
D: 27 Dec 1763
P: Stonington,New London,CT

3 **Deborah Holdridge**
B: 3 Apr 1698
P: Stonington,New London,CT
D:
P:

4 **Thomas Brown**
B: 1 Jan 1654
P: Lynn,Essex,CT
M: 8 Feb 1677
P: Lynn,Essex,MA
D: 27 Dec 1723
P: Stonington,New London,CT

5 **Hannah Collins**
B: 1 Feb 1660
P: Of,Lynn,Essex,MA
D: 27 Dec 1723
P: Stonington,New London,CT

6 **William Holdridge**
B: 4 Nov 1680
P: Of,Amesberry,Essex,MA
M: 4 Nov 1696
P: Stonington,New London,CT
D:
P: Stonington,New London,CT

7 **Deborah Elliott**
B: 28 Nov 1681
P: Stonington,New London,CT
D:
P:

8 **Thomas Brown**
B: 1625/1628
P: Of,Inkborrow,Wessex,UK
M:
P:
D: 28 Aug 1693
P: Lynn,Essex,MA

9 **Mary Newhall**
B: 1637
P:
D: 2 Jun 1654
P:

10
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

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B:
P:
D:
P:

12
B:
P:
M:
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D:
P:

14
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

15
B:
P:
D:
P:

16 **Nicholas Brown** 50
B: 1601
M: Abt 1626/1627
D: 16 Nov 1694

17 **Elizabeth Lide** 51
B: 1605
D: 1 Nov 1674

18
B:
M:
D:

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B:
D:

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B:
M:
D:

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B:
D:

24 Mar 2002

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 26 on chart no. 11

Chart no. 28

2 **Thomas Hamlin**
B:6 May 1710
P:Barnstable,MA
M:10 Dec 1734
P:Rochester,Plymouth,MA
D:
P:

1 **Jabez Hamlin Captain**
B:17 Jul 1735
P:Wareham(Aquama),MA
M:
P:
D:8 Sep 1826
P:home,Alford,Sharon Co,CT

Dorcas Barnes
(Spouse of no. 1)

3 **Ruth Gibbs**
B:9 May 1715
P:Wareham,Plymouth,MA
D:
P:

4 **Ebenezer Hamlin Deacon**
B:29 Jul 1674
P:Barnstable,MA
M:4 Apr 1698
P:Barnstable,MA
D:4 Apr 1755
P:Sharon,Litchfield,CT

5 **Sarah Lewis**
B:1678
P:Barnstable,B,MA
D:19 Apr 1715
P:Barnstable,MA

6 **Joshua Gibbs**
B:20 Dec 1690
P:Plymouth,MA
M:24 Dec 1711
P:Sandwich,Barnstable,MA
D:8 Oct 1765
P:Wareham,Plymouth,MA

7 **Mercy Marcy Hallett**
B:22 Oct 1687
P:Plymouth,Wareham,MA
D:18 Nov 1773
P:Plymouth,Wareham,MA

8 **James jr. Hamblin**
B:10 Apr 1636
P:Tisbury,MA
M:20 Nov 1662
P:Barnstable,MA
D:3 May 1718
P:Tisbury,Dukes,MA

9 **Mary Dunham**
B:8 May 1645
P:Leyden,S,Holland
D:19 Apr 1715
P:Barnstable,MA

10 **Philip Lewis**
B:13 Dec 1646
P:Hartford,Hartford,CT
M:
P:
D:1724
P:

11 **Sarah Ashley**
B:23 Aug 1648
P:
D:
P:

12 **Joshua (John) Gibbs**
B:1637
P:
M:1690
P:
D:
P:

13 **Esther Swift LDS**
B:1668
P:Sandwich,Barnstable,MA
D:3 Mar 1737
P:Plymouth,MA

14 **William Hallet**
B:1647/1648
P:,L,NY,a
M:Dec 1669
P:Queens,NY
D:18 Aug 1729
P:New Town,L,NY

15 **Sarah Wolsey**
B:3 Aug 1650
P:Flushing,Queens,NY
D:18 Aug 1727
P:Newton,Long Island,NY

16 **James sr. Hamblin** 52
B:1606
M:
D:23 Jan 1683

17 **Anne Scott**
B:1603
D:1690

18 **John Dunham** 53
B:1650
M:14 Mar 1641
D:2 Jan 1696

19 **Mary Smith**
B:1645
D:

20 **William Lewis** 54
B:19 Aug 1620
M:19 Aug 1644
D:18 Aug 1690

21 **Mary Hopkins** 55
B:1623
D:22 Dec 1671

22 **Robert Ashley** 56
B:1620
M:24 Dec 1641
D:29 Nov 1682

23 **Mary Eddy** 57
B:10 Mar 1625
D:19 Sep 1683

24 **John Thomas Gibbs LDS** 58
B:12 Sep 1644
M:1669
D:30 Apr 1725

25 **Jane Blackwell LDS** 59
B:1650
D:

26 **William Swift LDS** 60
B:1620
M:1649/1650
D:18 Jan 1706

27 **Ruth Ellingham LDS** 61
B:Abt 1626
D:

28 **William Hallet** 62
B:1616
M:
D:1710

29
B:
D:

30 **George Wolsey** 63
B:27 Oct 1610
M:19 Dec 1647
D:17 Aug 1698

31 **Rebecca Cornell** 64
B:31 Jan 1629
D:5 Feb 1713

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Chart no. 29

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 27 on chart no. 11

1 **Dorcas Barnes**
B:6 Nov 1743
P:East Haddam,CT
M:
P:
D:14 Feb 1827
P:Alford,Litchfield Co,CT

Jabez Hamlin Captain
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Thomas Barnes**
B:26 Mar 1706
P:East Haddam,CT
M:14 Mar 1728
P:
D:9 Oct 1765
P:

3 **Rebecca Cone**
B:6 Mar 1704
P:East Haddam,Middlesex,CT
D:
P:

4 **William Barnes**
B:3 Apr 1669
P:Marlboro,CT
M:Abt 1700
P:
D:Bef 1750
P:East Haddam,CT

5 **Mary Smith**
B:18 Jan 1674
P:
D:18 Nov 1744
P:East Haddam,CT

6 **Stephen Cone**
B:26 Mar 1678
P:East Haddam,CT
M:5 Feb 1702
P:East Haddam,CT
D:1 Dec 1756
P:East Haddam,CT

7 **Mary Hungerford**
B:1681
P:New London,New London,CT
D:16 Mar 1763
P:East Haddam,CT

8 **Thomas Barnes**
B:Bef 1636
P:Wayhill,England
M:
P:
D:
P:

9 **Abigale Goodenow**
B:1630
P:
D:
P:

10
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

11
B:
P:
D:
P:

12 **Daniel Cone**
B:1626
P:East Haddam,CT
M:1660/1661
P:Hartford,CT
D:24 Oct 1706
P:Haddam,Middlesex,CT

13 **Mehitabel Spencer**
B:1642
P:East Haddam,Middlesex,CT
D:
P:

14 **Thomas Hungerford**
B:1648
P:Hartford,Hartford,CT
M:11 Jun 1671
P:New London,CT
D:11 Jan 1714
P:New Haddam,Middlesex,CT

15 **Mary Gray/Green**
B:18 Sep 1653
P:Plantation of,Naragansette
D:
P:New Haddam,Middlesex,CT

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B:
M:
D:

17
B:
D:

18 **Thomas Goodenow**
B:
M:
D:

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D:

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D:

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22
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M:
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23
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D:

24 **Cone**
B:
M:
D:

25
B:
D:

26 **Jared Spencer**
B:1612
M:
D:

27 **Alice**
B:1616
D:

28 **Thomas Hungerford** 65
B:1602/1605
M:
D:1 May 1663

29 **Hannah Willey Second** 66
B:
D:

30 **Edward Gray** 67
B:15 Apr 1628
M:16 Jan 1650
D:30 Jun 1681

31 **Mary Winslow** 68
B:Abt 1630
D:Abt 1663

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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 18 on chart no. 12

Chart no. 30

1 **(Samuel) William Mars**
B: 1 Dec 1740
P: York,PA
M:
P:
D:
P:

Francina Bradshaw
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **William Erasmus Mars**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

3
B:
P:
D:
P:

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B:
P:
M:
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Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 31

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 24 on chart no. 12

1 **Martin Beebe LDS**
B:8 Oct 1738
P:Colchester,New London,CT
M:
P:
D:1783
P:Columbia Co,NY,Pat Index

Dorcas Judson LDS
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **John Beebe LDS**
B:Abt 1710/1715
P:
M:Abt 1726/1727
P:Colchester,New London,NY
D:
P:

3 **Ruth Pratt LDS**
B:16 Mar 1706
P:Colchester,New London,CT
D:15 Sep 1794
P:Canaan,Columbia Co,NY

4
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

5
B:
P:
D:
P:

6 **Joseph Pratt LDS**
B:6 Mar 1671
P:Hartford,Hartford Co,CT
M:22 Jul 1697
P:
D:16 May 1740
P:

7 **Sarah Collier LDS**
B:1673
P:Hartford,Hartford Co,CT
D:10 Nov 1730
P:

8
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

9
B:
P:
D:
P:

10
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

11
B:
P:
D:
P:

12 **William Joseph Pratt LDS**
B:1 Aug 1648
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

13 **Margaret Parker LDS**
B:
P:
D:
P:

14 **Joseph Collier LDS**
B:Abt 1625
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

15 **E Sanford/Sandford LDS**
B:
P:
D:
P:

16
B:
M:
D:

17
B:
D:

18
B:
M:
D:

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B:
D:

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B:
M:
D:

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B:
D:

22
B:
M:
D:

23
B:
D:

24 **William Pratt, Jr. LDS** 69
B:9 Nov 1620
M:
D:20 Feb 1670/1671

25 **Elizabeth Clark LDS** 70
B:1 Feb 1641
D:5 Feb 1733

26 **William Parker LDS** 71
B:Abt 1614
M:
D:28 Dec 1686

27 **Margaret Pritchard LDS** 72
B:6 Dec 1620
D:12 Jun 1680

28 **William Collier LDS**
B:Abt 1585
M:16 May 1611
D:1680

29 **Jane Clarke(Widow) LDS**
B:1590
D:2 Dec 1661

30 **R Sanford/Sandford LDS** 73
B:1 Nov 1615
M:
D:Jun 1676

31 **Ann Adams LDS**
B:Abt 1615
D:

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Chart no. 32

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 25 on chart no. 12

1 **Dorcas Judson LDS**
B:5 May 1737
P:Woodbury,Litchfield Co,CT
M:
P:
D:
P:

Martin Beebe LDS
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Daniel Judson LDS**
B:6 Feb 1701
P:Woodbury,Litchfield Co,CT
M:
P:
D:29 Dec 1766
P:

3 **Abigail Warner LDS**
B:10 Feb 1710/1711
P:CT
D:
P:

4 **John Judson LDS**
B:10 Dec 1647
P:Stratford,Fairfield Co,CT
M:5 Jul 1699
P:
D:12 Jan 1709
P:Woodbury,Litchfield Co,CT

5 **Mary Tudor LDS**
B:6 Mar 1660
P:Woodbury,Litchfield Co,CT
D:9 Feb 1743
P:

6
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

7
B:
P:
D:
P:

8 **Joseph Judson LDS**
B:Abt 1619
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

9 **Sarah Porter LDS**
B:15 Mar 1624
P:
D:
P:

10 **Owen Tudor LDS**
B:1630
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

11 **Mary Loomis LDS**
B:1626
P:
D:
P:

12
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

13
B:
P:
D:
P:

14
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

15
B:
P:
D:
P:

16 **William Judson LDS** 74
B:Abt 1593
M:1634
D:29 Jul 1662

17 **Grace Ann Porter LDS**
B:Abt 1597
D:29 Sep 1659

18 **John Porter LDS**
B:
M:
D:

19 **Anna (Rosanna) White L** 75
B:
D:

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B:
M:
D:

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B:
D:

22 **Joseph Loomis LDS** 76
B:
M:
D:

23 **Mary White LDS** 77
B:
D:

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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 28 on chart no. 12

Chart no. 33

1 **Jonathan Mead**
B:1736/1740
P:NY
M:
P:
D:6 Sep 1806
P:will

Sarah Guernsey
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Mead**
B:1710
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

3
B:
P:
D:
P:

4 **Mead**
B:1685/1690
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

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B:
P:
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P:

6
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
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B:
P:
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P:

8 **John Mead**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

9 **Hannah Potter**
B:
P:
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24 Mar 2002

Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 34

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 30 on chart no. 12

1 **Benjamin Sherwood**
B: 10 Apr 1753
P:
M: 1770
P: Ridgefield,R,CT
D: 11 Apr 1840
P: Ridgefield,F,CT

Sarah Olmstead
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **John Sherwood**
B: 13 Aug 1709
P: Stratford,Fairfield,CT
M: 19 May 1751/1752
P:
D: 2 Nov 1788
P: Newton,Fairfield,CT

3 **Hannah Stebbins**
B: 22 Mar 1728
P:
D: 30 Jul 1805
P:

4 **Thomas Sherwood Dr**
B: 22 Nov 1686
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

5 **Abigail Darling**
B: 1688/1689
P:
D:
P:

6 **Benjamin Stebbins**
B: 1702/1706
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

7 **Sarah Mead**
B: Abt 1706
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D:
P:

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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 31 on chart no. 12

Chart no. 35

1 **Sarah Olmstead**
B:11 Apr 1754
P:
M:1770
P:Ridgefield,R,CT
D:25 Feb 1848
P:

Benjamin Sherwood
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Nathan Olmstead**
B:7 Mar 1717
P:
M:12 Feb 1751/1752
P:
D:30 Jul 1805
P:

3 **Sarah Smith**
B:24 Mar 1724
P:
D:10 Jan 1781
P:

4 **Daniel Olmstead**
B:1685/1691
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

5 **Hannah Ketchum**
B:1685
P:
D:
P:

6 **Smith**
B:1700
P:
M:
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24 Mar 2002

Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 3

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 16 on chart no. 13

1 **David Cole**
B:1712
P:Kingston,NY
M:
P:
D:
P:Minisink,NY

Elenora Westphael
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **William Kool**
B:1689
P:New York,NY
M:
P:
D:
P:Minisink,Orange Co,NY

3 **Cairintjen Du Bois**
B:
P:New York,NY
D:
P:Minisink,Orange Co,NY

4 **Leendert B Cool/Kool**
B:1647
P:Ulster,Marbletown,NY
M:
P:
D:
P:

5 **Marretje Cornelis**
B:
P:
D:
P:

6
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

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B:
P:
D:
P:

8 **Barent Jacobsen Cool/Kool**
B:10 May 1610
P:Nievwekerk,A,Netherlands
M:Abt 1636
P:New Amsterdam,NY
D:
P:New Amsterdam,NY

9 **Marretje L DeGrauw**
B:1626
P:New Amsterdam,NY
D:
P:

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16 **Joseph Clark LDS** 7
B:Abt 1575
M:
D:1641

17 **Aeltje Dircks**
B:
D:

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Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 37

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 17 on chart no. 13

1 **Elenora Westphael**
B: Abt 1715
P: Kingston,NY
M:
P:
D:
P: Minisink,Orange Co,NY

David Cole
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Jacob Westphael**
B:
P:
M:
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24 Mar 2002

Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 3

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 18 on chart no. 13

1 **Daniel Van Auken**
B:2 Feb 1735
P:Machackemeck,Orange Co,NY
M:
P:
B:Abt 1815
P:NY

Lea Kitiel
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Abraham Van Auken**
B:29 Oct 1699
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:Ulster,NY

3
B:
P:
D:
P:

4 **Marynus Van Aaken**
B:1655
P:Aachen,Germany
M:
P:
D:Bef 1724
P:Rochester,Ulster,NY

5 **Pieternelle Dupre/Desprez**
B:1664
P:Kingston,Ulster,NY
D:
P:

6
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

7
B:
P:
D:
P:

8 **Jan Foster Van Aachen**
B:Abt 1629
P:Aachen,R,Germany
M:
P:
D:
P:New York

9 **Elsie Janse**
B:Abt 1631
P:Aachen,R,Germany
D:
P:

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Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 39

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 19 on chart no. 13

2 **Richard Kittel**
B:Abt 1706
P:Old Dutch Ch,Kingston,NY
M:23 Dec 1724
P:Kingston,Ulster,NY
D:
P:

1 **Lea Kitiel**
B:
P:Minisink,Orange Co,NY
M:
P:
D:
P:

Daniel Van Auken
(Spouse of no. 1)

3 **Rachel Van Etten**
B:20 Jun 1708
P:Knightsfield,Ulster,NY
D:
P:

4
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

5
B:
P:
D:
P:

6 **Jan Van Etten**
B:3 Jan 1666
P:Kingston,Ulster,NY
M:30 Nov 1702
P:NY
D:1731
P:Kingston,Ulster,NY

7 **Jannetje Roosa**
B:1670/1677
P:Kingston,Ulster,NY
D:Bef 1731
P:Kingston,Ulster,NY

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D:
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12 **Jacob Jans Van Etten**
B:1631/1632
P:Etten,B,Netherland
M:11 Jan 1665
P:Yonkers,NY
D:1690
P:,Dutchess,NY

13 **Annetje Arians**
B:29 Aug 1645
P:Amsterdam,Netherland
D:Abt 1700
P:Dutchess,NY

14 **Arien Heymanse Roosa**
B:3 Jun 1643
P:Herwynen,G,Netherland
M:Abt 1669
P:Kingston,Ulster,NY
D:1699/1700
P:Dutchess,NY

15 **Maria Pels**
C:1655
P:Kingston,Ulster,NY
D:
P:Dutchess,NY

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D:

24 **Johannes Marinessen** 79
B:23 Mar 1597
M:
D:

25 **Wilhelmina Hoannes**
B:Abt 1600
D:

26
B:
M:
D:

27 **Grietjen Jansen**
B:1612
D:Abt 1660

28 **Albert Heyman Roosa** 80
B:1618/1621
M:1642
D:27 Feb 1679

29 **Wyntie Ariens De Jonge**
B:Abt 1623
D:15 Apr 1660

30 **E Pells>Pultz**
B:5 Jun 1624
M:15 Dec 1641
D:29 Jun 1686

31 **Jannetje S Schepmoes** 81
B:1623
D:2 Sep 1683

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 24 on chart no. 13

Chart no. 4

1 **George Geer**
B: 10 Oct 1724
P: Groton, New London, CT
M:
P:
D: 5 Oct 1786
P:

Polly (Mary) Rouse LDS
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Isaac Geer**
B: 27 Apr 1700
P: North Groton, New London, CT
M:
P:
D: 1745
P:

3 **Martha Lee**
B: 1682/1685
P:
D:
P:

4 **George Geer**
B: 1621
P: Groton, New London, CT
M: 17 Feb 1658
P: New London, CT
D: 1726
P: Preston, CT

5 **Sarah Allyn**
B: 1640
P:
D: 1725
P:

6 **Richard Lee**
B: Abt 1677
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

7 **Sarah**
B:
P:
D:
P:

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B:
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M:
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D:
P:

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B:
P:
D:
P:

10 **Robert Allyn**
B:
P: Manchester, Leicester, UK
M: 1642
P: Prob, Norwich, CT
D: 1726
P:

11 **Sarah LDS**
B: Abt 1620
P: UK
D:
P:

12 **John Leighe**
B: Abt 1640
P:
M:
P:
D: 8 Jul 1671
P: Ipswich, Agawana, MA

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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 26 on chart no. 13

Chart no. 41

1 **Nathaniel Williams**
B: 27 Jul 1725
P: Weston, Middlesex, MA
M:
P:
D:
P:

Dorothy Dolly Stratton
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **William Williams**
B: 11 May 1682
P: Hatfield, Hampshire, MA
M:
P:
D:
P:

3 **Hannah Stoddard**
B: 21 Apr 1688
P: Northampton, Hampshire, MA
D:
P:

4 William Williams
This person is the same a no. 4 on chart no. 20

5 Elizabeth Cotton
This person is the same a no. 5 on chart no. 20

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B:
P:
M:
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24 Mar 2002

Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 42

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 28 on chart no. 13

1 **Cary sr. Latham LDS**
B:Abt 1733
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:Groton,CT

Doris Otis
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Carey Latham LDS**
B:1668
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

3
B:
P:
D:
P:

4 **Joseph Latham LDS**
B:Abt 1635
P:CT
M:
P:
D:
P:

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B:
P:
D:
P:

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B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

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B:
P:
D:
P:

8 **Cary Latham LDS**
B:Abt 1611
P:CT
M:
P:
D:
P:

9 **Elizabeth Masters LDS**
B:Abt 1610
P:
D:
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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 21 on chart no. 14

Chart no. 43

1 **Anna Marie Studebaker**
B: 15 Oct 1702
P:
M:
P:
D: 1754
P: MD

John Nicholas Long
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Caspar Studebaker**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

3 **Ann G. Vonstaden**
B:
P:
D:
P:

4 **Studebacher**
B:
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24 Mar 2002

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 28 on chart no. 15

Chart no. 44

1 **Isaac Mullins LDS**
B: 5 Oct 1723
P: Evercreech,Somerset,UK
M: 1749
P: Evercreech,Somerset,UK
D: 27 Aug 1785
P: Milton Celvedon,Somerset,UK

Elizabeth Betty Mullins L
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **John Mullins LDS**
B: 24 Feb 1698
P: Lamyatt,Somerset,UK
M: 1 Jan 1723
P: Evercreech,Somerset,UK
D: 2 May 1754
P: Evercreech,Somerset,UK

3 **Hester Quance LDS**
B: 1694
P: Batcombe,Somerset,UK
D:
P:

4 **Thomas Mullins LDS**
B: Abt 1676
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

5
B:
P:
D:
P:

6 **Samuel Quance LDS**
B: 14 Dec 1661
P: Batcombe,Somerset,UK
M:
P:
D:
P:

7 **Elizabeth Quance LDS**
B: Abt 1661
P: Batcombe,Somerset,UK
D: 17 Dec 1713
P: Batcombe,Somerset,UK

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B:
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D:
P:

12 **James Quance LDS**
B: Abt 1626
P: Batcombe,Somerset,UK
M: 1659
P: South Petherton,Somerset,UK
D:
P:

13 **Holland Fortune LDS**
B: Abt 1639
P: Lamyatt,Somerset,UK
D:
P:

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24 **Quance LDS**
B: Abt 1604
M: Abt 1624
D:

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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 20 on chart no. 18

Chart no. 45

1 **Isaac Mayo**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

Hannah Cahoon
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Thomas Mayo**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

3 **Elizabeth Wing**
B:
P:
D:
P:

4 **Joseph Mayo**
B:1696
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

5 **Abigail Merrick**
B:
P:
D:
P:

6
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

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B:
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P:

8 **John Mayo**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

9 **Hannah Freeman**
B:
P:
D:
P:

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18 **John Freeman**
B:
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19 **Mercy Prence** 82
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Chart no. 46

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 26 on chart no. 19

1 **William Bradford**
B: 17 Jan 1624
P: Plymouth, Plymouth, MA
M: 1613
P: Amsterdam, Leyden, Netherlands
D: 20 Feb 1703
P: Plymouth, Plymouth, MA

Bradford Dorothy May
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **William Bradford**
B: 19 Mar 1590
P: Austerfield, Yorkshire, UK
M: 14 Aug 1623
P: plymouth Colony, Plymouth, MA
D: 9 May 1657
P: Plymouth Colony, Plymouth, MI

3 **Alice Carpenter**
B: 16 Dec 1593
P: Wrington, Sussex, UK
D: 26 May 1670
P: Plymouth, Plymouth, MA

4 **William Bradford**
B: 19 Mar 1559
P: Austerfield, Yorkshire, UK
M:
P:
D: 15 Jul 1591
P: Austerfield, Yorkshire, UK

5 **Alice Hanson**
B: 18 Dec 1562
P: Austerfield, Yorkshire, UK
D: 23 May 1597
P: Austerfield, Yorkshire, UK

6 **Alexander Carpenter**
B: 1546
P: Of Wrington, Sussex, UK
M:
P:
D: 1611/1612
P: Wrington, Sussex, UK

7 **Pri Druscilla Dillen**
B: 1552
P: Of Wrington, Sussex, UK
D: 20 Dec 1653
P: Wrington, Sussex, UK

8 **William Bradford**
B: 1523/1529
P: Austerfield, Yorkshire, UK
M:
P:
D: 10 Jan 1595
P: Austerfield, Yorkshire, UK

9 **Mrs. Robert Bradford**
B: Abt 1536
P: Austerfield, Yorkshire, UK
D:
P:

10 **John Hanson**
B: 1530/1540
P: Austerfield, Yorkshire, UK
M:
P:
D: 22 Feb 1601
P: Austerfield, Yorkshire, UK

11 **Margaret Greshan/m**
B: 1536
P: Of Austerfield, Yorkshire, UK
D: 31 Jul 1603
P: Austerfield, Yorkshire, UK

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P:
M:
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D:
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P:
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16 **Robert Bradford**
B: 1500
M:
D:

17 **Dorothy Turvin**
B: Abt 1504
D:

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Pedigree Chart

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Chart no. 47

2 **William Backus**
B:1606
P:Sheffield,C,UK
M:
P:
D:7 Jun 1664
P:Norwich,New London,CT

1 **William Backus**
B:23 Nov 1634
P:
M:1658
P:
D:1720/1721
P:Norwich,New London,CT

Sarah Charles
(Spouse of no. 1)

3 **Elizabeth Backus**
B:1603
P:of Norwich,Norwich,CT
D:Bef 1659
P:Prob Saybrook,Middlesex,CT

4 **William Backus**
B:Abt 1580
P:Sheffield,Yorkshire,UK
M:
P:
D:Bef 5 Dec 1592
P:G,UK

5 **Sarah Gardiner**
B:Abt 1584
P:Wrington,Sussex,UK
D:
P:

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B:
P:
M:
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D:
P:

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B:
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D:
P:

8 **Robert Bacchus**
B:1528
P:Of,O,UK
M:
P:
D:Bef 14 Mar 1586
P:

9 **Isabel Bleasdale**
B:Abt 1530
P:
D:Aft 19 Sep 1592
P:

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Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 4

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 30 on chart no. 19

2 **Thomas Bingham**
B:6 Aug 1588
P:Sheffield,Yorkshire,UK
M:6 Jul 1631
P:Sheffield,Yorkshire,UK
D:1659
P:Aboard Ship

1 **Thomas Bingham , Deacon**
B:5 Jun 1642
P:
M:12 Dec 1666
P:
D:16 Jan 1729
P:

Mary Mabel Rudd
(Spouse of no. 1)

3 **Anna Mary Stenton**
B:1611
P:Sheffield,Yorkshire,UK
D:May 1679
P:Norwich,New London,CT

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4 **Thomas Bingham**
B:1555/1557
P:Sheffield,Yorkshire,UK
M:26 Jan 1577
P:Sheffield,Yorkshire,UK
D:15 Feb 1597
P:Sheffield,Yorkshire,UK

5 **Maria Longley**
B:1560
P:Sheffield,Yorkshire,UK
D:1 Aug 1593
P:Sheffield,Yorkshire,UK

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B:
P:
M:
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D:
P:

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B:
P:
D:
P:

8 **Thomas Bingham**
B:1534
P:of Bingham's,Middlesex,UK
M:1554
P:Sheffield,Yorkshire,UK
D:23 Feb 1597
P:Sheffield,Yorkshire,UK

9 **Mary Bingham**
B:Abt 1532
P:Sheffield,Yorkshire,UK
D:1 Aug 1593
P:

10 **Longley**
B:Abt 1537
P:Sheffield,Yorkshire,UK
M:
P:
D:
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16 **Robert Bingham**
B:1507
M:
D:

17 **Jane Williams**
B:1517
D:

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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 25 on chart no. 20

Chart no. 49

1 **Anna (Rosanna) White**
B:1600
P:UK
M:
P:
D:
P:

John Porter
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Robert White LDS**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

3 **Bridget Allgar LDS**
B:11 Mar 1562
P:Shalford,Essex,UK
D:24 Jun 1585
P:After that date

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B:
P:
M:
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D:
P:

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6 **William Allgar LDS**
B:1536
P:Shalford,Essex,UK
M:Abt 1554
P:Of Shalford,Essex,UK
D:25 Aug 1575
P:Shalford,Essex,UK

7 **Margaret (Ann) Parye LDS**
B:1540
P:Of Shalford,Essex,UK
D:25 Aug 1612
P:Shalford,Essex,UK

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P:

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P:

12 **William Allgar LDS**
B:1475
P:
M:
P:Prob/Lindsell,Essex,UK
D:
P:Of Lindsell,Essex,UK

13 **Mary Smith LDS**
B:1510
P:England
D:
P:Prob/Lindsell,Essex,UK

14 **Thomas Parye LDS**
B:1492
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

15 **Mrs. Thomas Parye LDS**
B:Abt 1496
P:
D:
P:

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24 **Robert Allgar LDS**
B:1435
M:
D:

25 **Margaret LDS**
B:Abt 1440
D:

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B:
M:
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Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 5

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 16 on chart no. 27

1 **Nicholas Brown**
B: 1601
P: Of,Inkborrow,Wessex,UK
M: Abt 1626/1627
P: UK
D: 16 Nov 1694
P: Reading,USA

Elizabeth Lide
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Edward Brown**
B: 9 Sep 1596
P: Of,Inkborrow,Wessex,UK
M: 1592
P:
D: Aft 1610
P: Of,Inkborrow,Wessex,UK

3 **Jane Leids**
B: 1578
P: Of,Inkburrow,Wessex,UK
D: Aft 1610
P:

4 **Peter Brown**
B: 1573
P: Of,Hawkedon,Sussex,UK
M: 1623
P:
D: 4 Oct 1635
P: P,MA

5 **Martha Foorde Mrs**
B: 1580
P: Of,Inkburrow,Wessex,UK
D: 1633/1634
P: P,MA

6 **Thomas Lide**
B: 1546
P: Of,Inkburrow,Wessex,UK
M:
P:
D: Aft 1596
P: UK

7 **Jane Grubbs**
B: Abt 1550
P: Of,Inkburrow,Wessex,UK
D:
P:

8 **Thomas Brown**
B: 1523
P: Swan Hall,H,UK
M: 16 Dec 1559
P: Painswick,G,UK
D: 23 Dec 1590
P: Swan Hall,H,UK

9 **Joan Gabb**
B: Abt 1539
P: Of,Painswick,G,UK
D:
P: Prob,Hawkedon,UK

10
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

11
B:
P:
D:
P:

12 **Lide**
B: Abt 1520
P: Of,Inkburrow,Wessex,UK
M:
P:
D:
P:

13
B:
P:
D:
P:

14
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

15
B:
P:
D:
P:

16 **Christopher Brown**
B: Abt 1482
M:
D: 3 Jul 1538

17 **Anne Browne**
B: Abt 1527
D:

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B:
M:
D:

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Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 51

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 17 on chart no. 27

1 **Elizabeth Lide**
B: 1605
P: Of,Malford,Wessex,UK
M: Abt 1626/1627
P: UK
D: 1 Nov 1674
P:

Nicholas Brown
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 Thomas Lide
This person is the same a
no. 6 on chart no. 50

3 Jane Grubbs
This person is the same a
no. 7 on chart no. 50

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P:
M:
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D:
P:

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P:

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Chart no. 5

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 16 on chart no. 28

2 **Giles Hamblin Captain**
B: 1590
P: Devon, England
M: 1606
P: London, UK
D:
P:

1 **James sr. Hamblin**
B: 1606
P: Devon, England
M:
P:
D: 23 Jan 1683
P: Barnstable, B, MA

Anne Scott
(Spouse of no. 1)

3 **Ashley**
B: 1584
P: London, UK
D:
P:

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4 **John Hamblin**
B: 1560/1570
P: Cornwall, England
M:
P:
D:
P:

5 **Amor Knowle**
B: Abt 1562
P: Devonshire, UK
D:
P:

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M:
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10 **Robert Knowle**
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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 18 on chart no. 28

Chart no. 53

1 **John Dunham**
B:1650
P:Barnstable,MA
M:14 Mar 1641
P:Barnstable,MA
D:2 Jan 1696
P:

Mary Smith
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **John Dunham Deacon**
B:1588/1589
P:Scrooby,N,UK
M:
P:
D:2 Mar 1669
P:Plymouth Colony,MA

3 **Susanna Kenney**
B:Abt 1595
P:Leiden,Z,Holland
D:1621
P:Leyden,S,H,Holland

4 **John Dunham**
B:1589
P:Scooby,UK
M:
P:
D:2 Mar 1668/1669
P:

5 **Abigail Wood/Ballion**
B:1595
P:Leyden,S,Netherlands
D:1621
P:Leyden,Netherlands

6 **Thomas Kenney(Kenoy)**
B:1569
P:Leyden,S,Holland
M:Abt 1593
P:Leyden,N,Holland
D:
P:

7 **Anna Kenney**
B:Abt 1573
P:Leyden,N,Holland
D:
P:

8 **Thomas Dunham**
B:1560
P:Scrooby,N,UK
M:
P:
D:
P:London,UK

9 **Jane Bromely**
B:1562
P:
D:
P:

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16 **Ralph Dunham** 83
B:1526
M:1556
D:

17 **Elizabeth Wentworth** 84
B:1536
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18 **Bromely** 85
B:Abt 1537
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Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 5

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 20 on chart no. 28

1 **William Lewis**
B:19 Aug 1620
P:Llandough,G,Wales
M:19 Aug 1644
P:Farmington,Hartford,CT
D:18 Aug 1690
P:Farmington,H,CT

Mary Hopkins
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **William Lewis**
B:3 Jan 1594
P:Llandough,Glamorgan,Wales
M:7 Feb 1618
P:Cardiff,Glamorgan,Wales
D:2 Aug 1683
P:Farmington,H,CT

3 **Felix Collins**
B:1771/1781
P:Cardiff,Glamorgan,Wales
D:17 Apr 1871
P:Hadley,H,CT

4 **William Lewis**
B:4 Apr 1561
P:Llandough,G,Wales
M:
P:
D:
P:

5 **Sarah Cathcart**
B:1572
P:
D:
P:

6 **Walter Collins**
B:1572
P:Cardiff,Glamorgan,Wales
M:
P:
D:
P:

7 **Felecie Bondrib**
B:1576
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D:
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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 21 on chart no. 28

Chart no. 55

1 **Mary Hopkins**
B: 1623
P: Windsor,CT
M: 19 Aug 1644
P: Farmington,Hartford,CT
D: 22 Dec 1671
P:

William Lewis
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **William Hopkins**
B: 1594
P: England
M:
P:
D: 1643
P: Stusfield,F,CT

3 **Mary Andrews**
B: 1598
P: Stratford,Fairfield,CT
D: Apr 1671
P: Stratford,CT

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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 22 on chart no. 28

Chart no. 5

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4 **William Horton**
B:1550
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

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B:
M:
D:

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B:
P:
D:
P:

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B:
D:

2 **Joseph Horton**
B:1574/1578
P:Mowsley,England
M:
P:
D:1640
P:,H,MA

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B:
M:
D:

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B:
P:
M:
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5 **Elizabeth Hanson**
B:1550/1552
P:
D:
P:

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M:
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P:
D:
P:

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D:

1 **Robert Ashley**
B:1620
P:England
M:24 Dec 1641
P:Springfield,H,MA
D:29 Nov 1682
P:West Springfield,H,MA

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Mary Eddy
(Spouse of no. 1)

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3 **Mary**
B:1578
P:Mowsley,L,England
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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 23 on chart no. 28

Chart no. 57

1 **Mary Eddy**
B: 10 Mar 1625
P: Nayland,Suffolk,England
M: 24 Dec 1641
P: Springfield,H,MA
D: 19 Sep 1683
P: S,MA

Robert Ashley
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **John Eddy**
B: 27 Mar 1597
P: Cranbrook,Kent,England
M: 1619
P: England
D: 12 Oct 1684
P: Rehoboth,B,MA

3 **Amy Doggett**
B: 16 Jul 1597
P: Groton,Suffolk,England
D: 20 Aug 1683
P: Rehoboth,B,MA

4 **William Eddy**
B: 1558/1564
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

5 **Mary Foster**
B: 19 Sep 1568
P:
D:
P:

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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 24 on chart no. 28

Chart no. 5

1 **John Thomas Gibbs LDS**
B:12 Sep 1644
P:
M:1669
P:
D:30 Apr 1725
P:Sandwich,MA

Jane Blackwell LDS
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Thomas Gibbs LDS**
B:1605
P:Sandwich,MA
M:
P:
D:14 Apr 1693
P:

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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 25 on chart no. 28

Chart no. 59

1 **Jane Blackwell LDS**
B: 1650
P: Sandwich,MA
M: 1669
P:
D:
P:

John Thomas Gibbs LDS
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Michael Blackwell LDS**
B: 23 Jul 1687
P:
M:
P:
D:
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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 26 on chart no. 28

Chart no. 60

1 **William Swift LDS**
B: 1620
P: England
M: 1649/1650
P: Sandwich,Barnstable,MA
D: 18 Jan 1706
P: Sandwich,MA

Ruth Ellingham LDS
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **William Swift LDS**
B: 1575
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

3 **Joan Sisson LDS**
B: 1576
P:
D:
P:

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Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 61

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 27 on chart no. 28

2 **Ellingham LDS**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

1 **Ruth Ellingham LDS**
B: Abt 1626
P:
M: 1649/1650
P: Sandwich,Barnstable,MA
D:
P:

William Swift LDS
(Spouse of no. 1)

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Chart no. 62

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 28 on chart no. 28

1 **William Hallet**
B: 1616
P:
M:
P:
D: 1710
P: Newton,Queens,NY

(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Richard Hallet**
B: 9 Jun 1588
P:
M:
P:
D: 1628
P: Shebom,Drst,England

3 **Mrs. Hallett**
B: 1592
P: Bridport,D,England
D:
P:

4 **William Hallet**
B: 1553
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

5 **Elizabeth Phippen**
B: 1557
P:
D:
P:

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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 30 on chart no. 28

Chart no. 63

1 **George Wolsey**
B:27 Oct 1610
P:Great Yarmouth,N,England
M:19 Dec 1647
P:Dutch Church,B,NY
D:17 Aug 1698
P:Flushing,Queens,NY

Rebecca Cornell
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Benjamin Wolsey**
B:1584
P:Suffolk Co,England
M:
P:
D:
P:

3 **Hook**
B:1586
P:
D:
P:

4 **Thomas Wolsey**
B:1558
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Chart no. 6

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 31 on chart no. 28

1 **Rebecca Cornell**
B:31 Jan 1629
P:Saffron Walden,E,England
M:19 Dec 1647
P:Dutch Church,B,NY
D:5 Feb 1713
P:Jamaica,Queens,NY

George Wolsey
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Thomas Cornell**
B:1594
P:Essex,England
M:1620
P:Essex,England
D:1655
P:C

3 **Rebecca Briggs**
B:25 Oct 1600
P:London,England
D:8 Feb 1673
P:Portsmouth,Newport

4 **Richard Cornell**
B:1565
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

5 **Mary**
B:1567
P:
D:
P:

6 **Henrie Briggs**
B:1574
P:
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D:
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Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 65

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 28 on chart no. 29

1 **Thomas Hungerford**
B:1602/1605
P:New London,N,CT
M:
P:
D:1 May 1663
P:New London,N,CT

Hannah Willey Second
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Anthony Hungerford Sir K**
B:1567
P:Of,B,England
M:
P:
D:27 Jun 1627
P:

3 **Lucy Hungerford**
B:Abt 1560/1563
P:Of,F,England
D:1627
P:

4 **Anthony Hungerford Sir K**
B:1540
P:Of,Down Ampney,England
M:Abt 1626
P:
D:25 May 1594
P:

5 **Bridget Shelley**
B:1536
P:Mathan,England
D:
P:

6 **Walter Hungerford Sir K**
B:Abt 1508/1525
P:Of,Farley,S,England
M:
P:
D:1546
P:

7 **Ann Dormer**
B:1525
P:Ascot,B,England
D:
P:

8 **John Hungerford Sir Knight**
B:Abt 1510
P:Of,Down Ampney,England
M:Abt 1626
P:
D:1580
P:Down Ampney,G,England

9 **Bridget Margaret Fettiplace**
B:Abt 1512
P:Of,Shefford,B,England
D:
P:

10 **John Shelley**
B:1487
P:Clapham,S,England
M:
P:Milton,Kent,England
D:16 Dec 1550
P:

11 **Mary Fitzwilliam**
B:1492
P:Milton,Kent,England
D:
P:

12 **Walter Hungerford Baron**
B:1503
P:Of,Heytesbury,W,England
M:
P:
D:28 Jul 1540/1541
P:Tower Hill,L,England

13 **S Danvers Baroness**
B:Abt 1478
P:Of,Dauntsey,W,England
D:Bef 22 Mar 1526/1527
P:England

14 **William Dormer Sir Knight**
B:1503
P:Hayle,Buckshire,England
M:
P:
D:15 May 1575
P:

15 **Mary Sydney**
B:1505
P:Hayle,B,England
D:
P:

16 **Anthony Hungerford S K** 86
B:Abt 1485
M:Abt 1513
D:1559

17 **Jane Darell** 87
B:Abt 1490
D:

18 **John Fettiplace Sir K** 88
B:Abt 1484
M:Abt 1504
D:6 Oct 1524

19 **Dorothy Danvers** 89
B:Abt 1485
D:Bef 5 Feb 1559/1560

20 **William Shelley Sir K** 90
B:1487
M:1486
D:10 May 1549

21 **Alice Belknap** 91
B:1458
D:1536/1537

22 **William Fitzwilliam Sir K**
B:1430
M:
D:

23 **Maud Mildred Sackville** 92
B:1490
D:

24 **Edward Hungerford Sir K** 93
B:Abt 1472
M:Abt 1502
D:24 Jan 1521/1522

25 **Jane Zouche** 94
B:Abt 1460
D:

26 **John Danvers Sir Knight** 95
B:Abt 1452
M:
D:12 Jan 1514

27 **Ann Stradling** 96
B:Abt 1456
D:

28 **Robert Dormer** 97
B:1485
M:
D:20 Oct 1552

29 **Jane Newdigate** 98
B:1487
D:

30 **William Sydney**
B:1479
M:
D:

31
B:
D:

Chart no. 6

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 29 on chart no. 29

16
B:
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D:

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D:

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2 **Isaac Willey**
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1 **Hannah Willey Second**
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Thomas Hungerford
(Spouse of no. 1)

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24 Mar 2002

Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 67

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 30 on chart no. 29

2 **John Gray**
B: 1602
P: Tawpey, Essex, England
M:
P:
D:
P:

1 **Edward Gray**
B: 15 Apr 1628
P: Stapleford, Tawney, England
M: 16 Jan 1650
P: Plymouth, P, MA
D: 30 Jun 1681
P: Plymouth, MA

Mary Winslow
(Spouse of no. 1)

3 **Mrs. John Gray**
B: Abt 1589
P: Tawpey, Essex, England
D:
P:

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M:
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M:
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D:

24 Mar 2002

Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 6

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 31 on chart no. 29

1 **Mary Winslow**
B:Abt 1630
P:Of,Boston,Suffolk,MA
M:16 Jan 1650
P:Plymouth,P,MA
D:Abt 1663
P:Of,Boston,Suffolk,MA

Edward Gray
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **John Winslow**
B:16 Apr 1597
P:
M:
P:
D:21 May 1674
P:Boston,MA

3 **Mary Chilton**
B:31 May 1607
P:St Peter,S,England
D:11 May 1669
P:Boston,MA

4 **Edward Winslow Governor**
B:17 Oct 1560
P:
M:4 Nov 1594
P:S,England
D:
P:

5 **Magdaline Oliver**
B:4 Aug 1566
P:
D:
P:

6 **James Chilton**
B:1563
P:Canterbury,Kent,England
M:1584/1587
P:Canterbury,Kent,England
D:8 Dec 1620
P:Provincetown,C,MA

7 **Susanna Furner**
B:1564
P:Canterbury,Kent,England
D:21 Jan 1621
P:Plymouth,Plymouth,MA

8 **Kenelm Winslow**
B:1533/1540
P:Of,Droitwich,W,England
M:
P:
D:9 Nov 1607
P:

9 **Catherine Bucke**
B:1532
P:Droitwich,W,England
D:4 Apr 1607
P:

10 **Gilbert Oliver**
B:1536
P:S,England
M:29 Nov 1561
P:
D:26 Oct 1583
P:

11 **Margery Young**
B:1540
P:S,England
D:
P:

12 **Lyonell Chilton**
B:Abt 1530
P:Of St Paul's,C,England
M:
P:
D:15 Feb 1583
P:Canterbury,Kent,England

13 **Edith Isabell**
B:1533
P:
D:
P:

14 **Francis Furner**
B:Abt 1531
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

15
B:
P:
D:
P:

16 **William Winslow**
B:1529
M:
D:

17 **Mary Bucke** 1
B:1530
D:Aft 1560

18 **Kenelm Bucke**
B:1504
M:
D:2 Jan 1550

19 **Ellen Neville** 1
B:1508
D:Aft 1547

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M:
D:

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D:

24 **Richard Chilton**
B:Abt 1505
M:
D:1549

25 **Isabell**
B:Abt 1509
D:Bef 21 Sep 1549

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Chart no. 69

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 24 on chart no. 31

1 **William Pratt, Jr. LDS**
B: 9 Nov 1620
P: Baldock,Hartford,UK
M:
P:
D: 20 Feb 1670/1671
P: Saybrook,Middlesex,CT

Elizabeth Clark LDS
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **William Pratt Rev**
B: Oct 1562
P: Baldock,H,UK
M:
P:
D: 1629
P: Baldock,H,UK

3 **Elizabeth LDS**
B:
P:
D:
P:

4 **Andrew Pratt Rev**
B: 1520/1538
P: Baldock,H,UK
M:
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D:
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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 25 on chart no. 31

Chart no. 7

1 **Elizabeth Clark LDS**
B:1 Feb 1641
P:Hartford,Hartford Twp,CT
M:
P:
D:5 Feb 1733
P:

William Pratt, Jr. LDS
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **John Clark LDS**
B:1590/1595
P:England
M:
P:
D:5 Feb 1673
P:Milford,New Haven,CT

3 **Mary Coley/Cooley LDS**
B:
P:
D:
P:

4 Joseph Clark LDS
This person is the same a no. 16 on chart no. 36

5 **Mrs. Joseph Clark LDS**
B:Abt 1579
P:UK
D:
P:

6 John Clark LDS
This person is the same a no. 2 on chart no. 70

7 **Mrs. John Coley/Cooley LDS**
B:Abt 1590
P:Great Munden,Halifax,UK
D:
P:

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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 26 on chart no. 31

Chart no. 71

1 **William Parker LDS**
B: Abt 1614
P: England
M:
P:
D: 28 Dec 1686
P: Saybrook,Middlesex,CT

Margaret Pritchard LDS
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **William Parker LDS**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

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D:
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24 Mar 2002

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 27 on chart no. 31

Chart no. 7

1 **Margaret Pritchard LDS**
B:6 Dec 1620
P:Of Hartford Twp,Hartford,CT
M:
P:
D:12 Jun 1680
P:Saybrook,Middlesex,CT

William Parker LDS
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Robert M. Pritchard LDS**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

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B:
P:
D:
P:

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P:
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Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 73

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 30 on chart no. 31

1 **Robert Sanford/Sandford L**
B:1 Nov 1615
P:Sussex,UK
M:
P:
D:Jun 1676
P:Hartford,Hartford Co,CT

Ann Adams LDS
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Ezekiel Sanford LDS**
B:20 Feb 1586
P:Stansead,UK
M:
P:
D:Abt 1683
P:Stansead,UK

3 **Rose Warner LDS**
B:1588
P:Oxford,UK
D:
P:

4 **Thomas Sanford LDS**
B:1556
P:Stansead,UK
M:21 Sep 1581
P:Much Hadham,H,UK
D:6 Apr 1597
P:Much Haddam,Haddam,UK

5 **Mary Hellet/Lewes**
B:1563
P:
D:19 Aug 1620
P:

6 **John (Johan) Warner LDS**
B:1568
P:Hatfield,Essex,UK
M:7 Sep 1578
P:Great Waltham,Essex,UK
D:16 Jul 1614
P:Hatfield,B,UK

7 **Mary Purchase/Purchas L**
B:1568
P:Hatfield,Essex,UK
D:12 May 1627
P:Hatfield,B,UK

8 **Richard Sanford LDS**
B:1533
P:Stansead,M,UK
M:1558
P:Much Haddam,UK
D:15 Nov 1591
P:Stansead,M,UK

9 **Elizabeth LDS**
B:1537
P:Stansted,M,UK
D:15 Sep 1600
P:Stansted,M,UK

10
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

11
B:
P:
D:
P:

12 **John Warner LDS**
B:1542
P:Great Waltham,Essex,UK
M:9 Sep 1564
P:Great Waltham,Essex,UK
D:23 May 1584
P:

13 **Margaret LDS**
B:1546
P:of G,UK
D:
P:

14 **John Purchase/Purchas LDS**
B:1545
P:Hatfield,Essex,UK
M:
P:
D:16 Jul 1614
P:England

15 **Margaret LDS**
B:1542
P:Of Hatfield,Essex,UK
D:18 Mar 1585
P:England

16 **Richard Sanford LDS**
B:Abt 1520
M:
D:

17 **Maud Mainwaring LDS**
B:Abt 1490
D:

18 **John Lewes LDS**
B:Abt 1537
M:4 Jul 1564
D:

19 **Alice Chervell LDS**
B:Abt 1539
D:

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B:
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D:

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D:

24 **Stevin Warner LDS**
B:Abt 1500
M:
D:

25 **Mrs. Stevin Warner LDS**
B:Abt 1502
D:

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B:
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24 Mar 2002

Chart no. 7

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 16 on chart no. 32

1 **William Judson LDS**
B: Abt 1593
P: Yorkshire,UK
M: 1634
P:
D: 29 Jul 1662
P:

Grace Ann Porter LDS
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **William Judson LDS**
B: 17 Feb 1578
P: Belton Ainsty,UK
M:
P:
D:
P:

3
B:
P:
D:
P:

4 **Robert Judsonne LDS**
B: Abt 1515
P:
M: 27 Jan 1543
P: Halifax,York,UK
D:
P:

5 **Eufemia Thorpe LDS**
B: 1519
P:
D:
P:

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B:
P:
M:
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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 19 on chart no. 32

Chart no. 75

1 **Anna (Rosanna) White LDS**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

John Porter LDS
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 Robert White LDS
This person is the same a
no. 2 on chart no. 49

3 Bridget Allgar LDS
This person is the same a
no. 3 on chart no. 49

4
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

5
B:
P:
D:
P:

6
B:
P:
M:
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D:
P:

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24 Mar 2002

Chart no. 76

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 22 on chart no. 32

1 **Joseph Loomis LDS**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

Mary White LDS
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **John Loomis/Lummis LDS**
B:29 Jan 1562
P:Thaxted,Essex,UK
M:
P:
D:29 May 1619
P:Braintree,Essex,UK

3 **Agnes Lingwood/Linwood L**
B:1564/1565
P:Of Bocking,Essex,UK
D:14 Apr 1619
P:Essex,UK

4 **John Lummuys/Lummys L**
B:Jan 1536
P:Thaxted,Essex,UK
M:Abt 1561
P:Thaxted,Essex,UK
D:12 Apr 1567
P:Thaxted,Essex,UK

5 **Kyrsten Pasfield/Jackson L**
B:1526
P:Rettendon,Essex,UK
D:Abt 1567
P:Rettendon,Essex,UK

6 **John Lingwood/Linwood L**
B:1546
P:Braintree,Essex,UK
M:
P:Of Essex,UK
D:1592
P:Kelvedon,Essex,UK

7 **Jane Marlar LDS**
B:1530
P:Kelvedon,Essex,UK
D:
P:

8 **Thomas Lummys LDS**
B:1512
P:Thaxted,Essex,UK
M:1535
P:Thaxted,Essex,UK
D:1551
P:Thaxted,Essex,UK

9 **Ann Stephen LDS**
B:1525
P:Thaxted,Essex,UK
D:
P:

10
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

11
B:
P:
D:
P:

12 **William Lingwood LDS**
B:Abt 1520
P:Braintree,Essex,UK
M:
P:
D:
P:

13 **Mary Wilson LDS**
B:1519
P:Of Buckingham,UK
D:
P:

14 **William Marlar LDS**
B:1515
P:Kelvedon,Essex,UK
M:
P:
D:2 Jan 1597
P:Kelvedon,Essex,UK

15 Margaret (Ann) Parye LDS
This person is the same a no. 7 on chart no. 49

16 **Laurent Lummys LDS**
B:1491
M:
D:

17
B:
D:

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B:
M:
D:

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B:
D:

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B:
M:
D:

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D:

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B:
M:
D:

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B:
D:

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B:
M:
D:

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B:
D:

26 **Thomas Wilson LDS**
B:Abt 1493
M:
D:

27
B:
D:

28 **Thomas Marlar LDS**
B:1478
M:
D:

29 **Margaret White LDS**
B:1484
D:

30
B:
M:
D:

31
B:
D:

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32225 USA

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Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 77

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 23 on chart no. 32

1 **Mary White LDS**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

Joseph Loomis LDS
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 Robert White LDS
This person is the same a no. 2 on chart no. 49

3 Bridget Allgar LDS
This person is the same a no. 3 on chart no. 49

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B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

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B:
P:
D:
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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 16 on chart no. 36

Chart no. 7

1 **Joseph Clark LDS**
B: Abt 1575
P: Of Cambridge,M,MA
M:
P:
D: 1641
P: Cambridge,MA

Aeltje Dircks
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **John Clark LDS**
B: Abt 1549
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

3
B:
P:
D:
P:

4
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

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B:
P:
D:
P:

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B:
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Chart no. 79

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 24 on chart no. 39

1 **Johannes Marinessen**
B: 23 Mar 1597
P: Etten,N,Netherland
M:
P:
D:
P:

Wilhelmina Hoannes
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Marinus Adriensen**
B: Abt 1573
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

3 **Maria Hendrickson**
B: Abt 1576
P:
D:
P:

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B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

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D:
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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 28 on chart no. 39

Chart no. 8

1 **Albert Heyman Roosa**
B:1618/1621
P:Herynen,G,Netherland
M:1642
P:Netherland
D:27 Feb 1679
P:Esopus,Hurley,G,Netherland

Wyntie Ariens De Jonge
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Heyman Roosa**
B:1593
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

3
B:
P:
D:
P:

4
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

5
B:
P:
D:
P:

6
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
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Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 81

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 31 on chart no. 39

2 **Symon Symonse Groot**
B: Abt 1628
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

1 **Jannetje S Schepmoes**
B: 1623
P: Kingston,Ulster,NY
M: 15 Dec 1641
P: Kingston,Ulster,NY
D: 2 Sep 1683
P: Kingston,Ulster,NY

E Pells>Pultz
(Spouse of no. 1)

3 **R Du Trieux**
B: 1635
P:
D:
P:

4
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

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B:
P:
D:
P:

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B:
P:
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P:

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M:
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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 19 on chart no. 45

Chart no. 8

16
B:
M:
D:

17
B:
D:

8
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

18
B:
M:
D:

9
B:
P:
D:
P:

19
B:
D:

4
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

20
B:
M:
D:

2 **Thomas Prence**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

10
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

21
B:
D:

5
B:
P:
D:
P:

22
B:
M:
D:

11
B:
P:
D:
P:

23
B:
D:

1 **Mercy Prence**
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

24
B:
M:
D:

12 **William Brewster**
B:
P: Scrooby, UK
M:
P:
D:
P:

25
B:
D:

John Freeman
(Spouse of no. 1)

6 **William Brewster**
B: 1566/1567
P:
M:
P:
D: Apr 1644
P:

26
B:
M:
D:

13 **Mary Smyth/Simkinson**
B:
P: Scrooby, UK
D:
P:

27
B:
D:

3 **Patience Brewster**
B:
P:
D:
P:

28
B:
M:
D:

14
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

29
B:
D:

7 **Mary (Wentworth) Myrrah**
B:
P: Scrooby, UK
D: 17 Apr 1627
P: Plymouth, ME

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B:
M:
D:

15
B:
P:
D:
P:

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D:

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Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 83

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 16 on chart no. 53

1 **Ralph Dunham**
B: 1526
P: Scrooby,N,UK
M: 1556
P: Scooby,N,UK
D:
P: Prob/Scrooby,N,UK

Elizabeth Wentworth
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **John Dunham Sir Knight**
B: 1498
P: Scrooby,N,England
M: 15 Aug 1522/1529
P:
D: 1545
P:

3 **Benedicte Folsgambe**
B: 1498
P: St Hall Dales,O,England
D:
P:

4 **John Dunham Sir**
B: 1474
P: Kent,UK
M: 15 Aug 1522/1529
P:
D:
P:

5 **Jean Thorland**
B: Abt 1478
P: Of Gamston,N,UK
D:
P:

6
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

7
B:
P:
D:
P:

8 **John Dunham**
B: 1450
P: Devonshire,UK
M: 1471
P:
D: 9 Nov 1524
P:

9 **Elizabeth Bowet**
B: Abt 1434
P: Of Rippingale,Lancaster,UK
D: 17 Mar 1501/1502
P:

10 **Thomas Thorland**
B: Abt 1722
P: UK
M:
P:
D:
P:

11
B:
P:
D:
P:

12
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

13
B:
P:
D:
P:

14
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

15
B:
P:
D:
P:

16 **Robert Dunham**
B: Abt 1364
M: Abt 1393
D:

17 **Elizabeth Sandford**
B: Abt 1432
D:

18 **Nicholas Bowett**
B: Abt 1408
M:
D:

19 **Elizabeth Zouche**
B: Abt 1412
D:

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B:
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D:

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M:
D:

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B:
D:

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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 17 on chart no. 53

Chart no. 84

2 **Thomas Wentworth Sir**
B: Abt 1478/1484
P: Wooley, York, England
M:
P:
D:
P:

1 **Elizabeth Wentworth**
B: 1536
P: Scooby, N, England
M: 1556
P: Scooby, N, UK
D:
P: Prob/Scooby, N, England

Ralph Dunham
(Spouse of no. 1)

3 **Beatrix Woodruffe**
B: 1486
P: Woolley, York, England
D:
P:

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B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

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B:
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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 18 on chart no. 53

Chart no. 85

1 **Bromely**
B: Abt 1537
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Bromely**
B: Abt 1512
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

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B:
P:
D:
P:

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D:

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Chart no. 86

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 16 on chart no. 65

1 **Anthony Hungerford Sir K**
B: Abt 1485
P: Of,Down Ampney,England
M: Abt 1513
P: Of,Littlecote,W,England
D: 1559
P:

Jane Darell
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **John Hungerford Sir Knight**
B: Abt 1460
P: Of,Down Ampney,England
M:
P:
D: Bef 27 Aug 1524
P:

3 **Margaret Blount**
B: Abt 1465
P: Of,M,England
D: Bef 23 May 1531
P:

4 **Thomas Hungerford Sir K**
B: Abt 1450
P: Down Ampney,England
M:
P:
D:
P:

5 **Christina Halle**
B: Abt 1456
P:
D:
P:

6 **Edmund John Blount**
B: 1439
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

7 **Ellen Hall**
B: 1441
P:
D:
P:

8 **Edmund Hungerford Sir K**
B: 1409
P: Down Ampney,England
M: 1416
P: Contract
D: 26 Mar 1484
P:

9 **Margaret Burnell**
B: 1410
P:
D: 27 Mar 1486
P:

10 **John Halle**
B: 1426
P: Salisbury,W,England
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16 **Walter Hungerford** 102
B: 22 Jun 1378
M: 18 Sep 1402
D: 9 Aug 1449

17 **Katherine Peverell** 103
B: 1380
D: 14 Jun 1426

18 **Edward Burnell Sir K** 104
B: 1373
M:
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19 **Alice Alienore Strange**
B: 1375
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Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 87

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 17 on chart no. 65

1 **Jane Darell**
B:Abt 1490
P:
M:Abt 1513
P:Of,Littlecote,W,England
D:
P:

Anthony Hungerford Sir K
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Edward Darell Sir Knight**
B:1466
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

3 **Jane Crofts**
B:Abt 1470
P:
D:
P:

4 **G Darell Sir Knight**
B:Abt 1419
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

5 **Joan Haute**
B:Abt 1436
P:
D:
P:

6 **Richard Crofts Sir Knight**
B:1444
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

7 **Elynor Bare**
B:1446
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24 Mar 2002

Chart no. 88

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 18 on chart no. 65

1 **John Fettiplace Sir Knight**
B: Abt 1484
P: ,Shefford,B,England
M: Abt 1504
P:
D: 6 Oct 1524
P: East Shefford,England

Dorothy Danvers
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Richard Fettiplace**
B: Abt 1460
P: Of,Shefford,England
M:
P:
D: 1511
P: Bassiles-Leigh

3 **Elizabeth Bessiles**
B: Abt 1465
P: Bessiles-Leigh,B,England
D: 1511
P:

4 **John Fettiplace**
B: Abt 1427
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

5 **Jane Fabian**
B: Abt 1435
P:
D:
P:

6 **William Bessiles**
B: 1444
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

7 **Alice Harcourt**
B: Abt 1450
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Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 89

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 19 on chart no. 65

1 **Dorothy Danvers**
B: Abt 1485
P: Of Culworth,Oxford,England
M: Abt 1504
P:
D: Bef 5 Feb 1559/1560
P: East Shefford,O,England

John Fettiplace Sir Knight
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 John Danvers Sir Knight
This person is the same a
no. 26 on chart no. 65

3 Ann Stradling
This person is the same a
no. 27 on chart no. 65

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24 Mar 2002

Chart no. 9

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 20 on chart no. 65

1 **William Shelley Sir Knight**
B: 1487
P: Clapham,S,England
M: 1486
P: Sussex,England
D: 10 May 1549
P: Sussex,England

Alice Belknap
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **John Shelley**
B: 1448
P: Clapham,S,England
M: 1466
P: Clapham,S,England
D: 3 Jan 1526
P:

3 **Elizabeth Michelgrove**
B: 1450
P: Clapham,S,England
D: 3 Jul 1514
P:

4 **John Shelley**
B: 1428
P: Clapham,S,England
M:
P:
D:
P:

5 **Beatrice Hawkwood**
B: 1432
P:
D:
P:

6 **John Michelgrove**
B: 1424
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

7 **Mary Sidney**
B: 1428
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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 21 on chart no. 65

Chart no. 91

1 **Alice Belknap**
B: 1458
P: Giddy Hall,S,England
M: 1486
P: Sussex,England
D: 1536/1537
P:

William Shelley Sir Knight
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Henry Belknap Sir**
B: 1434/1435
P: Griffe,Warwick,England
M:
P:
D: 10 Jul 1488
P:

3 **Margaret Knolles**
B: 1432
P: Sussex,England
D: 7 Oct 1488
P:

4 **Hamon Belknap**
B: 1394
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

5 **Joan Botiler**
B: 1395
P:
D:
P:

6 **Knolles**
B: 1406
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24 Mar 2002

Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 92

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 23 on chart no. 65

1 **Maud Mildred Sackville**
B:1490
P:Buckhurst,S,England
M:
P:
D:
P:

William Fitzwilliam Sir K
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Richard Sackville**
B:1472
P:Buckhurst,S,England
M:
P:
D:18 Jul 1523
P:

3 **Isabel Dyggs**
B:1458
P:Burham,Kent,England
D:
P:

4 **Humphrey Sackville**
B:1426
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

5 **Katherine Brown**
B:1435
P:
D:
P:

6 **John Dyggs**
B:1426
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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 24 on chart no. 65

Chart no. 93

1 **Edward Hungerford Sir K**
B:Abt 1472
P:Of,Heytesbury,W,England
M:Abt 1502
P:
D:24 Jan 1521/1522
P:At Tourney

Jane Zouche
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Walter Hungerford**
B:Abt 1442
P:Of,Farleigh,B,England
M:Abt 1472
P:
D:Bef 29 May 1516
P:

3 **Jane Boistred Bulstrode**
B:Abt 1446
P:Of,Upton
D:
P:

4 **Robert Hungerford**
B:1431
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

5 **Eleanor de Moleyns**
B:11 Jun 1426
P:
D:
P:

6 **Thomas William Bulstrode**
B:Abt 1416
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

7 **Agnes Norreys**
B:Abt 1420
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24 Mar 2002

Chart no. 94

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 25 on chart no. 65

1 **Jane Zouche**
B:Abt 1460
P:Harringswroth,B,England
M:Abt 1502
P:
D:
P:

Edward Hungerford Sir K
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **John La Zouche Baron**
B:Abt 1440
P:Of,H,England
M:Abt 1469
P:Of,H,England
D:1526/1527
P:

3 **Joan Dinham Baroness**
B:Abt 1455
P:Of,S,England
D:Aft 1507
P:

4 **William La Zouche**
B:1432
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

5 **Lenthal Zouche Baroness**
B:Abt 1453
P:
D:
P:

6 **John Dunham**
B:1406
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

7 **Joan Arches**
B:Abt 1410
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D:
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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 26 on chart no. 65

Chart no. 95

1 **John Danvers Sir Knight**
B:Abt 1452
P:Of Culworth,O,England
M:
P:
D:12 Jan 1514
P:

Ann Stradling
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Richard Danvers**
B:Abt 1428
P:Of Prescote,O,England
M:1455
P:Of Culworth,N,England
D:14 Feb 1488/1489
P:

3 **Elizabeth Langston**
B:Abt 1432
P:Of Culworth,N,England
D:Feb 1482
P:

4 **John Danvers**
B:Abt 1382
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

5 **Alice Verney**
B:Abt 1375
P:
D:
P:

6 **John Langston**
B:1406
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M:
P:
D:
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7 **Elizabeth**
B:1408
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Chart no. 9

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 27 on chart no. 65

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2 **John Stradling**
B:1430
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1 **Ann Stradling**
B:Abt 1456
P:Of Dauntsey,O,England
M:
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D:
P:Dauntsey,Oxford,England

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D:

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John Danvers Sir Knight
(Spouse of no. 1)

6 **Edward Langford**
B:1440
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3 **Alice Langford**
B:Abt 1466
P:Of Berks
D:
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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 28 on chart no. 65

Chart no. 97

1 **Robert Dormer**
B:1485
P:Wycombe,B,England
M:
P:
D:20 Oct 1552
P:

Jane Newdigate
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **William Dormer**
B:1438
P:Wycombe,B,England
M:
P:
D:22 Sep 1506
P:

3 **Jane Agnes /Launcelyn**
B:1460
P:Launcelynbury,H,England
D:
P:

4 **Geoffrey Dormer**
B:1408
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

5 **Ursulla Collinridge**
B:1407
P:
D:
P:

6 **John Launcelyn**
B:1434
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

7 **Margaret**
B:1436
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Chart no. 9

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 29 on chart no. 65

1 **Jane Newdigate**
B: 1487
P: Haresfield,M,England
M:
P:
D:
P:

Robert Dormer
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **John Newdigate**
B: 1461
P:
M:
P:
P:
D:
P:

3 **Amphilicia Neville**
B: 1463
P:
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Chart no. 99

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 16 on chart no. 68

1 **William Winslow**
B: 1529
P: Kempsey,W,England
M:
P:
D:
P: England

Mary Bucke
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Thomas Winslow Esq.**
B: 1452
P: Burton,O,England
M:
P: England
D:
P:

3 **Cecilia Agnes Tansley Lady**
B: Abt 1575
P: England
D:
P:

4 **John Wyncelow**
B: 1400
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

5 **Agnes Throckmorton**
B: Abt 1420
P:
D:
P:

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24 Mar 2002

Chart no. 10

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 17 on chart no. 68

1 **Mary Bucke**
B: 1530
P: Kempsey,England
M:
P:
D: Aft 1560
P:

William Winslow
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 Kenelm Bucke
This person is the same a no. 18 on chart no. 68

3 Ellen Neville
This person is the same a no. 19 on chart no. 68

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Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 101

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 19 on chart no. 68

2 **Thomas Neville**
B:1484
P:Mathan,W,England
M:
P:
D:
P:

1 **Ellen Neville**
B:1508
P:
M:
P:
D:Aft 1547
P:

Kenelm Bucke
(Spouse of no. 1)

3 **Lettice Harcourt**
B:1488
P:Mathan,W,England
D:
P:

4
B:
P:
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P:

6 **Harcourt Sir Knight**
B:1450
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

7 **Ann Norris**
B:1450
P:
D:
P:

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Chart no. 10

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 16 on chart no. 86

1 **Walter Hungerford**
B:22 Jun 1378
P:Farleigh,England
M:18 Sep 1402
P:Penhale,C,England
D:9 Aug 1449
P:Cathedral,S,England

Katherine Peverell
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Thomas Hungerford**
B:1330
P:Farleigh,England
M:
P:
D:3 Dec 1397
P:Farleigh,England

3 **Eleanor Strug**
B:1334
P:
D:
P:

4 **Walter Hungerford**
B:1314
P:Farleigh,England
M:
P:
D:1355
P:

5 **Elizabeth Fitzjohn**
B:1312
P:Heytesbury,W,England
D:
P:

6
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

7
B:
P:
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P:

8 **Walter Hungerford**
B:1280
P:Heytesbury,W,England
M:
P:
D:1308
P:

9 **Heytesbury**
B:1287
P:
D:
P:

10 **Adam Fitzjohn**
B:1286
P:Cherill,W,England
M:
P:
D:
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16 **Walter De Hungerford** 10
B:1230
M:1259
D:

17 **Maude De Heytesbury**
B:1235
D:

18 **Heytesbury**
B:1261
M:
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Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 17 on chart no. 86

Chart no. 103

2 **Thomas Peverell Sir Knight**
B:1340
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

1 **Katherine Peverell**
B:1380
P:
M:18 Sep 1402
P:Penhale,C,England
D:14 Jun 1426
P:

Walter Hungerford
(Spouse of no. 1)

3 **Margaret Courtenay**
B:1342
P:
D:
P:

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Chart no. 10

Pedigree Chart

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 18 on chart no. 86

2 **Hugh Burnell Baron**
B:1347
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

1 **Edward Burnell Sir Knight**
B:1373
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

Alice Alienore Strange
(Spouse of no. 1)

3 **Devereux Baroness**
B:1379
P:
D:
P:

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Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 105

No. 1 on this chart is the same as no. 16 on chart no. 102

1 **Walter De Hungerford**
B: 1230
P: Heytesbury,W,England
M: 1259
P:
D:
P:

Maude De Heytesbury
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 **Walter De Hungerford**
B: 1186
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

3
B:
P:
D:
P:

4 **Everard De Hungerford**
B: 1160
P:
M:
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Pedigree Chart

Alphabetical Index

Name	Born /Chr	Died /Bur	Found on Chart	Position
, Alice	1616		29	27
, Edith Isabell	1533		68	13
, Elizabeth LDS			69	3
, Elizabeth LDS	1537	15 Sep 1600	73	9
, Elizabeth	1408		95	7
, Isabell	Abt 1509	Bef 21 Sep 1549	68	25
, Margaret	1734/1737	11 Aug 1813	14	11
, Margaret LDS	Abt 1440		49	25
, Margaret	1436		97	7
, Margaret LDS	1542	18 Mar 1585	73	15
, Margaret LDS	1546		73	13
, Mary	1567		64	5
, Mary	1578		56	3
, Rachel			9	5
, Sarah LDS	Abt 1620		40	11
, Sarah			40	7
Abbe, Joshua	20 Jan 1710	13 Jan 1807	19	2
Abbe, Rachel	6 Feb 1739	22 Jun 1795	5	25
Acker, Albert Patriot	1760/1767	10 Jun 1832	4	4
Acker, Dora Anna	4 May 1867	5 Sep 1938	1	9
Acker, Irwin Samuel	15 Mar 1838	2 Mar 1923	1	18
Acker, Samuel	21 Oct 1804	3 Feb 1878	4	2
Adams, Aaron	22 Mar 1747	13 Dec 1833	4	14
Adams, Ann LDS	Abt 1615		31	31
Adams, Elizabeth Eliza	7 Sep 1787		4	7
Adams, Ruth	1759/1760	1820	10	15
Adriensen, Marinus	Abt 1573		79	2
Agnes /Launcelyn, Jane	1460		97	3
Alexander, Elizabeth			22	5
Allgar, Bridget LDS	11 Mar 1562	24 Jun 1585	49	3
Allgar, Robert LDS	1435		49	24
Allgar, William LDS	1475		49	12
Allgar, William LDS	1536	25 Aug 1575	49	6
Allyn, Robert		1726	40	10
Allyn, Sarah	1640	1725	40	5
Anderson, Rebecca			8	19
Andrews, Mary	1598	Apr 1671	55	3
Arches, Joan	Abt 1410		94	7
Arians, Annetje	29 Aug 1645	Abt 1700	39	13
Ashley,	1584		52	3
Ashley, Robert	1620	29 Nov 1682	28	22
Ashley, Sarah	23 Aug 1648		28	11
Bacchus, Robert	1528	Bef 14 Mar 1586	47	8
Backus, Elizabeth	1603	Bef 1659	47	3
Backus, John	9 Feb 1661	27 Mar 1744	19	14
Backus, Mary	8 Nov 1692	19 Oct 1770	19	7
Backus, William	23 Nov 1634	1720/1721	19	28
Backus, William	1606	7 Jun 1664	47	2
Backus, William	Abt 1580	Bef 5 Dec 1592	47	4
Barber?, Jane	1780		11	5
Bare, Elynor	1446		87	7
Barnes, Dorcas	6 Nov 1743	14 Feb 1827	11	27
Barnes, Thomas	26 Mar 1706	9 Oct 1765	29	2
Barnes, Thomas	Bef 1636		29	8
Barnes, William	3 Apr 1669	Bef 1750	29	4
Beebe, Catherine	22 Jun 1830	1914	12	3
Beebe, David LDS	Abt 1760/1765		12	12
Beebe, John LDS	Abt 1710/1715		31	2
Beebe, Martin LDS	8 Oct 1738	1783	12	24
Beebee, David	28 Feb 1795	10 Sep 1872	12	6
Belknap, Alice	1458	1536/1537	65	21
Belknap, Hamon	1394		91	4
Belknap, Henry Sir	1434/1435	10 Jul 1488	91	2
Bessiles, Elizabeth	Abt 1465	1511	88	3
Bessiles, William	1444		88	6
Bingham, Mary	1 Jul 1672	19 Feb 1747	19	15

Pedigree Chart

Alphabetical Index

Name	Born /Chr	Died /Bur	Found on Chart	Position
Bingham, Mary	**Abt 1532**	**1 Aug 1593**	**48**	**9**
Bingham, Robert	**1507**		**48**	**16**
Bingham, Thomas , Deacon	**5 Jun 1642**	**16 Jan 1729**	**19**	**30**
Bingham, Thomas	**6 Aug 1588**	**1659**	**48**	**2**
Bingham, Thomas	**1555/1557**	**15 Feb 1597**	**48**	**4**
Bingham, Thomas	**1534**	**23 Feb 1597**	**48**	**8**
Blackwell, Jane LDS	**1650**		**28**	**25**
Blackwell, Michael LDS	**23 Jul 1687**		**59**	**2**
Bleasdale, Isabel	**Abt 1530**	**Aft 19 Sep 1592**	**47**	**9**
Blinn, Abigail			**16**	**17**
Blount, Edmund John	**1439**		**86**	**6**
Blount, Margaret	**Abt 1465**	**Bef 23 May 1531**	**86**	**3**
Boddy,			**7**	**4**
Boddy, Elizabeth Ann	**13 Jun 1809**	**1 May 1860**	**1**	**21**
Boddy, Johnathan			**7**	**2**
Bondrib, Felecie	**1576**		**54**	**7**
Botiler, Joan	**1395**		**91**	**5**
Bowet, Elizabeth	**Abt 1434**	**17 Mar 1501/1502**	**83**	**9**
Bowett, Nicholas	**Abt 1408**		**83**	**18**
Bradford, Hannah	**9 May 1662**	**27 May 1738**	**19**	**13**
Bradford, Mrs. Robert	**Abt 1536**		**46**	**9**
Bradford, Robert	**1500**		**46**	**16**
Bradford, William	**17 Jan 1624**	**20 Feb 1703**	**19**	**26**
Bradford, William	**1523/1529**	**10 Jan 1595**	**46**	**8**
Bradford, William	**19 Mar 1590**	**9 May 1657**	**46**	**2**
Bradford, William	**19 Mar 1559**	**15 Jul 1591**	**46**	**4**
Bradshaw, Francina			**12**	**19**
Bradstreet, Dorothy	**1634/1635**	**6 Sep 1689**	**20**	**11**
Bradstreet, Simon	**18 Mar 1603**		**20**	**22**
Brewster, Patience			**82**	**3**
Brewster, William	**1566/1567**	**Apr 1644**	**82**	**6**
Brewster, William			**82**	**12**
Briggs, Henrie	**1574**		**64**	**6**
Briggs, Rebecca	**25 Oct 1600**	**8 Feb 1673**	**64**	**3**
Bromely,	**Abt 1537**		**53**	**18**
Bromely,	**Abt 1512**		**85**	**2**
Bromely, Jane	**1562**		**53**	**9**
Brown, Christopher	**Abt 1482**	**3 Jul 1538**	**50**	**16**
Brown, Edward	**9 Sep 1596**	**Aft 1610**	**50**	**2**
Brown, George	**8 Feb 1786**	**23 Dec 1844**	**11**	**6**
Brown, John Captain	**1762**		**11**	**12**
Brown, Katherine	**1435**		**92**	**5**
Brown, Nicholas	**1601**	**16 Nov 1694**	**27**	**16**
Brown, Olive	**25 Jun 1828**	**5 Mar 1906**	**11**	**3**
Brown, Peter	**1573**	**4 Oct 1635**	**50**	**4**
Brown, Thomas	**5 Apr 1717**	**25 Jun 1791**	**11**	**24**
Brown, Thomas	**1625/1628**	**28 Aug 1693**	**27**	**8**
Brown, Thomas	**1523**	**23 Dec 1590**	**50**	**8**
Brown, Thomas	**14 Feb 1692**	**27 Dec 1763**	**27**	**2**
Brown, Thomas	**1 Jan 1654**	**27 Dec 1723**	**27**	**4**
Browne, Anne	**Abt 1527**		**50**	**17**
Bucke, Catherine	**1532**	**4 Apr 1607**	**68**	**9**
Bucke, Kenelm	**1504**	**2 Jan 1550**	**68**	**18**
Bucke, Mary	**1530**	**Aft 1560**	**68**	**17**
Bulstrode, Jane Bolstred	**Abt 1446**		**93**	**3**
Bulstrode, Thomas William	**Abt 1416**		**93**	**6**
Burnell, Edward Sir Knight	**1373**		**86**	**18**
Burnell, Hugh Baron	**1347**		**104**	**2**
Burnell, Margaret	**1410**	**27 Mar 1486**	**86**	**9**
Cahoon, Hannah			**18**	**21**
Calhoun, Jeannie		**1768**	**18**	**3**
Carpenter,			**3**	**2**
Carpenter, Alexander	**1546**	**1611/1612**	**46**	**6**
Carpenter, Alice	**16 Dec 1593**	**26 May 1670**	**46**	**3**
Carpenter, Mary Catherine			**1**	**17**
Cathcart, Sarah	**1572**		**54**	**5**

Pedigree Chart

Alphabetical Index

Name	Born /Chr	Died /Bur	Found on Chart	Position
Charles, Sarah	**Oct 1637**	**14 Jun 1663**	**19**	**29**
Chervell, Alice LDS	**Abt 1539**		**73**	**19**
Chilton, James	**1563**	**8 Dec 1620**	**68**	**6**
Chilton, Lyonell	**Abt 1530**	**15 Feb 1583**	**68**	**12**
Chilton, Mary	**31 May 1607**	**11 May 1669**	**68**	**3**
Chilton, Richard	**Abt 1505**	**1549**	**68**	**24**
Clark, Elizabeth LDS	**1 Feb 1641**	**5 Feb 1733**	**31**	**25**
Clark, John LDS	**Abt 1549**		**78**	**2**
Clark, John LDS	**1590/1595**	**5 Feb 1673**	**70**	**2**
Clark, Joseph LDS	**Abt 1575**	**1641**	**36**	**16**
Clark, Mrs. Joseph LDS	**Abt 1579**		**70**	**5**
Clarke(Widow), Jane LDS	**1590**	**2 Dec 1661**	**31**	**29**
Cole, David	**1712**		**13**	**16**
Cole, Jacob V. Patriot	**21 Sep 1746**	**23 Aug 1838**	**13**	**8**
Cole, Jacob Van Auken	**3 Mar 1812**	**3 Feb 1886**	**13**	**2**
Cole, Jacob W.	**22 Jun 1783**	**1860**	**13**	**4**
Cole, Nelson	**4 May 1838**	**4 Jan 1901**	**1**	**28**
Cole, Sherman Otto	**24 Sep 1867**	**19 Sep 1948**	**1**	**14**
Cole, Wilma Eliza	**20 Apr 1901**	**28 Nov 1968**	**1**	**7**
Coley/Cooley, Mary LDS			**70**	**3**
Coley/Cooley, Mrs. John LDS	**Abt 1590**		**70**	**7**
Collier, Joseph LDS	**Abt 1625**		**31**	**14**
Collier, Sarah LDS	**1673**	**10 Nov 1730**	**31**	**7**
Collier, William LDS	**Abt 1585**	**1680**	**31**	**28**
Collinridge, Ursulla	**1407**		**97**	**5**
Collins, Felix	**1771/1781**	**17 Apr 1871**	**54**	**3**
Collins, Hannah	**1 Feb 1660**	**27 Dec 1723**	**27**	**5**
Collins, Walter	**1572**		**54**	**6**
Cone,			**29**	**24**
Cone, Daniel	**1626**	**24 Oct 1706**	**29**	**12**
Cone, Rebecca	**6 Mar 1704**		**29**	**3**
Cone, Stephen	**26 Mar 1678**	**1 Dec 1756**	**29**	**6**
Cook, Aaron Major	**20 Mar 1613**		**20**	**28**
Cook, Aaron jr. Capt	**26 Feb 1640**	**16 Sep 1716**	**20**	**14**
Cook, Joanna	**10 Jul 1665**	**13 Nov 1713**	**20**	**7**
Cool/Kool, Barent Jacobsen	**10 May 1610**		**36**	**8**
Cool/Kool, Leendert Barentson	**1647**		**36**	**4**
Cornelis, Marretje			**36**	**5**
Cornell, Rebecca	**31 Jan 1629**	**5 Feb 1713**	**28**	**31**
Cornell, Richard	**1565**		**64**	**4**
Cornell, Thomas	**1594**	**1655**	**64**	**2**
Cotton, Elizabeth	**13 Aug 1665**	**7 May 1698**	**20**	**5**
Cotton, John	**4 Dec 1585**		**20**	**20**
Cotton, Seaborn	**12 Aug 1633**	**14 Apr 1686**	**20**	**10**
Courtenay, Margaret	**1342**		**103**	**3**
Crawford, Elizabeth	**1780**		**8**	**9**
Crawford, James	**1759**	**1836**	**8**	**18**
Crofts, Jane	**Abt 1470**		**87**	**3**
Crofts, Richard Sir Knight	**1444**		**87**	**6**
Danvers, Dorothy	**Abt 1485**	**5 Feb 1559/1560**	**65**	**19**
Danvers, John Sir Knight	**Abt 1452**	**12 Jan 1514**	**65**	**26**
Danvers, John	**Abt 1382**		**95**	**4**
Danvers, Richard	**Abt 1428**	**14 Feb 1488/1489**	**95**	**2**
Danvers, S Baroness	**Abt 1478**	**22 Mar 1526/1527**	**65**	**13**
Darell, Edward Sir Knight	**1466**		**87**	**2**
Darell, G Sir Knight	**Abt 1419**		**87**	**4**
Darell, Jane	**Abt 1490**		**65**	**17**
Darling, Abigail	**1688/1689**		**34**	**5**
De Jonge, Wyntie Ariens	**Abt 1623**	**15 Apr 1660**	**39**	**29**
DeGrauw, Marretje Leenderts	**1626**		**36**	**9**
Devereux, Baroness	**1379**		**104**	**3**
Dillen, Pri Druscilla	**1552**	**20 Dec 1653**	**46**	**7**
Dilworth,			**7**	**6**
Dilworth, Elizabeth			**7**	**3**
Dinham, Joan Baroness	**Abt 1455**	**Aft 1507**	**94**	**3**
Dircks, Aeltje			**36**	**17**

Pedigree Chart

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Name	Born /Chr	Died /Bur	Found on Chart	Position
Doe, James			11	18
Doe, Jane			11	9
Doe, John			11	10
Doggett, Amy	16 Jul 1597	20 Aug 1683	57	3
Dormer, Ann	1525		65	7
Dormer, Geoffrey	1408		97	4
Dormer, Robert	1485	20 Oct 1552	65	28
Dormer, William	1438	22 Sep 1506	97	2
Dormer, William Sir Knight	1503	15 May 1575	65	14
Dotts, Andrew J.	19 Feb 1804	16 May 1857	15	2
Dotts, David	1755/1760		15	8
Dotts, George	1780	1849	15	4
Dotts, John	28 Mar 1835	30 Aug 1915	1	30
Dotts, Mary Louisa	7 Mar 1870	19 Nov 1943	1	15
Dredge, Ann LDS	1750	26 Sep 1834	15	15
Dredge, Betty LDS	1720		15	31
Dredge, Daniel LDS	1715		15	30
Du Bois, Cairintjen			36	3
Du Trieux, R	1635		81	3
Dudley, Anne	20 Mar 1612		20	23
Dunham, John	1650	2 Jan 1696	28	18
Dunham, John Deacon	1588/1589	2 Mar 1669	53	2
Dunham, John	1589	2 Mar 1668/1669	53	4
Dunham, John Sir Knight	1498	1545	83	2
Dunham, John	1450	9 Nov 1524	83	8
Dunham, John	1406		94	6
Dunham, John Sir	1474		83	4
Dunham, Mary	8 May 1645	19 Apr 1715	28	9
Dunham, Ralph	1526		53	16
Dunham, Robert	Abt 1364		83	16
Dunham, Thomas	1560		53	8
Dupre/Desprez, Pieternelle	1664		38	5
Dyggs, Isabel	1458		92	3
Dyggs, John	1426		92	6
Eddy, John	27 Mar 1597	12 Oct 1684	57	2
Eddy, Mary	10 Mar 1625	19 Sep 1683	28	23
Eddy, William	1558/1564		57	4
Ellingham, LDS			61	2
Ellingham, Ruth LDS	Abt 1626		28	27
Elliott, Deborah	28 Nov 1681		27	7
Elston, Hannah	9 Sep 1782	1854	13	5
Elston, Joseph	Abt 1750		13	10
Fabian, Jane	Abt 1435		88	5
Felps, Diana			5	9
Fettiplace, Bridget Margaret	Abt 1512		65	9
Fettiplace, John Sir Knight	Abt 1484	6 Oct 1524	65	18
Fettiplace, John	Abt 1427		88	4
Fettiplace, Richard	Abt 1460	1511	88	2
Fitzjohn, Adam	1286		102	10
Fitzjohn, Elizabeth	1312		102	5
Fitzwilliam, Mary	1492		65	11
Fitzwilliam, William Sir Knight	1430		65	22
Folsgambe, Benedicte	1498		83	3
Foorde, Martha Mrs	1580	1633/1634	50	5
Fortune, Holland LDS	Abt 1639		44	13
Foster, Mary	19 Sep 1568		57	5
Freeman, Hannah			45	9
Freeman, John			45	18
Furner, Francis	Abt 1531		68	14
Furner, Susanna	1564	21 Jan 1621	68	7
Gabb, Joan	Abt 1539		50	9
Gardiner, Sarah	Abt 1584		47	5
Geer, George	10 Oct 1724	5 Oct 1786	13	24
Geer, George	1621	1726	40	4
Geer, Gurdon Patriot	20 Jun 1755	27 Jun 1829	13	12
Geer, Isaac	27 Apr 1700	1745	40	2

Pedigree Chart

Alphabetical Index

Name	Born /Chr	Died /Bur	Found on Chart	Position
Geer, Samuel Captain	**25 Nov 1784**	**8 Dec 1839**	**13**	**6**
Geer, Sarah	**26 Jul 1818**	**23 Sep 1885**	**13**	**3**
Gibbs, John Thomas LDS	**12 Sep 1644**	**30 Apr 1725**	**28**	**24**
Gibbs, Joshua	**20 Dec 1690**	**8 Oct 1765**	**28**	**6**
Gibbs, Joshua (John)	**1637**		**28**	**12**
Gibbs, Ruth	**9 May 1715**		**28**	**3**
Gibbs, Thomas LDS	**1605**	**14 Apr 1693**	**58**	**2**
Goodenow, Abigale	**1630**		**29**	**9**
Goodenow, Thomas			**29**	**18**
Gray, Edward	**15 Apr 1628**	**30 Jun 1681**	**29**	**30**
Gray, John	**1602**		**67**	**2**
Gray, Mrs. John	**Abt 1589**		**67**	**3**
Gray/Green, Mary	**18 Sep 1653**		**29**	**15**
Greshan/m, Margaret	**1536**	**31 Jul 1603**	**46**	**11**
Groot, Symon Symonse	**Abt 1628**		**81**	**2**
Grubbs, Jane	**Abt 1550**		**50**	**7**
Guernsey, Sarah			**12**	**29**
Gundrum,			**16**	**12**
Gundrum,			**16**	**6**
Gundrum, Mary L.	**1820**		**16**	**3**
Hall, Ellen	**1441**		**86**	**7**
Halle, Christina	**Abt 1456**		**86**	**5**
Halle, John	**1426**		**86**	**10**
Hallet, Richard	**9 Jun 1588**	**1628**	**62**	**2**
Hallet, William	**1647/1648**	**18 Aug 1729**	**28**	**14**
Hallet, William	**1616**	**1710**	**28**	**28**
Hallet, William	**1553**		**62**	**4**
Hallett, Mercy Marcy	**22 Oct 1687**	**18 Nov 1773**	**28**	**7**
Hallett, Mrs.	**1592**		**62**	**3**
Hamblin, Giles Captain	**1590**		**52**	**2**
Hamblin, James jr.	**10 Apr 1636**	**3 May 1718**	**28**	**8**
Hamblin, James sr.	**1606**	**23 Jan 1683**	**28**	**16**
Hamblin, John	**1560/1570**		**52**	**4**
Hamlin, Ebenezer Deacon	**29 Jul 1674**	**4 Apr 1755**	**28**	**4**
Hamlin, Jabez Captain	**17 Jul 1735**	**8 Sep 1826**	**11**	**26**
Hamlin, Phoebe	**30 Apr 1762**	**25 Nov 1827**	**11**	**13**
Hamlin, Thomas	**6 May 1710**		**28**	**2**
Hannah,	**Abt 1740/1750**		**12**	**20**
Hannah, Eleanor (Ellen)	**1794**	**1887**	**12**	**5**
Hannah, Isaac (John)	**1760/1770**		**12**	**10**
Hanson, Alice	**18 Dec 1562**	**23 May 1597**	**46**	**5**
Hanson, Elizabeth	**1550/1552**		**56**	**5**
Hanson, John	**1530/1540**	**22 Feb 1601**	**46**	**10**
Harcourt, Alice	**Abt 1450**		**88**	**7**
Harcourt, Lettice	**1488**		**101**	**3**
Harcourt, Sir Knight	**1450**		**101**	**6**
Hard, Sarah	**11 Jun 1757**	**5 Feb 1854**	**4**	**15**
Hart, Sarah (Sally)	**17 Oct 1770**	**11 May 1855**	**4**	**5**
Haskins,	**1756/1760**		**11**	**8**
Haskins, Clara	**23 Dec 1880**	**5 Feb 1949**	**1**	**13**
Haskins, David	**7 Aug 1851**	**31 Oct 1927**	**1**	**26**
Haskins, Jefferson	**4 Aug 1811**	**30 Apr 1863**	**11**	**2**
Haskins, John	**1781/1784**		**11**	**4**
Haute, Joan	**Abt 1436**		**87**	**5**
Havick,			**2**	**6**
Havick, Christine	**1809**	**26 Nov 1879**	**2**	**3**
Hawkridge, Sarah Story	**1601/1611**		**20**	**21**
Hawkwood, Beatrice	**1432**		**90**	**5**
Hazlet, Andrew	**22 Dec 1756**	**1830**	**10**	**14**
Hazlet, Rebecca ?		**5 Feb 1867**	**10**	**7**
Hedges, Elizabeth LDS			**10**	**17**
Hedges, Richard			**26**	**2**
Hellet/Lewes, Mary	**1563**	**19 Aug 1620**	**73**	**5**
Hendrickson, Maria	**Abt 1576**		**79**	**3**
Heytesbury,	**1261**		**102**	**18**
Heytesbury,	**1287**		**102**	**9**

Pedigree Chart

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Name	Born /Chr	Died /Bur	Found on	
			Chart	Position
Heytesbury, Maude De	1235		102	17
Hoannes, Wilhelmina	Abt 1600		39	25
Hobart, Elizabeeth	1632/1633		19	25
Holdridge, Deborah	3 Apr 1698		27	3
Holdridge, William	4 Nov 1680		27	6
Hook,	1586		63	3
Hopkins, Mary	1623	22 Dec 1671	28	21
Hopkins, William	1594	1643	55	2
Horton, Joseph	1574/1578	1640	56	2
Horton, William	1550		56	4
Houk, Conrad	1776		14	6
Houk, Mary Ann	27 Oct 1812	26 Mar 1893	14	3
Hues,			9	16
Hues,	Abt 1715		23	2
Hues,	Abt 1690		23	4
Hughes, Albert Porter	21 Aug 1880	23 Oct 1951	1	12
Hughes, Betty Joyce	20 Mar 1924	12 Sep 2001	1	3
Hughes, Dale	21 Aug 1899	21 Jan 1990	1	6
Hughes, David Sutton	1818	27 Jan 1894	9	2
Hughes, Jacob	1785/1790		9	4
Hughes, Jacob	1763/1768		9	8
Hughes, John Elis	31 Jan 1837	28 Mar 1893	1	24
Hungerford, Anthony Sir Knight	1567	27 Jun 1627	65	2
Hungerford, Anthony Sir Knight	Abt 1485	1559	65	16
Hungerford, Anthony Sir Knight	1540	25 May 1594	65	4
Hungerford, Edmund Sir Knight	1409	26 Mar 1484	86	8
Hungerford, Edward Sir Knight	Abt 1472	24 Jan 1521/1522	65	24
Hungerford, Everard De	1160		105	4
Hungerford, John Sir Knight	Abt 1460	Bef 27 Aug 1524	86	2
Hungerford, John Sir Knight	Abt 1510	1580	65	8
Hungerford, Lucy	Abt 1560/1563	1627	65	3
Hungerford, Mary	1681	16 Mar 1763	29	7
Hungerford, Robert	1431		93	4
Hungerford, Thomas	1602/1605	1 May 1663	29	28
Hungerford, Thomas	1648	11 Jan 1714	29	14
Hungerford, Thomas Sir Knight	Abt 1450		86	4
Hungerford, Thomas	1330	3 Dec 1397	102	2
Hungerford, Walter Baron	1503	28 Jul 1540/1541	65	12
Hungerford, Walter Sir Knight	Abt 1508/1525	1546	65	6
Hungerford, Walter	1314	1355	102	4
Hungerford, Walter	Abt 1442	Bef 29 May 1516	93	2
Hungerford, Walter	1280	1308	102	8
Hungerford, Walter	22 Jun 1378	9 Aug 1449	86	16
Hungerford, Walter De	1230		102	16
Hungerford, Walter De	1186		105	2
Janse, Elsie	Abt 1631		38	9
Jansen, Grietjen	1612	Abt 1660	39	27
Judson, Daniel LDS	6 Feb 1701	29 Dec 1766	32	2
Judson, Dorcas LDS	5 May 1737		12	25
Judson, Dorcas			12	13
Judson, John LDS	10 Dec 1647	12 Jan 1709	32	4
Judson, Joseph LDS	Abt 1619		32	8
Judson, William LDS	Abt 1593	29 Jul 1662	32	16
Judson, William LDS	17 Feb 1578		74	2
Judsonne, Robert LDS	Abt 1515		74	4
Kendall, Anne		16 Jan 1688	6	17
Kenney, Anna	Abt 1573		53	7
Kenney, Susanna	Abt 1595	1621	53	3
Kenney(Kenoy), Thomas	1569		53	6
Ketchum, Hannah	1685		35	5
Keyser/Kiser, Catherine	15 May 1806	15 Oct 1854	4	3
Keyser/Kiser, John			4	6
Kitiel, Lea			13	19
Kittel, Richard	Abt 1706		39	2
Knightson, Ellen		2 Aug 1760	6	5
Knolles,	1406		91	6

Pedigree Chart

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Name	Born /Chr	Died /Bur	Found on Chart	Position
Knolles, Margaret	**1432**	**7 Oct 1488**	**91**	**3**
Knowle, Amor	**Abt 1562**		**52**	**5**
Knowle, Robert			**52**	**10**
Kool, William	**1689**		**36**	**2**
Langford, Alice	**Abt 1466**		**96**	**3**
Langford, Edward	**1440**		**96**	**6**
Langston, Elizabeth	**Abt 1432**	**Feb 1482**	**95**	**3**
Langston, John	**1406**		**95**	**6**
Latham, (Cary) jr. Patriot	**1759**		**13**	**14**
Latham, Carey LDS	**1668**		**42**	**2**
Latham, Cary LDS	**Abt 1611**		**42**	**8**
Latham, Cary sr. LDS	**Abt 1733**		**13**	**28**
Latham, Joseph LDS	**Abt 1635**		**42**	**4**
Latham, Mary L. (Polly)	**1784/1785**	**May 1858**	**13**	**7**
Launcelyn, John	**1434**		**97**	**6**
Lee, Martha	**1682/1685**		**40**	**3**
Lee, Richard	**Abt 1677**		**40**	**6**
Leids, Jane	**1578**	**Aft 1610**	**50**	**3**
Leighe, John	**Abt 1640**	**8 Jul 1671**	**40**	**12**
Letro, Steven	**17 Sep 1952**		**1**	**Spouse**
Lewes, John LDS	**Abt 1537**		**73**	**18**
Lewis, Philip	**13 Dec 1646**	**1724**	**28**	**10**
Lewis, Sarah	**1678**	**19 Apr 1715**	**28**	**5**
Lewis, William	**3 Jan 1594**	**2 Aug 1683**	**54**	**2**
Lewis, William	**4 Apr 1561**		**54**	**4**
Lewis, William	**19 Aug 1620**	**18 Aug 1690**	**28**	**20**
Lide,	**Abt 1520**		**50**	**12**
Lide, Elizabeth	**1605**	**1 Nov 1674**	**27**	**17**
Lide, Thomas	**1546**	**Aft 1596**	**50**	**6**
Lingwood, William LDS	**Abt 1520**		**76**	**12**
Lingwood/Linwood, Agnes LDS	**1564/1565**	**14 Apr 1619**	**76**	**3**
Lingwood/Linwood, John LDS	**1546**	**1592**	**76**	**6**
Long, John	**1728**	**1791**	**14**	**10**
Long, John Nicholas	**1702**	**1776**	**14**	**20**
Long, Nancy	**1769**	**Bef 1816**	**14**	**5**
Longley,	**Abt 1537**		**48**	**10**
Longley, Maria	**1560**	**1 Aug 1593**	**48**	**5**
Loomis, Joseph LDS			**32**	**22**
Loomis, Mary LDS	**1626**		**32**	**11**
Loomis/Lummis, John LDS	**29 Jan 1562**	**29 May 1619**	**76**	**2**
Lummuys/Lummys, John LDS	**Jan 1536**	**12 Apr 1567**	**76**	**4**
Lummys, Laurent LDS	**1491**		**76**	**16**
Lummys, Thomas LDS	**1512**	**1551**	**76**	**8**
Mackie, Mary			**15**	**19**
Mainwaring, Maud LDS	**Abt 1490**		**73**	**17**
Marinessen, Johannes	**23 Mar 1597**		**39**	**24**
Marlar, Jane LDS	**1530**		**76**	**7**
Marlar, Thomas LDS	**1478**		**76**	**28**
Marlar, William LDS	**1515**	**2 Jan 1597**	**76**	**14**
Mars, (Samuel) William	**1 Dec 1740**		**12**	**18**
Mars, Mary Elizabeth	**1765**	**1850**	**12**	**9**
Mars, William Erasmus			**30**	**2**
Masters, Elizabeth LDS	**Abt 1610**		**42**	**9**
May, Bradford Dorothy	**19 May 1590**	**7 Dec 1620**	**19**	**27**
Mayo, Emily Ann			**18**	**5**
Mayo, Isaac			**18**	**20**
Mayo, John			**45**	**8**
Mayo, Joseph	**1696**		**45**	**4**
Mayo, Reuben			**18**	**10**
Mayo, Thomas			**45**	**2**
McClellan, David ?	**1790**	**8 Oct 1862**	**10**	**6**
McClellan, Jack John			**5**	**6**
McClellan, John LDS	**4 Jan 1767**	**1 Aug 1858**	**5**	**12**
McClellan, John William			**18**	**4**
McClellan, Rebecca	**12 Sep 1808**	**24 Nov 1851**	**10**	**3**
McClellan, Samuel Gen	**4 Jan 1730**	**17 Sep 1807**	**5**	**24**

Pedigree Chart

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Name	Born /Chr	Died /Bur	Found on Chart	Position
McClellan, Susanah	28 Aug 1812	6 May 1891	5	3
McClellan, William		1758	18	2
McKnight,	Abt 1740		12	22
McKnight, Mary		1822	12	11
Mead,	1710		33	2
Mead,	1685/1690		33	4
Mead, (John) Jonathan Patriot	Abt 1766/1767	Bef 8 Feb 1844	12	14
Mead, John			33	8
Mead, Jonathan	1736/1740	6 Sep 1806	12	28
Mead, Mary (Polly)	27 Dec 1795	27 May 1869	12	7
Mead, Sarah	Abt 1706		34	7
Meek, Adam	1782	16 May 1843	10	4
Meek, Isaac Patriot ?	Mar 1746	1840	10	8
Meek, Jacob LDS ?	1730/1735		10	16
Meek, Martha Ann	20 Jul 1844	16 Oct 1918	1	25
Meek, William	1808/1809	1866	10	2
Merrick, Abigail			45	5
Meyer, Frederic			2	4
Michelgrove, Elizabeth	1450	3 Jul 1514	90	3
Michelgrove, John	1424		90	6
Miriam /Ford, Mary	18 Aug 1612		20	29
Moleyns, Eleanor de	11 Jun 1426		93	5
Monroe, Agnes			22	9
Monroe, Andrew,		1668	22	4
Monroe, Charles William	1720/1725		8	8
Monroe, David			22	8
Monroe, Rebecca Mary	22 Oct 1851	2 Jan 1933	1	11
Monroe, Spence	Abt 1698		8	16
Monroe, William	1666	1737	22	2
Monroe, William F.	7 Sep 1817	4 Jan 1862	1	22
Monroe, Wm	1755/1760		8	4
Monroe, Wm	1780		8	2
Moorhouse, Hellen		26 Jun 1676	21	3
Moorhouse, John	28 Sep 1805	2 Dec 1887	1	20
Moorhouse, John			21	8
Moorhouse, John William	4 Jun 1846	4 Apr 1926	1	10
Moorhouse, Mary Francis	9 Jun 1891	21 Jul 1961	1	5
Moorhouse, Robert	11 Dec 1606		21	4
Moorhouse, Samuel	9 Nov 1745	1821	6	2
Moorhouse, Samuel Greave		16 Oct 1748	6	4
Moorhouse, William	10 Jul 1672	1704	6	8
Moorhouse/Murras, William	7 Mar 1650	27 Mar 1696	6	16
Morrell, Martha		1870	6	3
Morrice, Elizabeth	1602/1603		20	27
Morrill, Dorcas Hall			18	11
Mullins, Ann	21 Jun 1778	24 Jun 1810	15	7
Mullins, Elizabeth Betty LDS	1726	1 Dec 1796	15	29
Mullins, Isaac LDS	5 Oct 1723	27 Aug 1785	15	28
Mullins, John LDS	19 May 1750	5 Apr 1829	15	14
Mullins, John LDS	24 Feb 1698	2 May 1754	44	2
Mullins, Thomas LDS	Abt 1676		44	4
Murras, George	11 Sep 1627		21	2
Myers, Charles Milton	8 Apr 1863	2 May 1919	1	8
Myers, Christopher Frederic	22 May 1829	1877	1	16
Myers, Frederic Irwin	1 May 1892	3 Jun 1937	1	4
Myers, Frederick	1791	20 Jan 1860	2	2
Myers, Kathleen Ann	11 Mar 1955		1	1
Myers, Laurence Frederic	16 May 1920		1	2
Myrrah, Mary (Wentworth)		17 Apr 1627	82	7
Neville, Amphilicia	1463		98	3
Neville, Ellen	1508	Aft 1547	68	19
Neville, Thomas	1484		101	2
Newdigate, Jane	1487		65	29
Newdigate, John	1461		98	2
Newhall, Mary	1637	2 Jun 1654	27	9
Norreys, Agnes	Abt 1420		93	7

Pedigree Chart

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Name	Born /Chr	Died /Bur	Found on Chart	Position
Norris, Ann	**1450**		**101**	**7**
Oliver, Gilbert	**1536**	**26 Oct 1583**	**68**	**10**
Oliver, Magdaline	**4 Aug 1566**		**68**	**5**
Olmstead, Daniel	**1685/1691**		**35**	**4**
Olmstead, Nathan	**7 Mar 1717**	**30 Jul 1805**	**35**	**2**
Olmstead, Sarah	**11 Apr 1754**	**25 Feb 1848**	**12**	**31**
Otis, Doris	**Abt 1732**		**13**	**29**
P /Meek, Joshua N LDS	**Abt 1700**		**25**	**2**
Packer, James			**13**	**30**
Packer, Mary (Polly)	**14 Mar 1763**		**13**	**15**
Parke, Martha	**27 Oct 1646**	**15 Feb 1716**	**20**	**9**
Parke, Thomas	**13 Feb 1615**		**20**	**18**
Parker, Margaret LDS			**31**	**13**
Parker, William LDS	**Abt 1614**	**28 Dec 1686**	**31**	**26**
Parker, William LDS			**71**	**2**
Parye, Margaret (Ann) LDS	**1540**	**25 Aug 1612**	**49**	**7**
Parye, Mrs. Thomas LDS	**Abt 1496**		**49**	**15**
Parye, Thomas LDS	**1492**		**49**	**14**
Pasfield/Jackson, Kyrsten LDS	**1526**	**Abt 1567**	**76**	**5**
Pells>Pultz, E	**5 Jun 1624**	**29 Jun 1686**	**39**	**30**
Pels, Maria	**1655**		**39**	**15**
Pendelton, Susannah			**5**	**11**
Peverell, Katherine	**1380**	**14 Jun 1426**	**86**	**17**
Peverell, Thomas Sir Knight	**1340**		**103**	**2**
Phenicie,	**1745**		**14**	**8**
Phenicie, Eliza A.	**27 Jan 1834**	**29 Dec 1904**	**1**	**29**
Phenicie, George W.	**3 Dec 1812**	**29 May 1891**	**14**	**2**
Phenicie, Sr., Joseph	**1762**	**17 Aug 1854**	**14**	**4**
Phippen, Elizabeth	**1557**		**62**	**5**
Porter, Grace Ann LDS	**Abt 1597**	**29 Sep 1659**	**32**	**17**
Porter, John	**1594**		**20**	**24**
Porter, John LDS			**32**	**18**
Porter, Mary	**4 Nov 1703**	**30 Sep 1787**	**20**	**3**
Porter, Samuel	**2 Jun 1635**	**6 Sep 1689**	**20**	**12**
Porter, Samuel	**6 Apr 1660**	**29 Jul 1722**	**20**	**6**
Porter, Sarah LDS	**15 Mar 1624**		**32**	**9**
Potter, Hannah			**33**	**9**
Pratt, Andrew Rev	**1520/1538**		**69**	**4**
Pratt, Joseph LDS	**6 Mar 1671**	**16 May 1740**	**31**	**6**
Pratt, Ruth LDS	**16 Mar 1706**	**15 Sep 1794**	**31**	**3**
Pratt, William Rev	**Oct 1562**	**1629**	**69**	**2**
Pratt, William Joseph LDS	**1 Aug 1648**		**31**	**12**
Pratt, Jr., William LDS	**9 Nov 1620**	**20 Feb 1670/1671**	**31**	**24**
Prence, Mercy			**45**	**19**
Prence, Thomas			**82**	**2**
Pritchard, Margaret LDS	**6 Dec 1620**	**12 Jun 1680**	**31**	**27**
Pritchard, Robert M. LDS			**72**	**2**
Purchase/Purchas, John LDS	**1545**	**16 Jul 1614**	**73**	**14**
Purchase/Purchas, Mary LDS	**1568**	**12 May 1627**	**73**	**7**
Quance,	**Abt 1730**		**15**	**24**
Quance, Elizabeth LDS	**Abt 1661**	**17 Dec 1713**	**44**	**7**
Quance, Hester LDS	**1694**		**44**	**3**
Quance, Jacob	**1774**		**15**	**6**
Quance, James Patriot	**1755**		**15**	**12**
Quance, James LDS	**Abt 1626**		**44**	**12**
Quance, LDS	**Abt 1604**		**44**	**24**
Quance, Matilda	**1807**	**1848**	**15**	**3**
Quance, Samuel LDS	**14 Dec 1661**		**44**	**6**
Ray, Solar			**9**	**30**
Ray, X.			**9**	**15**
Ripley, John	**1622**		**19**	**24**
Ripley, Joshua	**9 Nov 1658**	**18 May 1739**	**19**	**12**
Ripley, Joshua	**13 May 1688**	**18 Nov 1773**	**19**	**6**
Ripley, Mary	**18 Nov 1714**	**13 Oct 1769**	**19**	**3**
Robinson, Mary			**26**	**3**
Roosa, Albert Heyman	**1618/1621**	**27 Feb 1679**	**39**	**28**

Pedigree Chart

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Name	Born /Chr	Died /Bur	Found on	
			Chart	Position
Roosa, Arien Heymanse	**3 Jun 1643**	**1699/1700**	**39**	**14**
Roosa, Heyman	**1593**		**80**	**2**
Roosa, Jannetje	**1670/1677**	**Bef 1731**	**39**	**7**
Rouse, Polly (Mary) LDS	**1 May 1730**		**13**	**25**
Rudd, Mary Mabel	**1648/1649**		**19**	**31**
Rumgay, Andrew			**15**	**18**
Rumgay, Mary	**30 Aug 1760**		**15**	**9**
Ryan,	**Abt 1735/1745**		**12**	**16**
Ryan, Janett	**26 Jun 1854/1855**	**26 Apr 1939**	**1**	**27**
Ryan, Robert	**5 Nov 1814**	**12 Apr 1895**	**12**	**2**
Ryan, Robert Patriot	**5 Apr 1765**	**5 Jun 1839**	**12**	**8**
Ryan, Robert jr.	**11 Mar 1791**	**29 Dec 1848**	**12**	**4**
Sackville, Humphrey	**1426**		**92**	**4**
Sackville, Maud Mildred	**1490**		**65**	**23**
Sackville, Richard	**1472**	**18 Jul 1523**	**92**	**2**
Sage,	**1794**		**16**	**4**
Sage, Benjamin	**Abt 1745**		**16**	**16**
Sage, John	**1770**		**16**	**8**
Sage, John	**1818**		**16**	**2**
Sage, Mary Louisa	**12 Jul 1842**	**23 Apr 1915**	**1**	**31**
Sandford, Elizabeth	**Abt 1432**		**83**	**17**
Sanford, Ezekiel LDS	**20 Feb 1586**	**Abt 1683**	**73**	**2**
Sanford, Richard LDS	**1533**	**15 Nov 1591**	**73**	**8**
Sanford, Richard LDS	**Abt 1520**		**73**	**16**
Sanford, Thomas LDS	**1556**	**6 Apr 1597**	**73**	**4**
Sanford/Sandford, Elizabeth LDS			**31**	**15**
Sanford/Sandford, Robert LDS	**1 Nov 1615**	**Jun 1676**	**31**	**30**
Saulsbury,			**11**	**30**
Saulsbury, Abigail	**1763**		**11**	**15**
Schepmoes, Jannetje Symons	**1623**	**2 Sep 1683**	**39**	**31**
Scott, Anne	**1603**	**1690**	**28**	**17**
Shelley, Bridget	**1536**		**65**	**5**
Shelley, John	**1487**	**16 Dec 1550**	**65**	**10**
Shelley, John	**1428**		**90**	**4**
Shelley, John	**1448**	**3 Jan 1526**	**90**	**2**
Shelley, William Sir Knight	**1487**	**10 May 1549**	**65**	**20**
Sherwood, Benjamin	**10 Apr 1753**	**11 Apr 1840**	**12**	**30**
Sherwood, Hannah	**15 Jan 1770**		**12**	**15**
Sherwood, John	**13 Aug 1709**	**2 Nov 1788**	**34**	**2**
Sherwood, Thomas Dr	**22 Nov 1686**		**34**	**4**
Shutt, Anne		**1734**	**6**	**9**
Sidney, Mary	**1428**		**90**	**7**
Sisson, Joan LDS	**1576**		**60**	**3**
Smit, William The Younger	**1716**		**5**	**16**
Smit, William The Elder	**1684**		**17**	**2**
Smith,	**1700**		**35**	**6**
Smith, Alexander Lawson Patriot	**1740/1742**	**21 Jul 1801**	**5**	**8**
Smith, Isaac	**16 Jun 1780**	**3 May 1853**	**5**	**4**
Smith, Jane	**9 Nov 1840**	**9 May 1936**	**1**	**19**
Smith, Mary	**1645**		**28**	**19**
Smith, Mary LDS	**1510**		**49**	**13**
Smith, Mary	**18 Jan 1674**	**18 Nov 1744**	**29**	**5**
Smith, Sarah	**24 Mar 1724**	**10 Jan 1781**	**35**	**3**
Smith, Zacariah	**Apr 1808**	**7 Jul 1844**	**5**	**2**
Smyth/Simkinson, Mary			**82**	**13**
Spencer, Jared	**1612**		**29**	**26**
Spencer, Mehitabel	**1642**		**29**	**13**
Springer, Elizabeth			**13**	**31**
Stalham, Elizabeth	**11 Sep 1608**		**20**	**17**
Stanley, Hannah	**1649**	**18 Dec 1708**	**20**	**13**
Stanley, Timothy	**22 Jan 1604**		**20**	**26**
Stebbins, Benjamin	**1702/1706**		**34**	**6**
Stebbins, Hannah	**22 Mar 1728**	**30 Jul 1805**	**34**	**3**
Stenton, Anna Mary	**1611**	**May 1679**	**48**	**3**
Stephen, Ann LDS	**1525**		**76**	**9**
Stoddard, Hannah	**21 Apr 1688**		**41**	**3**

Pedigree Chart

Alphabetical Index

Name	Born /Chr	Died /Bur	Found on	
			Chart	Position
Stradling, Ann	Abt 1456		65	27
Stradling, John	1430		96	2
Strange, Alice Alienore	1375		86	19
Stratton, Dorothy Dolly	4 Aug 1727		13	27
Strug, Eleanor	1334		102	3
Studebacher,			43	4
Studebaker, Anna Marie	15 Oct 1702	1754	14	21
Studebaker, Caspar			43	2
Swift, Esther LDS	1668	3 Mar 1737	28	13
Swift, William LDS	1620	18 Jan 1706	28	26
Swift, William LDS	1575		60	2
Sydney, Mary	1505		65	15
Sydney, William	1479		65	30
Tansley, Cecilia Agnes Lady	Abt 1575		99	3
Thomas, Rebecca ?			10	9
Thompson, D	5 Jul 1624		20	19
Thorland, Jean	Abt 1478		83	5
Thorland, Thomas	Abt 1722		83	10
Thorpe, Eufemia LDS	1519		74	5
Throckmorton, Agnes	Abt 1420		99	5
Tudor, Mary LDS	6 Mar 1660	9 Feb 1743	32	5
Tudor, Owen LDS	1630		32	10
Turvin, Dorothy	Abt 1504		46	17
Van Aachen, Jan Foster	Abt 1629		38	8
Van Aaken, Marynus	1655	Bef 1724	38	4
Van Auken, Abraham	29 Oct 1699		38	2
Van Auken, Daniel	2 Feb 1735	Abt 1815	13	18
Van Auken, Lydia	10 May 1747	25 Nov 1837	13	9
Van Etten, Jacob Jans	1631/1632	1690	39	12
Van Etten, Jan	3 Jan 1666	1731	39	6
Van Etten, Rachel	20 Jun 1708		39	3
Verney, Alice	Abt 1375		95	5
Vonstaden, Ann G.			43	3
Warner, Abigail LDS	10 Feb 1710/1711		32	3
Warner, John LDS	1542	23 May 1584	73	12
Warner, John (Johan) LDS	1568	16 Jul 1614	73	6
Warner, Mrs. Stevin LDS	Abt 1502		73	25
Warner, Rose LDS	1588		73	3
Warner, Stevin LDS	Abt 1500		73	24
Watt,	Abt 1585		24	4
Watt, Elizabeth Jane	29 Jan 1815	20 May 1860	9	3
Watt, Henry J.	1614		24	2
Watt, John	12 Feb 1790	8 Jun 1865	9	6
Watt, John Patriot			9	24
Watt, Mary Smith	1763		9	13
Watt, Thomas	1760/1765	21 Sep 1837	9	12
Wentworth, Elizabeth	1536		53	17
Wentworth, Thomas Sir	Abt 1478/1484		84	2
Westphael, Elenora	Abt 1715		13	17
Westphael, Jacob			37	2
Westwood, Bridget	1602		20	31
Westwood, Sarah	1644	24 Mar 1730	20	15
Westwood, William	1606		20	30
White, Anna (Rosanna)	1600		20	25
White, Anna (Rosanna) LDS			32	19
White, LDS ?	Abt 1760/1762		10	11
White, Margaret LDS	1484		76	29
White, Mary LDS			32	23
White, Robert LDS			49	2
Willey, Hannah Second			29	29
Willey, Isaac			66	2
Williams, Faith	15 Sep 1774	25 Apr 1838	5	13
Williams, Isaac	1 Sep 1638	11 Feb 1707	20	8
Williams, Jacob LDS ?	Abt 1748		10	10
Williams, Jane	1517		48	17
Williams, Margaret (Peggy)	1783	10 Nov 1859	10	5

Name	Born /Chr	Died /Bur	Found on Chart	Position
Williams, Nathaniel	**27 Jul 1725**		**13**	**26**
Williams, Robert	**24 Jul 1607**		**20**	**16**
Williams, Sarah	**13 May 1756**	**1816**	**13**	**13**
Williams, Solomon	**4 Jun 1700**	**28 Feb 1776**	**20**	**2**
Williams, William	**2 Feb 1665**	**29 Aug 1741**	**20**	**4**
Williams, William , Signer	**8 Apr 1731**	**2 Aug 1811**	**5**	**26**
Williams, William	**11 May 1682**		**41**	**2**
Wilson, James			**5**	**10**
Wilson, Mary LDS	**1519**		**76**	**13**
Wilson, Nancy Jane	**18 Jun 1783**	**3 Mar 1870**	**5**	**5**
Wilson, Thomas LDS	**Abt 1493**		**76**	**26**
Wing, Elizabeth			**45**	**3**
Winslow, Edward Governor	**17 Oct 1560**		**68**	**4**
Winslow, John	**16 Apr 1597**	**21 May 1674**	**68**	**2**
Winslow, Kenelm	**1533/1540**	**9 Nov 1607**	**68**	**8**
Winslow, Mary	**Abt 1630**	**Abt 1663**	**29**	**31**
Winslow, Thomas Esq.	**1452**		**99**	**2**
Winslow, William	**1529**		**68**	**16**
Wolsey, Benjamin	**1584**		**63**	**2**
Wolsey, George	**27 Oct 1610**	**17 Aug 1698**	**28**	**30**
Wolsey, Sarah	**3 Aug 1650**	**18 Aug 1727**	**28**	**15**
Wolsey, Thomas	**1558**		**63**	**4**
Wood/Ballion, Abigail	**1595**	**1621**	**53**	**5**
Woodruffe, Beatrix	**1486**		**84**	**3**
Woolcott, Jane Ann	**1816**	**1860**	**1**	**23**
Wright, Elizabeth (Betsy)	**24 Oct 1790**	**28 Oct 1880**	**11**	**7**
Wright, John	**1760**		**11**	**14**
Wright, John			**11**	**28**
Wyllie, John			**9**	**14**
Wyllie, Mary Margaret LDS	**7 Feb 1786**	**22 May 1859**	**9**	**7**
Wyncelow, John	**1400**		**99**	**4**
Young, Margery	**1540**		**68**	**11**
Zouche, Elizabeth	**Abt 1412**		**83**	**19**
Zouche, Jane	**Abt 1460**		**65**	**25**
Zouche, John La Baron	**Abt 1440**	**1526/1527**	**94**	**2**
Zouche, Lenthal Baroness	**Abt 1453**		**94**	**5**
Zouche, William La	**1432**		**94**	**4**

Oft Told Tales
and
Other Memories

Authors:

Nora Del Gumble Smith
John W. Moorhouse
Cora Moorhouse Meyer
Agnes and Antoinette Meyer
Laurence F. Myers

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INTRODUCTION

My wife, Betty Joyce Hughes Myers, deserves the dedication of this book for her inspiration, assistance, and editorial efforts. In traveling to the various counties in which relatives had lived, on her lunch breaks she visited the county libraries and started researching the histories. From these studies she discovered an early Irish immigrant who served at the tender age of thirteen in the Revolution. This made her eligible for the Daughters of the American Revolution. Research became more serious in the pursuit of accurate information and the certification of relationships. In the process she became aware of another revolutionary ancestor.

On trips during the summer I would accompany Joyce and, of course, had more time to spend on family research. Many of my ancestors were teachers and several wrote of their memories. Two outstanding works are Nora Del Smith Gumble's OFT TOLD TALES a mimeograph copy is in the file and copies of this are in the Decatur and Allen County Public Libraries. Cora Moorhouse Meyer's hechtographed copy of her memories of the Moorhouse family, as well as, Ralph Myers' copy of the John Moorhouse Diary are on file. These along with excerpts from the Walter Shilts compilation letters of Antionette, and Agnes written home when they visited and worked in Hilo, Hawaii, as well as, letters of Mary Myers.

The people and anecdotes began to intrigue me and I decided I too should report my memories.

During Frederic Irwin Myers' fight with leukemia, he was often restless at night. As the oldest I had the good fortune to help work off some of his insomnia. From one or two o'clock in the morning, we would play cribbage and most of the stories you will read about him are from those night time games. There is no need to worry about their accuracy, I may have been a little sleepy originally, and my romantic side probably embellishes the retelling.

I know my younger siblings did not have this opportunity. Kate Smith was a well known radio personality and her sign off was always, "If you don't write, you're wrong." Back then I would smile but not today. When I am gone the memories passed across that cribbage table would be gone.

A word of warning should you start writing your memories, there is no end to it. Each time I read these another story comes to mind. In only a few years those memories have grown from a dozen pages. Suddenly I have caught up to Kate, I am writing. On my genealogy charts they are only statistics. On these pages I play football with Uncle Ralph, cousin George Young teaches me wrestling in a patch of poison ivy, and Uncle Dick smuggles a spyglass into our house. We laugh together once again.

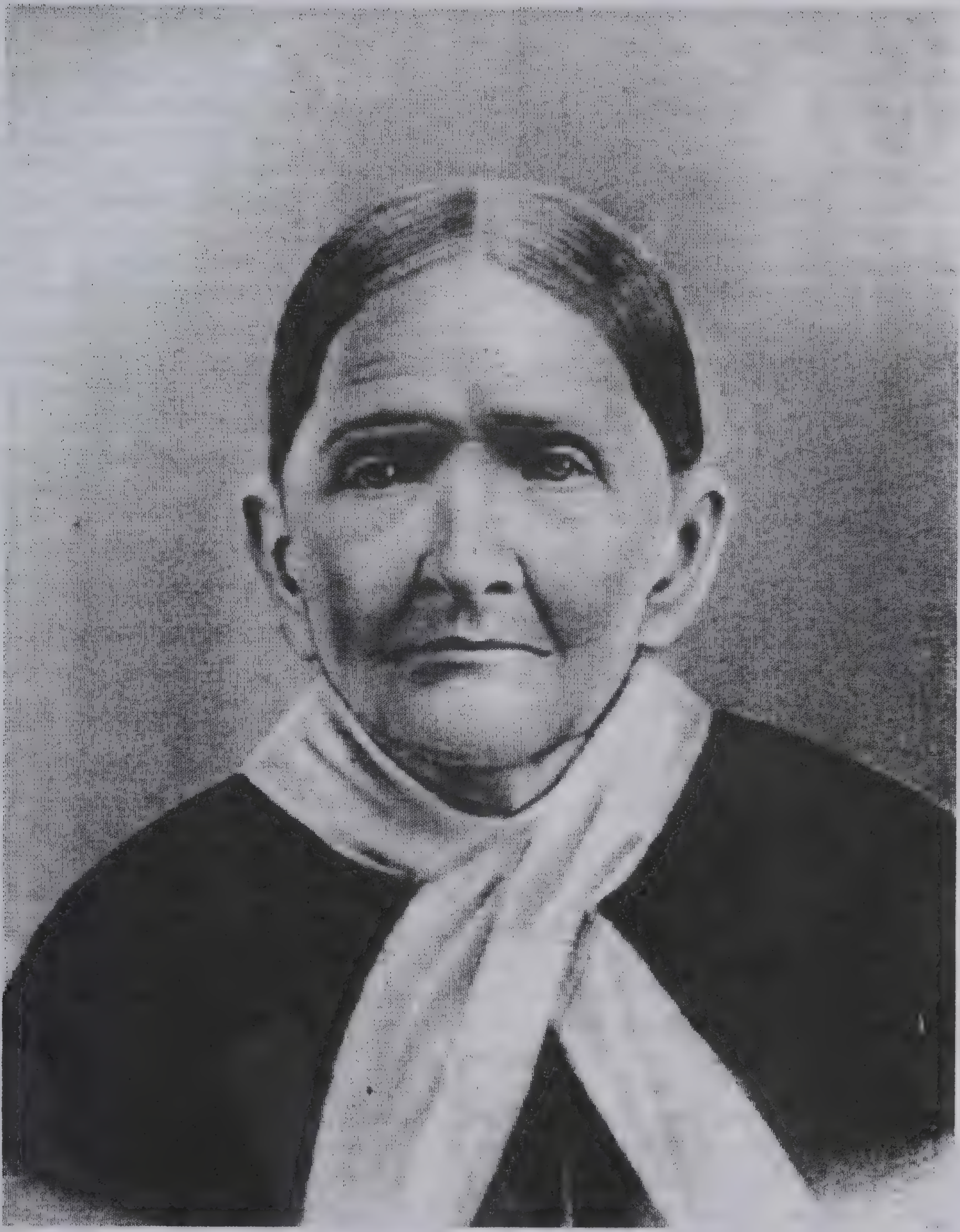
So as you read these tales remember we too were young. We cried and we had a laugh but most important of all, we learned to love each other.

This is a revised and second edition of Nora Dell Smith Gamble's wonderful stories of the pioneer family of Zachariah Smith and Susannah McClellan in Adams County. For more details on this and other of the Adams County Families see Lowell Smith's booklet THE SMITHS OF ADAMS COUNTY. In the original mimeographed copy of OFT TOLD TALES, there are some typing errors which have been corrected to protect the reputation of your editor, Laurence Myers. This edition edited and reprinted 1992 three copies only. It has been further amended in the year 2001 with the addition of John Moorhouse's diary, and Walter Shilts collection of letters from Hawaii. From the letters from Hawaii, I used only those lines referring to me, Laurence Fl Myers.

December 25, 1958
Nora Del Smith Gumble

IN MEMORY

Susannah McClellan Smith - born August 28, 1812
Died May 6, 1891. "Her labors have been crowned
with glory, her hands have held the distaff and her
award awaits her at the gate."



SUSANNAH MCCLELLAN

OFT TOLD TALES

In some classic there is insistence that the "moving finger writes." (Omar Khayyam) I think the Classic is "Holy Writ", but since I am a gray haired in a hurry I shall not verify it. It seems I have worn people out talking about my memories and have been directed to write them down. The worst offender is a younger cousin in Indiana. That's the country where a lot of folks have made a lot of money by taking pens in hands. One time when I was a little girl, I wrote to an older brother in college, "I am taking my pen in hand." He replied. "Don't start letters with inane sentences. I know you don't write with your nose."

But I am sure my cousin doesn't want me to be funny jut factual. Her grandmother was my father's sister, he grandfather was my mother's brother. So that leaves us dangling like to Christmas balls on the same genetic tree. Maybe that makes her doubly insistent. "When you're gone, no one will remember the family saga." She doesn't say where I'm going, but seems positive I'm on my way. My daughter tries to comfort me enroute. "Don't worry, I've heard those old tales so often they are in the groove." But I'm sure of that, quite recently she asked, "Was Aunt Jane (*1) your only aunt?" I've never totaled them. I had better do that job myself. She is not a Hoosier and has no literary bugs.

I think I will first make a roster of family names. The Smiths and Wilsons were English from Virginia. The McClellans were Scotch Irish off for Philadelphia one fine morning. I believe Roes were Pennsylvania Dutch, but an "echt Pennsylvania Dutch, I know insists Roe, too, is Scotch-Irish. They were my father's ancestors. Mother's family went West from New York. The Ackers were mixed up in Revolutionary fighting along the Holland-Dutch Hudson. One Stephen Acker came to America with Peter Styvesant. The red-heads in the family were named Levi from Uncle Levi Dunne, great grandfather Albert Acker's brother-in-law. The Adams and Keysers met in Erie Canal country. All had the same urge: "Hitch your horses to the wagon, we are heading West." West then was Ohio and the Northwest Territory.

I am sure a tough hombre named Andy Jackson had much to do with the treck. The History Books tell all about it. But I did not see the name first in books. Near Father's bed was a small trunk with a rounded lid. It was not very wide, since there was room to pull the trundle bed out beside it. I believe it had been on some Civil War journeys. One day he opened the trunk and took out a large parchment. On it in bold writing was the signature of Andrew Jackson. It was a deed to a square mile of Government Land. I did not know then how the government came by that land, but that too is in the History Books.

That section of land was river bottom land along Kekionga River which flows as a parallel twin to the Wabash River in the present Adams County, Indiana. The twenty mile of forest between the two rivers was an Indian portage. A canoe could be paddled up the current of the Maumee and the Kekionga, carried over the portage to the Wabash and paddled down the White and Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. For that waterway and portage the Indians were to give "their full measure of devotion."

Harrison (William Henry) routed them at Tippecanoe on the White. "Mad" Anthony Wayne conquered them on the Maumee near the present site of Fort Wayne. After this battle, the Whites granted land to the Indians along the Kekionga, now the St. Mary's.

In 1837, during the Administration of Andrew Jackson, the Government reclaimed the land. Their Chief, Tecumseh, was killed in Canada.

About that time, my Grandfather Acker and his wife Catherine Keyser, camped on a tract of land joining the Reservation. There he built his first house. This is the house in which Aunt

Jane and Uncle Irwin Acker lived when I was young. By the time Grandfather's children were grown, he owned much of the Reservation. On a forty acre tract he built a three room frame cottage and gave it to my mother for a wedding present. That is how I happened to be born on an Indian Reservation, once Indiana forest. Now all that lives on the site is a magnificent elm tree.

The land was too rich to grow trees. Grandfather paid for one farm with the sale of a year's wheat crop. The forest was gone before my memory. It was leveled for gardens, water-melon patches, wheat and oats, hay fields and corn--corn tall enough to stage "Indian battles". The days of brawn and sweat had come to the land. Tools were "a rifle, ax, wedge, crosscut saw, but they toppled the trees that were burned where they fell. Mother visited me in Pennsylvania and raised a question, "When are you going to cut your woods?' Said my husband, "We did, now we're lazy. This is a brand new forest primeval."

Since my first home was Grandfather Acker's gift, I'll begin my biographical sketches with him. Samuel Acker was born in Seneca County, New York in 1804. Uncle Sam Acker described it as the "land between the lakes". That would be Seneca and Cuyahoga. His father, Albert, was a Revolutionary soldier who served in a New York regiment from March 1, 1779 to March 1, 1781. That places him in the army of Stony Point. I seem to have heard he was fifteen and that he was a drummer boy. Uncle Norman Acker at Pleasant Mills, Indiana, had an old flint lock musket that was purported to have been a Revolutionary gun.

In the same Regiment with Great Grandfather was Conrad Acker who served from 1777 to the end of the war. He balloted 600 acres of land in Onondaga County near the present town of Hannibal. If he claimed the land that would place the Acker family in the Lake Ontario County. (Ed. probably should be country not county). County records should show. Conrad may have been Albert's brother. Their officers and regiments were the same.

Albert's name was on a muster roll at West Point in 1779. In 1781, Washington took the older soldiers at West Point and marched them south cross-country for the battle of Yorktown, in October 1781. Conrad Acker may have been on that expedition. He served for the duration. This is nothing definite, but it may be a sign post pointing West. The Mohawk, site of New Amsterdam, was a waterway West. They must have gone West in easy, careful stages. They didn't meet up with any Indians. Before the treck started, Grandfather Samuel and his brother, Nathan, married sisters, Catherine and "Sally" Keyser, born near Geneva in Wayne County, N. Y. which adjoins Seneca.

Their first "far Western" home was in Genessee River Valley. The Old White Horse Inn was a landmark often mentioned by my mother. It was near Avon, N. Y. and was burned about 1955 or 1956. I believe an Acker owned it at one time. Old deeds of the region would verify this. They seemed to have a yen for taverns and "meeting-houses. "Mother knew legends of this region. The most weird was of a man named Morgan. Look it up in the books, the Masonic Order was involved. He disappeared off the face of the good Earth. The folk explanation was one of our spook tales. It insisted that all the lambs dropped the following spring had knife scars across their throats, undeniable proof of the way Morgan was done-in. I am sure our forebears lingered awhile in Western New York. The families parted here. The Nathan Ackers went to the Columbus Section of Ohio. All I know about them - Aunt Sally was the shining example of all good housekeeping. The Samuel Ackers journeyed via Cleveland to Adams County, Indiana. I think Uncle Irwin was a baby. He was born in 1838. Andy Jackson was parceling up the mundane sphere.

I was first interested in the Acker family when studying Early American Literary History. The Wolfert in Washington Irving's "Chronicles of Wolfert's Roost" was Wolfert Acker who owned ten acres on the Hudson and built the first house on the site of Irvings "Sunnyside." I suspect he might be a forebear since Irving pictures him as very hospitable and very talkative Rather the tavern type.

When my daughter Adaline and I visited "Sunnyside" I asked the woman in charge (She had a Scotch burr.) what Irving meant by "roost". "O, where the chickens come you see". I didn't quite see, so I speculated and found that on the door of Wolfert's house was a Dutch motto, "Lust and Rust" translated "Pleasure to rest". That wasn't a bad idea to inherit.

I was interested to go into the New York Public Library section on Genealogy, Stephen Acker, the first recorded was councilor of Peter Styvesant. His residence and land was a part of the present Flatbush section of Brooklyn. His sons were Stephen and Wolfert. Stephen's children were daughters. Wolfert had no sons. VanTassel who owned Sunnyside after Wolfert's death was a son-in-law. It was Vantassel who took pot shots at the British boats in the Tappan Zee with his famous "goose gun". A British crew came ashore and burned the house that Wolfert built. VanTassel called the new one he erected a little "salt-box".

The small rooms of this house are the front of the house at Sunnyside. Irving built large rooms back of the narrow hall. (I have no note of this but recall reading that the narrow hall was cut between two openings of the great central chimney.) The stair is a close fit for one person. To the right is Irving's study furnished as when he lived there, his cane leans against the rocker, to the left is the dining room, the original table and chairs. A beautiful chandelier hangs above the table. There is lovely china in wall cupboards. He collected most of the furnishing when he was our ambassador to Spain.

This seems a digression, but Wolfert and his "roost" were worth exploring. We are not Wolfert's or Stephen's descendants. There were many Ackers in the Revolution War. I believe they numbered twenty- seven. A record of the Revolutionary soldiers is on file at the state library in Albany. They were volunteers. Many of them were Dutch farmers. It has been written in a recent article in Reader's Digest title "The Dutch Among Us" 5000 of the soldiers at the battle of Saratoga were Dutch farmers from the Hudson Valley. They seem to have attended their farms between campaigns. Tagging along with these volunteers was the young Albert. He enlisted March 1, 1779 and served till March 1, 1781. Then he must have gone home from West Point. His name on the April muster Roll was marked deserted, this seems not to have had present day stigma. There were no more battles in New York after March 1, 1781. That summer Washington took the older soldiers from West Point and marched them across country for the battle, the final battle, at Yorktown in October 1781. It was not unusual for soldiers to go home. Home was only a "hoot and a holler" away.

I am writing this at Pearl River, New York, a little village in Rockland County. In automobile trips about the country, I have seen signs "The Acker Town Road". Kings Ferry and Stoney Point are in the county.

Yesterday, April 20, 1958, my family and I explored the "Stoney Point Battlefield." Near the marshes was a warning sign. "The aged or infirm should not climb this slope." My son read it in stentorian tones. I assured him, "That doesn't include any of us." We are not the first Dutch who made it. They used no drums that night they climbed the hill, July 19, 1779. Somewhere Albert acquired an old flint lock, "Mad" Anthony Wayne was there. Found his famous quote to Washington: "I'll attack hell if you plan it." That old boy did a lot of traveling in his time. I've seen his name on the trails of the East, the South, the Midwest, but Stoney Point was the most uphill path.

Grandfather Samuel Acker settled in Indiana about 1839. His son, Irwin was a baby when they moved there. Irwin was ten years older than my mother, who was born in 1848. Grandfather purchased tracts of Indian Reservation.

It is a struggle for this descendant one hundred twenty years later to understand his religion or his philosophy. He seems to have preached and practiced. He was a devout Methodist. He reminded his family most emphatically, "It does not matter what your fathers did, all that is important is what you do yourself." So not much family chit-chat as passed by word of mouth. As to his religion. He encouraged the flock by gifts and inspired the preacher from the "Amen Corner." He gave the land, part of the Indian Reservation for the site of the Mt. Tabor meeting house and the burial plot around it. The land was a little higher than the rest of his land and he thought a little drier. He sleeps on the plot he reserved for his family, a sort of an old tavern-keeper to the end.

At heart he was a tavern-keeper. Travelers were always welcome at the big rambling house on the road that ran east to Ohio, west to the setting sun. Whiskey was a good remedy for more ills than snake bites. So doctors being hard to come by and far away by horseback he kept a barrel of it in the cellar. None of the family became addicts. I do remember going into that cellar with Aunt Etta's husband to see his great cache of ancient vintage home-made fruit wines. He did not tempt us to sample them.

Grandfather seemed strong for the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. He was at his heyday in the time of the run-away slaves. His farm was a mile or so from the Ohio line. In the nearest Ohio Township there was a negro settlement of slaves who had come North. They were made to feel very welcome at the Mt. Tabor church. To assure their continued attendance he took them home for dinner. All this after the rich land was flowing with milk and honey and golden with wheat and corn. The magnificent deciduous forest was gone. It would be interesting to go into research to find out how the great Paul Bunyan and his mighty blue ox Babe, became a part of American Folklore. It is a lovely story, but it ain't "Necessarily so." It was not mighty oxen, not politicians who made "logrolling" a new word in the dictionary. It was just pioneering Americans swapping hard chores with their neighbors.

The men and women of the Acker family were not big folks. My older brother Albert, less than medium height was a good sample. One day when he was in his fifties, my mother said to him, "Albert, if you'd let your hair grow long at the sides so you could tie it over your bald spot and let your beard grow long, you would look like Pap."

Uncle Norman was a slight man of medium height with a long gray beard and a bald head. I have reason to remember him well. By what metamorphous he had turned into a Baptist, I have no idea. He acted like a Methodist and shouted loud inspiration at the preacher from his solitary advantage of "Amen Corner." And that is how I think of my Grandfather. Blood is surely more important than water.

If there were giants in those days I never met them. We are growing Americans bigger now. The oxen were mighty scrub cattle. Just ordinary men with axes, cross-cut saws got rid of the trees. Some were made into cabins. There were three on the home farm. They were split into the famous rails. More were piled and burned where they fell. That is how "log rollings" were invented. "Barn raisings" were a by product of the same community spirit.

Out of the ashes of the burning they made lye for soft soap, pot-ash and some sort of leaven for bread. That bread was baked in the ashes and coals of the great open fireplaces. These fires are a great chore for the hard winters. How do pioneers survive in a land without trees? But that is another story.

By my time the oxen were gone. Horses were our pride and joy. Our oldest cousin, John Frisinger, became an importer of Belgians and Percherons, when I made good grades in a county examination he wrote me a letter from Germany. He saw a record of great "triumph" in our small time weekly. It is important events like that which keep local gazettes circulating. They also give young fry with literary bees a practice forum. I don't know what to dub the jumble of metaphors.

I remember one picture of Grandfather Acker. It was a plush covered album which we have lost. With him were his very young second wife and his very young second family. I think this grownup first family was not too happy about the marriage. I could tell a story to prove it but have decided against it. Mother was a little girl of ten and always loved her stepmother like a sister. She was a wonderful cook and always at meals had a great plate of comb honey, being a positive genius with bees. We surely got a hankering for some, so mother prodded Father into starting an apiary. He tried to put a swarm, settled on a branch of young elm, into a hive. The elm tree grew out of a great rotten stump on which Father set the ladder. Father climbed the ladder but it slipped. The bees attacked. Father and his innocent bystander fled for our lives. The family was told it could stick to sorghum.

Now I will write what I know of the pioneer woman who went with Samuel Acker into the Indiana wilderness. Katherine Keyser was born near the town of Geneva, N. Y. Her mother was Elizabeth Adams. Samuel Hopkins Adams in his "Grandfather's Stories" related happenings in this same Erie Canal Country. I never knew Great Grandfather Keyser's first name. I know of three daughters and two sons. Katherine Keyser married Samuel Acker. "Sally" Keyser married Nathan Acker, Samuel's brother, Elizabeth married Strickland Adams born in Wayne County, New York. He was a cousin of the Keyser family. I do not know how far removed. The Strickland Adams moved to Hillsdale, Michigan. Great Grandmother, Elizabeth Adams Keyser, made her home with them and died there when she was ninety-two. (Mrs. Strickland Adams was Elizabeth Keyser Adams.) The Strickland Adams had one daughter, Minta Adams Moregan, whom Eva and Minta Acker knew, in California. I recall when Mother and her sister, Elizabeth Gulick visited their aunt in Hillsdale, Michigan.

Anyone interested in the Adams family would find Samuel Hopkins Adams Books very suggestive. (I use suggestive as an inspiration for good). I find them interesting. In a review of "Grandfather Stories" a New York Times article incaptioned, "The Fabulous Adams family of the Erie Canal Country." You can take it or leave it. If you have Samuel Acker's philosophy you'll not be interested to look back. Who's going to read this? I am doing it for myself.

Now I recall the sons of the family. Uncle James Keyser, likely the youngest of the family, lived in Cleveland, Ohio. He and his gentle mannered wife made two visits to us in Indiana. We thought of him as a man of affluence. Perhaps he kept in touch with us because he was distressed about his brother Jasper, rather the family's problem child. They had tried to give him a home in Cleveland. When they built their big fine house they had told him there would be a room for him. "Where? In the basement?" he was quoted. So he shook off Ohio dust and came out to the river bottoms.

He became a part of our simple, charitable, hospitable, country living. He was a rather tall, well-set-up man with a gray beard. He and his brother were much alike. So he was always well-dressed, since "Uncle Jim" sent him little worn suits of fine blue broadcloth. At Aunt Jane's Temp Ann's, Adaline's big farm home he was always welcome. Uncle Irwin, Uncle Dave and Father did not seem to find one more a burden. There was food aplenty from the fertile farms. He found a way to get spending money, by becoming the countryside's itenerant peddler, carrying a pack on his back. His specialties were beautiful table linens, torchon laces, a few notions. Eventually his big satchel must have worried him.

He bought a buckboard and a gray horse. The horse was the successor of the white donkey, "Jinny." He must have had Jinny first to walk along and carry the merchandise. We kids had a grand time with gentle "critters". I think she finally reneged on us. I have a recollection of the time when on the cow path through the maple-grove she laid down with her barefooted, bareback riders.

But all journeyings must end. Even the century was almost ready to call it a day. I was a very young girl and do not recall dates. Uncle Jasper was not frail but he was crowding the years. I think my parents were always kind, but they had a bevy of children. I am sure there was nothing unpleasant. But one day he came to my father who was trustee of the township and the official guardian of the poor and asked him to arrange for his entrance to "The County Farm". I never saw him again. Father and Mother visited him and knew he was well cared for. Uncle James came to Indiana and went to see him. He was growing feeble. Before Uncle James left he gave the Superintend- dent's wife money to buy his brother an easy chair, but Uncle Jasper would not accept it. Proud to the end.

Proud as the day he refused to ride in the farm wagon with the Democratic Superintendent taking the other men from the farm to the polls. Nobody was going to suspect he was changing his Republican vote in swap for a ride. He took his sturdy cane, trudged four miles to the County Seat, sat on the Court House steps, aired his views but all complimentary to the powers-that-be, took his cane and marched back to the farm. The Adams County Farm is very fertile, very productive. When the old Uncle died there, he was ninety-two, the same age as his mother. Father made the funeral arrangements. He sleeps near Grandfather Acker in the lot he reserved in the Mount Tabor new cemetery. His sister, Catherine, Grandmother Acker, is not there A few years ago my nephew, John Ralston, and I found her grave in the Old Cemetery. French Quinn, the Adams County Historian, notes that six Indians are buried in this plot.

John and I climbed a fence, went through a plowed field, climbed another fence, crossed another field, worked through the wire fence to the graveyard, found the fallen stone in the first row next to the gully. (this Cemetery is just across the road from the above mentioned Mt. Tabor Cemetery). Around her are the stones with the storied names of her old neighbors. I thought of her young brother, Jasper, that day. He was the only one of her family I ever knew well--I seem to have known him very well "Requiescat in Pax". Uncle Jasper brought only two possessions with him to Indiana--a New Testament and a Bible. The new Testament had been given to him by the Berea Bible Society of Cleveland. It had a black binding and large, clear print. It was Mother's comfort when she was old, she could read it without glasses. Her pastor read marked passages from it one May day in 1925. Often brother Floyd wondered "Where is Uncle Jasper's Bible?"

My sister Fay lived till this summer of 1956 in our Indiana home. They sold the house to move East to Massachusetts. She emptied a storeroom. There with old books she found the

Bible. I recognized the owner's name as Uncle Jasper's first wife, the girl he loved and lost, when their first child was born.

Also recorded are the dates of the three daughters of his second wife. He had left them to come West. He had his story, they had theirs. Drink seemed to have been the complication. He never imbibed any home-made wine or helped empty any hard cider barrels in Indiana. His only indulgence was a finger nail size of chewing tobacco. I am sure that was great temperance in a land where most folks had been brought up around open fireplaces in a country where the weed flourished.

This seems my story of Mother's family. If it has any lesson it may well be, "Behave yourself around the kids. The thoughts of youth are not only long, long thoughts" but they have tenacious memories. I am glad for most of mine. The thought of home-grown tobacco takes me home. My generation had to begin smoking with corn silk. Tobacco cultivation had been abandoned. Mother instilled in her children the maxim, "Buying tobacco is a waste of money."

When these young folks with whom I associate politely offer me a cigarette, I tell them, "I have never smoked anything but a pipe, a stone pipe with a reed stem." I often got Grandmother's pipe going. That's a mystification and needs clarification. I think there were matches, but they were new fangled and precious. Grandmother started her pipe with a live coal.

I am going to indulge in a discussion of stone pipe*(5), not of clay pipes, stone pipes. I have not seen one for many decades. I believe they are extinct. Clay pipes have a curved stem, stone pipes were sturdier stuff that looked glazed and baked. When they became too strong (whatever that means) they were laid on a bed of coals in the stove and burned out. The bowl was straight about as big as my thumb. At the side of the closed end was an opening for a reed stem, which could be removed and cleaned with a sturdy broom straw. When Grandmother (Granny) Smith wanted a smoke, she tapped tobacco in the bowl and commandeered a child to get the works going.

The youngster went to the stove, fished out a live coal to lay on the tobacco, puffed till the smoke was going, dumped the coal, gave the pipe to Granny. Sanitary? Tobacco is the world's best insecticide. We youngsters never learned to chew or smoke. I would say it was a process without glamour. If we could dig up a stone pipe today, we would shelve it with the artifact. Some thirty years ago, a young friend of Aunt Jane scoured the big city of Chicago to find some. When he located a carton, he bought the lot and escaped the city limits. They lasted her through her long life. She died in 1936 at ninety-six, the last of the Grandmother’s Smith brood. Indeed, it was Grandmother's brood, Susannah McClellan Smith, the beloved matriarch of my childhood, was left a widow at thirty-two, in a one room log cabin in an Indiana wilderness. The oldest child was 12, the baby, my father, was 7 months. There were seven other children closely spaced between. Of the 540 acres Grandfather had purchased for a few dollars there were 12 acres cleared.

On July 7, 1844, Grandfather Zachariah Smith was drowned in the St. Mary's River. He was fording it, riding a young stallion. Grandfather couldn't swim. What happened was conjecture, perhaps the horse threw him and injured him. There were tracks showing several attempts to force the horse into the water. The horse when found was caught by his bridle in a tree. "Zack" was rather controversial figure. He was the first sheriff of Adams county appointed by the governor. (I often wonder about it. My sisters and I played in the river when we were children. It was deep and wide sometimes in the spring freshets, but could be waded in the summer. Maybe when the country was wooded it stayed all summer.)

Zachariah Smith grew up in Fayette County, Ohio. He was the son of Isaac Smith. His mother's maiden name was Wilson. They seem to have migrated to Ohio from Virginia. Isaac had large holdings of land in Fayette county. I am sure Alexander Smith, who came to Indiana in the 30's was Isaac's brother. "Granny" often spoke of "Uncle Ek". John Smith of Pleasant Mills was Alexander's grandson, and a distant cousin of my father. The Biographical Study in the Decatur Public Library by John Snow lists the pioneer families.

Great Grandmother McClellan (maiden name Roe) died when "Granny" was sixteen years old leaving infant twin sons, John and James. She asked Susannah to mother John, "Uncle Jack," and Jane who married Aaron Archer to care for James. She had another request for Susannah, she must not marry Zack smith, because he was too wild. "Granny" took loving care of her baby brother. She loved him all her long life. In 1832 she married her tempestuous lover, "Zack" Smith and loved him all her long life. She had some tempestuous children and grandchildren. I think a dose of Scotch Irish imagination did not modify them much. I am writing this with deep affection. It took steel to tame a wilderness. I hope somewhere we get a sense of humor. My cousin, Eva Acker, was a rare comedienne. The Smiths went to Indiana about 1833, when the oldest child, Nancy, was a baby. Later I'll tell you how I arrive at this date. Then our section of Indiana had no county organizations. It was broken up into Allen, Adams, Wells and perhaps Jay Counties. The first officers seem to have been appointed by the Governor. Zacariah Smith was the first appointed sheriff of Adams county. He was never elected sheriff, but in the first election he ran for the State Legislature. According to Aunt Jane's version an Irishman defeated him by one vote. That he was first sheriff was verified in 1936 when a pair of handcuffs were displayed in a Decatur show window with his name, date and official title.

Pursuing his official duties he produced a stunt that could have been titled "Desperate Hours." A man was convicted of a very serious offense and sentenced to the penitentiary at Evansville, a long journey by horseback. There was no jail to keep him in, so Grandfather brought him home to the cabin. He decided he had best get some sleep, piled the loose furniture against the one door and deputized his 100 pound wife to guard the outlaw. This tale curdled us. When he was deep asleep the prisoner attacked the furniture. Grandmother screamed, "Zack, your man's going" and lived to tell it. In the best sheriff tradition Zack got his man and in the morning rode off to the Penitentiary. Maybe he found a good strong jail enroute. I am positive Granny did no make that one act Drama up. Of course, she was Scotch-Irish. By the time I heard it, it was plenty spooky and I have never lived it down.

I am glad those hand cuffs are still on file to prove we did not make it up all "by our own selves."

Every red-blood pioneer family needs a sheriff. So in this message should another generation read it I am supplying one. So I cross-my-heart-hope-to-die I did not make it up. He had many virtues and wanted the new land to be a good land.

The West was new
The new land was raw,
There was little school or preacher,
His tools - a rifle, ax, wedge, crosscut saw,
His goals - a better man than his teacher.

I cannot imagine the impulses that drove them out into the forest. It almost destroyed Grandmother. It was easy to have sweet water in that land, the water level was so high. The men dug wells of varying depths and walled them with stones from the river bottoms. The stones were worn round, since they had been dropped by the glacial drift. The pioneers called them "Nigger heads."

Grandmother was desperate with the lonely struggle. Grandfather was perhaps off politicking. Leaving her baby in the cabin, she went to the well and jumped in. The cold water brought her to her senses and she was able to crawl up the rough wall. She never lost courage again, at least not till her family were grown.

"God was good. If I had taken my baby, I couldn't have saved her." The baby was her first child, Nancy. Perhaps the fright kept her steady and made her deeply religious. "Land where our fathers died" and our mothers kept on living, however bitter the odds.

There were nine children (Nancy, John, Mary, Katherine, Sarah, Isaac, Jane and Joey) in the one room log cabin when tragedy came. Grandfather seemed a good neighbor. A neighbor was ill and had an appetite for honey. Grandfather had a relative North of the river who kept bees, so he volunteered to cross the river on horseback and bring back the "sweet". Tracks on the bank revealed repeated attempts to force the young stallion into the water. The body was recovered July 7, 1844.

I told this story to a neighbor more than a century later. "What did the poor soul do?" "She put her loom and her spinning wheel in the cabin loft and started custom work for her neighbors." An early textile mill. She had neighbors, six hundred forty acres of land (twelve acres cleared) all paid for, a log cabin, nine children. A close neighbor, Columbia Harrison, looked over her assets and told her, "Now Susannah, you go to bed mistress and get up master."

I know several of those children when they were grown up. I think the dear neighbor was pretty optimistic. She was comforted by his encouragement and never forgot it. Maybe Grandmother had no need to make rules or enforce them.

All of Father's sisters smoked pipes. They learned it at home and they started on the sly when they were very young. When the father was gone one of the daughters said, "Now pap's gone, we can smoke." The oldest was twelve.

Tobacco was pure, homegrown leaf without processing. A lot of pioneer women found it a comfort. I only recalled the childish remark, when I guessed the kin neighbor Columbia was being too optimistic.

Neighbors and families took care of their own. Great-grand- father Isaac came to Indiana from Ohio and took four, just older than the baby, Joseph, home with him - Sarah, John, Isaac, Jane. Grandfather's sister, Aunt Polly was Mrs. Eli Zimmerman. Eli recorded the first deed in Adams County. (French Quinn wrote a delightful article about that first deed.) The first Mrs. Aaron Archer was Grandmother's sister, Jane McClellan. Their land was across the river. Two of her sons were in Father's regiment in the Civil War. Joel Roe, an uncle cleared a big farm near Decatur. In our time, John Frisingee, a cousin, built stables on this tract for the Belgians and Percherons that he imported.

Horses should have felt at home on that tract. Uncle Joel taught Father to shoot and hunt. That was his training for sharp shooting in the war. Uncle Joel trained a horse for deer hunting. This horse, wearing a bell, was free to go bell jangling into a deer flock. That helped Uncle Joel locate his venison. I didn't make this up, but heard it when I was young. The horse was a great pet. There were wandering peddlers, wandering artists, wandering teachers. This was Johnny Appleseed country. An itinerant painter made a portrait of the deer horse on a wall of Joel's plastered house. Here is a bit of comfort for modern folks bringing up youngsters. Grandfather set out an orchard of young apple trees. I do not think it was a matter of boys will be boys, but girls will be girls. They too knived and girdled the young trees, chewed on the bark and insisted they were "Eating Apples." They lived to tell it.

There were many kindly folk, but Grandmother yearned for the children in Ohio. She made the journey with horses and maybe a small carriage. She saw her babies again and decided to take the two youngest, Isaac and Jane home with her. When she drove away, John followed her, she trotted off and left him. She never forgot the childish voice calling, "O Mammy, take me too." Soon after the slow word came that he was dead. That was the greatest tragedy of her life. Sarah, whom we never knew always lived in Ohio. She married Giles Dick(er)son there. All but John survived Grandmother despite the vile week.

Modern disease scourges touched them infrequently. Perhaps only the tough survived babyhood. Something called "summer complaint" took a heavy toll of babies. If a child survived the second summer, he was a good bet for the long pull. So I knew all of Grandmother's brood. I think little John best of all. It was sad that all the children did not stay in Indiana. A way would have been provided. There was no such thing as "high cost of living" or "living index". The land produced food, clothes, fuel and shelter. The early cabins were near rivers, the highways to older settlements. Corn and wheat was transported by rafts to grist mills in St. Mary's, Ohio. Flax was grown for linen, wool was sheared for yarns and cloth. I had a dress of "linsey-woolsey."

An acre of fertile land would produce more corn than wheat. Corn-meal was the staple food in pone, pancakes, "puddin with milk", fried mush. It is a simpler process to make corn-meal than wheat flour. Thereby hangs a tale.

Grandmother had a barrel of wheat flour milled. It had to keep her in pies and cakes, and doughnuts for the winter. It was the year Grandfather died, Father was a baby in his cradle. She left the little girls in the cabin with their Irish imagination and the barrel of flour. The "chores" kept her outside quite a spell. She came back to a white dust storm. Her daughters were making bread for the dog "Tog". The griddle, the skillet, the kettle, the pans were over the fireplace coals filled with flour and water batter. Flour, flour everywhere and not a bit to eat, she rushed to the cradle to see if her baby was smothered. The girls, too, survived. That is one escapade that makes me take issue with Columbia Harrison's prediction. "You'll go to bed Mistress and rise as Master".

They ate "Johnny cake and puddin" that winter. No wonder they turned out to be such good cooks, they were off to such an early start. They all lived to tell it, but I am sure they would draft me to write it.

Dye stuffs for the woven cloth were found in the forest. Black from black walnut hulls had great tenacity. (City boys had black hands way into the winter from shelling these nuts). Yellow were from tree barks. The skins of onions make soft browns. There was blue from wild indigo. I think I know of a source of red berries, one they called pokeberry, a brilliant red. Vinegar will make dyes fast, but I am not sure of their source of vinegar. I believe we are sure there were no apple orchards until after the Smith girls were grown. There were native fruits. The wild plums were delicious. As fast as the forest was cleared black berries and black raspberries crowded the "New Grounds". I have picked wild gooseberries for pies, but the "jaggers" had to be rubbed off in a cloth bag and they were hard on the sugar supply. The wild crab-apples were a mouth-puckering misnomer. Soon every cabin had an orchard. Johnny Appleseed had many unsung contemporaries. Johnny, who found a trail to immortality by tramping out into the wilderness with a bag of appleseeds over his shoulder is buried in a little park all his own along a road running from Fort Wayne to Decatur. (Ed note: The grave of Johnathan Chapman is just south of the Fort Wayne Coliseum off Parnell Drive on a little hummock along the river).

I was never hungry. The owner of our home-place before Father bought it planted an acre of grapes, row after row, a tract of apples and pears, row after row of summer apples, fall, winter apples. A luscious, juicy, child paradise, no wonder the poets have loved that land and volumes have extolled it. Sure we reminisce.

Says my youngest sister. "When they hold me up a wangle dime for one of those smooth-skinned, woody, sprayed apples, I renege. I'm just over-whelmed by a vision of bushels of maiden blush, astrachans, russets, "ramboes" rotting under the trees of the old orchard."

The nameless man who planted them must have loved them too. He surrounded his vineyard and orchard with an osage fence. Osage Orange isn't fruit. It's plain murder. Hedge-hogs couldn't navigate through Osage Orange.

Maybe this memory hike through long dear orchards will prove my charity and affection for those imaginative children who skinned the apple trees.

Mother insisted the Smith sisters were very well dressed. Who wouldn't be clothes conscious if they had to grow them? "Granny" had a patch of flax and a flock of sheep. From the processing of flax they borrowed the good word "scutch". Flax stalks were cut and left in the field to absorb moisture and that was "retting" then the rotten wood was beaten off the fiber and that was "scutching". The ideas of "scutching" was carried over into the home discipline. I did not learn it from Webster. I know Grandmother had a flock of sheep because once they were lost in the forest. She left the children in the cabin and hunted them. By the time she had found them, she, too, was lost. Since I haven't a smidgen of wood's sense, that story haunted me. Now I know sheep have been domestic since the world was young. Before dark, they led her home. To my childish imagination that seemed a divine feat. Now I know sheep are not fond of forest. Our farm flock spent every minute of its spare time under the chicken house.

Now I have the raw material for that pioneer textile plant. Out of the wool that "Granny" carded and spun and the flax she ret and scutched, the family had warm clothes and comforters, linsey woolsey dresses and bed linens. I am not sure there were silks and satins, but they did knit laces. The children learned work too. My aunts were wonderful gardeners. I visited Aunt Jane when she was ninety, she had planted cultivated and dug the potatoes served for dinner. Her grandson, Fred, *(2) brought wild flowers to the sanctuary of her posey bed. Father bought a house and a triangular acres from Aunt Nancy's heirs. It was an arboretum of native trees and shrubs, I was intrigued by the strange fruit of a papaw bush, the burrs on a buckeye tree by the entrance to the cave, the grace of a wild plum in an ice storm.

The sons, Isaac and Joseph hewed wood and split rails. Acres of the section tract were cleared. Some of the great logs were used to build a two room cabin with a loft. It was near a road that ran to the county seat. The Erie Railroad crosses this road at the site of the cabin which was torn down for the "right of way". When the children married they were given tracts of land. I am sure Aunt Martha and Aunt Katie had farms parceled from it. Father's first farm was near the river. Frequent freshets destroyed his crops. His young first wife, Catherine Gulick died here. She was the daughter of Mother's sister, Elizabeth.

But all this happened after the Great War *(3) was fought. In 1861 Grandmother and Isaac and Joseph lived in the two room cabin. The daughters were married and in homes of their own. Joseph, born Dec. 7th, 1843 was seventeen in 1861, Isaac was a year and a half older. Isaac answered Lincoln's first call for volunteers. In 1862 Joseph enlisted in Co. I, 189th Indiana Volunteer Infantry. Grandmother was left alone in the cabin, when she "lost her mind", her daughter Jane, Mrs. Irwin Acker, took her home. I am sure she never kept house again. She did recover from the mental lapse after the war was over.

I have just read Bruce Catton's book about the Civil War, "The Hallowed Ground". The man who really fought the civil War, whether he came from the North of the South, "was pretty largely a sweaty private in somewhat heterogeneous uniform." May I set down my list of privates. Joseph Wilson Smith, father, Isaac Smith, uncle, Levi Acker, uncle, (died at Eastport Mississippi in March 1865. Is buried at Shiloh.) Samuel Teeple, Aunt Laura Acker's husband, (He died enroute home leaving several young children.) They were all privates in Company I, the 189th Regiment Indiana Volunteer Infantry, which was the "Pap" Thomas at Chicamauga and Missionary Ridge,

I was much intrigued by Catton's incident of the Confederate officer dropping his sword and running when faced by an Indiana private who9 threw down his gun and came on barehanded. That description fitted my Dad to a "T". One day Captain "Bob" Blackburn told me, "Joe could lick an elephant and he would fight at the drop of a hat."

In the Tennessee Campaign they lived in trenches near Lookout Mountain for long weary weeks. The trenches were so near that Gen. Grant had a long conversation with a Confederate private of Gen. Longstreet's outfit. The lad's "heterogeneous regalia was a gray Confederate hat and a blue Yankee uniform. This is a remembered narrative of the "Camarade" of the trenches. The "Yanks" had coffee to tantalize the mountain air, the "Johnny Rebs were long on chewing tobacco. Across the field a "Yank" and a "Reb would dicker to meet half way between the trenches and swap coffee and tobacco. There was a tacit understanding that comrades on both sides were innocent by-standers. After the swap the first one home had the right to plug the other. They must have chosen sprinters for that race is to go down in history as a draw, no casualties. We sometimes thought Father made that one up. "Hallowed Ground" verifies the tale. Maybe day in and day out, it wasn't as hard on the soldiers as on "the girls they left behind."

After the fights in Tennessee were won, Sherman's men made the famous thoroughfare "three hundred to the main." The men under Thomas made a long, long forgotten hike across the Mississippi into the Red River Valley. They fought one battle there after the surrender in the East. In that skirmish the color-bearer was killed when he leaped to the top of a breast-work. "Old glory" went down with him. He was a neighbor boy, his name was "Quinn" Cowan. The Regiment marched home through the Middle West country.

On this long treck homeward, guerrillas in purloined blue uniform preyed on their scattered ranks. One day in Missouri they found the naked bodies of their Regiment's Captain and his aide, and their Doctor. Father never forgave that outrage.

I have a hard time today with names, but I will always remember the names of those three lost soldiers. The Captain was "Sam" Henry for whom the G.A.R. Post at Decatur was name. His brother, an Indiana congressman, sent each member of the Post an enlarged photograph of Captain Henry. I recall it vividly. He was very handsome. His aide was Howard Ashley. Doctor Pomeroy Porter was from an outstanding pioneer family of Adams county. Father worked often with Doctor Porter in the surgical tent after the battles. It is hard to believe the Sam Henry Post is bivouacking across it's last river "resting in the shades."*(4)

I am not sure "Granny" kept house after the war. Her daughters were married, her sons married young. She always lived with her children as was the way of old folks in pioneer days. James Whitcome Riley caught the spirit of this custom.

"Granny's" come to our house
and O My lawsy daisy
All the children round the place
are just a runnin' crazy
She brought a pear for Nanny
She brought a plum for all the pack
Who run to kiss their "Granny"

I am not sure that the quotation is exactly correct. I am sure that is the reason I knew my Grandmother so well. We lived in a big two-story frame house. My first memory is of falling down the trap-door entrance to the cellar. After we lived there "Granny" decided she wanted to "keep house." There were two adjoining bedrooms. Father rigged up a cook stove and for a short time "Granny" entertained us. My brother, Marion, two years older than I, was my rival for her attention. Mother decided I was "looking peaked" and sent me visiting a married half-sister. But Granny went soon to see more of the pact where the children were grown. She still seems vitally alive.

I am convinced she knew the New Testament "by heart". I used to recite to her scripture passages, perhaps learned from Sunday School lessons. I had a reciting kind of memory. She could quickly tuck my quotes in the proper book, chapter and verse. If there had been mental confusion during the war years, it had all cleared up in the days of peace. She had a brilliant memory. So did some of her grandsons. Too bad they didn't scribble.

Her small hands were always busy. The finger tips rough from the needle pricks of quilting or piecing. With her prolific progeny some favorite always needed a quilt. I know she pieced one for Brother, Albert Brittson, who was a step-grandson. Wool socks and stockings were dire necessities at which she could always lend a hand. She knit a mitten that she called the double mitten. It was of two colors, usually blue and white, in a sort of diamond pattern. (I am sure I do not know why she called it that. We had never seen a diamond.) She must have used two sets of needles, since a "diamond" blue on the outside was white on the inside. I feel so unworthy a trust. I have lost a pair of these precious mittens. Grandmother expressed appreciation for kindness by knitting them for gifts. Young Dr. Boyers of Decatur, was her physician in the early days of his practice. He kept the pair she made him for many years. He never wore them, but one day in a spirit of misplaced confidence he gave them to me for an heirloom. Inside in a bit of tissue paper were two gray hairs she had knit into the mitten at home, but I went too far afield. I have no idea what became of them. That is not quite true, I have an idea, but could I have a quilt called "The Fan", which Grandmother pieced and my mother quilted. I laid it across the foot of a double bed when my daughter was entertaining a very special girl friend. In the cool of the night the guest reached down to pull the quilt over her. Startled awake, Adaline said, "You must not touch that. It is a purely decorative, our most precious heirloom." I shall trust her to treasure it. Perhaps one day long ago, it was on display in Indiana at an Adams County Fair. A collector of antiques says it is the most exquisite she had ever seen.

Grandmother weighed about one hundred pounds. for every day I see her in some material of brown, a dress with a fitted waist, buttoned in front, a gathered skirt sewed to it. I am sure there was a gathered apron of black sateen. One Sunday morning she came into the Methodist church at Pleasant Mills, her Granddaught, Eva Acker, lovingly escorting her. She was in deep black, black bonnet with black veil. Her "meeting" clothes were always black. Custom decreed dressing in "mourning" for a year, but Granny's kith and kin had been healthy and vigorous for a long spell. Maybe that was why I was puzzled by the deep "widow's weed." Zack had been gone since she was very young.

Her sons came back from the War full of 'beesom with nary a scratch." Father had curly hair worn long enough to part in the back a la the General's and roll over his ears. He brought one of these curly rolls home in his knapsack and declared a rebel had shot it off. Did that start as a joke? The tale never lost suspense or color in retelling. Sure, we believed him. He had fought at Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge and was entitled to a good story.

I was puzzled by our deep black "meeting clothes" since her grown children were living. Most of her own generation were gone. "Aunt Pop" Roe, her Uncle Joel Roe's second or third wife, is all I can recall. She had no teeth. It worried me because her nose and her chin were so close. I suppose she wore “weeds”" for all that were gone. Grandmother had many friends. This is a quotation from the unknown author of her printed obituary. (Sister Faye found it with mother's papers.) "Her success has been noble as is attested by the esteem in which she is held in the country. When she went visiting she traveled high. I don't know how she managed it, but she seemed to bring her belongings in a great, red bandanna handkerchief tied together at the corners. of course, we were close knit colony as the crow flies. The barns were full of horses.

An incident emphasized the role of that bandanna. One summer day one of the brothers came home with his eyes quite "bugged out." "You can't guess what I met up with in town, "Granny" marching right down Main Street with the cashier of the Adams County Bank. He was carrying her bandanna." I do not know the chronology of that friendship. Perhaps she knew him as a boy in his father's dry goods store. She had been around a long time. She had little money in anybody's bank. She may have sold a right-of-way to the Erie Railroad. She gave her land to the children. Her only jewels a la Cornelia were a lot of descendants. She seemed always well. She was a genius with nostrums, poultices and plasters. Vinegar and salt, plus red flannel made rheumatism "skedaddle." One of her eyes, I believe the right, began to give her pain. She poulticed it with scraped raw potato, she tried slippery elm bark. Nothing helped. It had bothered her a long time. The trouble was caused by bending close to steam from a kettle suspended on a fireplace crane. Her Doctor could give her no relief. He consulted a local colleague who had a reputation for simple surgery. They advised the eye be removed. Primitive anesthetics were in use, but the doctors were afraid to administer one to a frail woman of seventy-five. The doctors scheduled an operation at Aunt Jane's and Uncle Irwin's farmhouse. That morning Father drove away to join them. It was a long anxious summer day. Never had I forgotten how we watched the road for his return. Finally he was home, the ordeal over. He and his niece, Susie Frisinger had held her during the surgery. Never had he needed steadier nerves after the battles. Sometime life could be might hard in the good, old days.

I think she was never so well. She cam to visit us. She still loved the outdoors. I was seven or eight, but could take her hand and lead her on walks. She pieced no more quilts, knitted no more mittens. Long ago she had memorized the Testament. The obituary says that she did not attend church the last three years. Life with its pain, anxieties, sorrows had passed her by.

I was not close to her the last years. She lived with Aunt Jane and Uncle Irwin. They had a low rambling wood house on the site of Grandfather Acker's first wagon camp. I believe he built the house. It was sawed lumber, the siding boards of black walnut. It was "good to be over to ole Aunt Jane's." It was quite a piece by the road and the bridges, but when the river was low in the summer we could wade it and take a short cut through the woods and fields. Her younger children were teenagers and given to much laughter and merry pranks. There were old-fashioned poseybeds with borders of mussel shells and orchards, trees dropping tons of goodness. It was a joyous place to visit, a happy place to live. My cousin, Minta Acker, still remembers.

In this old house on a May day in 1891, Susannah McClellan Smith died. I met the thing called death for the first time. Somebody took us little children to see her. Two granddaughters Dora and Annie, had made her a robe of white silk, a head-dress of white lace. She seemed a large waxen doll with small folded hands. But every one was very sad, jolly Aunt Jane heartbroken. I felt quite alone watching a strange world, my noisy family so subdued. There were so many folks, children, grandchildren, great grandchildren, neighbors from scattered places. The morning of the funeral we were surprised to find Mother's sons, the Brittson Brothers, Albert and Floyd, upstairs in the spare room. They had come home from college in the night and gone unheard to bed. They were stepgrandsons, but her life had encompassed them too.

Uncle Jack McClellan and his wife were there, from Fayette County, Ohio. His buggy was so new and shiny, his span of horses so sleek and spirited. He had come a long journey, this last of the McClellans, for the services of his foster mother.

The cortege formed to drive to the little Mt. Tabor Church on the old Acker farm. Then Father said, in the gentle way he had when in kindly mood, "Uncle Jack drive behind the minister. You are her oldest child. Go first." Perhaps we were all together for the last time. The oldest grandchild was there. Big, rough-hewn, John Frisinger came down the aisle of the church to stand by the casket alone. Of all of us she loved "Johnny" best, then Levi Acker, then my brother, Marion Smith.

Somewhere wandering in the crowd was a little girl with a year old baby in her arms. My baby brother Carl, was the youngest grand child. When he became restless at the service, I carried him out into the cemetery and wandered among the graves. It was a beautiful day in May. Most of them gathered, live now only in the memories or in a new land of their faith. My sister, Faye, has a flash back to this time. She is three years my junior. She followed Father, around the farm buildings as he collected rough lumber for a big box. A rough box for a casket? I believe that was for another day.

There was one thing yet to be done for Grandmother. She never forgot the tempestuous young husband, dead in her youth. She did not want his grave to be always alone. On another spring morning Father and some of the older brothers put a big box on a farm wagon and drove to the Old Cemetery in Decatur. It was a lost triangle between the Erie and Clover Leaf railroad tracks. We could see the gray old slab tombstones as we walked to High School. There they opened the old earth of Grandfather Smith's and moved all that was left after almost a half century to its place by the new grave in Mt. Tabor At Mt. Tabor there was a new stone. So the old slab was brought home to the farm and propped by the porch to the summer kitchen. I studied it over and over. On it was chiseled, "For this corruption shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality." I always stoop to read the same inscription on the new stone by the two graves in Mt. Tabor.

In the end all of our grandparents came from far scattered places to the earth that was once Grandfather Samuel Acker's farm. But the only inscription I remember is the one that was cut deep into an old lost slab. "This mortal shall put on immortality."

That was my Grandmother Susannah McClellan's faith.

Footnotes:

(l) Aunt Jane is Jane Smith Acker, mother of Dora, who was mother of Fred Irwin Myers father of Laurence F. Myers

(2) Frederic Irwin Myers

(3) Great War was renamed World War I after the beginning of World War II

(4) The last word of General Stonewall Jackson quoting the bible were, "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shades of the trees." "Last rover" possibly should be "last river".

(5) pipestone: Illustrated Home Library Encyclopedia Volume 16 pp 3917-3918 (1955). Pipestone is a kind of red clay that got its name because Indians used it for making the pipes in which they smoked tobacco. They prized it especially for peace pipes, which they called calumets. The Indians considered pipestone to be sacred and even when they were at war they kept the pipestones quarries as neutral ground. Most kinds of clay are soft enough for you to mold them with your fingers, but pipestone is as hard as stone, and you must grind and carve it as you would stone. You can find it in Pipestone County, Minnesota, in South Dakota, and in a very few other places in the United States. You can also find it along the banks of the Pipestone River in Canada. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's poem Hiawatha begins with these lines:

On the Mountains of the Prairie,
On the great red Pipe-stone Quarry.

This is the pipestone quarry in Minnesota. The scientists' name for pipestone is catlinite. They named it after George Catlin (1796-1872), who was an artist and explorer of the American northwest frontier. He lived among the Indians and was the first to tell about the red clay stone.

Editor's note: I also acquired one of these pipestone bowls at and auction. There is a small flaked point on the surface and the interior is a reddish color throughout. I do not believe this bowl has ever been fired. It looks like sandstone. Having seen caliche stone in Italy, which is much coarser I am aware that newly mined stone can be soft enough to carve and bore but with air drying becomes extremely durable. The caliche stone of Italy is probably harder and more durable than our cement block.

Bolton Abbey Boddy's cemetery

Newberry Farm, Ripon, N Yorkshire, UK

John Moorhouse Diary

Transcribed: Ralph V. Myers 1985

1872/1873/1874 Albion, Indiana

January Monday 1, 1872

Attended Church at Avilla. Rented a seat for the family at $31.00. Went to Kendallville, Traded watches. Paid $22.50 dif. $3.50 for chain. 40cts. for shall (shawl?). $1.20 for diaries. 50cts nice dintals. Went to Albion to Frank's. Attended the dance at the Worden House with Miss Rebecca Monroe. Rec'd. a letter from bro. Jos. containing Power-of-Attorney signed and executed. bill at the dance $1.75. Came home.

January Tuesday, 2 1872

Walked to school. Eat dinner at Mr. Linchs. Began boarding at Ben Sheets.

> (Lower 2/3rds of page contain notations for Weds. 1, '73 and T 2. I'll pick up 1873 sequence, in sequence. Apparently, Diaries (or cash) were in short supply January 1, 1873. Also references to Maloney's indicate that Rebecca Monroe lived there. Ed.)

January Wednesday, 3 1872

Taught school. Eat Supper at Mr. Moorhs. (His father's house? John W. Moorhouse) Attended the meeting to organize for Singing School.

19-1/2	307.89	bugie Wgt. 640 lbs.
17	247.53	Paid Nellie #2.30
		Recd of bank $307.89
$3.32	60.36	Paid 25cts dray
230		Paid $17.28 (freight to N York
17.68		Mary J. Moorhouse due $160.36
.25		
$247.53		

January Thursday, 4 1872

Taught School

October 31	Tended Mason
November 1	Tended Mason
2	Tended Mason 1/2 day
9	Paid $1.00 for newspaper

(Mason must have died. On the 2nd? Ed.)

10	Paid 25 cts for turnips
13	Recd $32.00 in cash
14	Paid out 16.00 for Calves
22 Nov	Recd $4.50 for Beef hide
	Paid 70 cts for dregs

(Note: A large X scrawled down page from the entry for the 9th. Ed.)

January Friday, 5 1872 Taught School. Came home.

38
17.95
20.05

S. S. Long and Brother
71 Dey St.
N.Y. 35
Egg dealers 17.95
17.05

October 26 / 72
Bal due me from JW Moorhouse
$45.37-1/2
17 5
28.32-1/2

January Saturday, 6 1872 Went to Kendallville. Took $12.00 buffalo Robe to Jacobs and each'd it for other goods. got $1.00 worth of Sugar and $1.25 of yarn. Bot a new Robe of Eugfis $13.00. Bot lunch for J. Busy 53 cts. Echeuse 85 cts. Had watch repaired

January Sunday, 7 1872 Called at Jos. Ogles at A. P. Greenes.

January Monday, 8 1872 Came to School. began boarding at Mr. S. Moors.

January Tuesday, 9 1872 Taught school and attended Singing School at the Center in the evening.

January Wednesday, 10 1872 Taught School. Went home and attended the dance at A. P. Greens.

January Thursday, 11 1872 Taught school

Hatch, Holbrook 7 Co.,
265 Archer Ave.\
Chicago Ill
Lumber dealers

January Friday, 12 1872 Taught School. Recd 50 cts from J. Busy. Attended Singing School.
(Whipped Wm. Busy)
(Note: The above note appears to have been entered later. Maybe, Wm. broke something at school and his dad, J. paid for it. Ed.)

January Saturday, 13 1872 Came home. Called at S. J. Hadleys. Went to Albion. paid my tax $4.14. had a road receipt of 36 cts Cash $3.70 cts. other expenses 12 cts. Called at U. S.. box paper collars 25 cts.

Transcribed: Ralph V. Myers 1985

January Sunday, 14 872 Came in the afternoon to Mr. Mors. Saw Jno Harp. A quarrel with Harrison eve.

January Monday, 15 1872 began School. at about 1/2 past ten, was arrested by Const. Ragan on charge of an assault and battery on the person of Wm. Busy. Dismissed school. Walked with H. Coe to Squire Cunningham, 4 miles. Ordered wit (witnesses) for myself and 4 wit, C. Turner, S. Diller, D. Shoof and F. Arthur, not wit. Trial came off at about 3 o'clock. Plead guilty, was find $2.00 and cost about $13.15 and din (dinner?) $1.00. Came home with J. Busy in waggon. Attended Singing School.

Jan. 16, 1872 - Tues. - Taught School. Attended Singing School.

Jan. 18, 872 - Thurs. - Taught School. Wm. busy attended School. Went to the Trustees, drew $25.00 of School money. Settled with J. Wm. busy for doctor's bill of Wm. busy, paid him $1.30. paid S. Moore $8.00 Sct. Mat Hart $1.01 Sct. Attended Singing School. Saw the ("riat cased" scratched out) disturbance caused by Nate Grey coming forcibly into the School during Class Exercise.

Jan. 19, 1872 - Fri - Taught school. Attended Singing School. Was Sm. ordered by Constable Ragan to appear forthwith at the office of the Esq Cunningham and answer as witness to the certain charges made in behalf of the State against one Nathaniel A. Grey for forcibly and in a rude and ruffainly manner intruding upon the Singing Class at the Center of Green Twp. Came home with Thos. Neal after class and staid all night with him.

Jan. 20, 1872 - Sun. - At home. Called at S. J. Hadley's and A. P. Freer. borrowed a horse from him.

Jan 22, 1872 - Mon. - Came down and Taught School went home gave Art Freer 25 cts for the use of horse. gave R. Willen 50 cts to pay Lawyers fees on Saturday. Recd the company at home Jas. Durny, N. Prentiss and others.

Jan. 23, 1872 - Tues. - Taught school attended meeting at the School house. gave Jos. Sinch $5.00 to buy a treat of Candy for the School. $1.00 worth.

Jan. 24, 1872 - Weds. Taught School.. Attended Church.

Jan. 25, 1872 - Thurs. - Taught school. Attended Church

Jan. 26, 1872 - Fri. - Taught School. paid Silas Moore $1.00. Treated the School to candy. came home. went with J. Hines to Eph. Cronurs to a dance. played the fiddle and called.

Jan. 27, 1872 - Sat. - Recd $10.0 of J. Moorhouse. Went to Kendallville, bot a Revolver $9.00. Expenses 20 cts. Went to Prouty Church with S. J. Hadley and the girls. No meeting. Came home by S. J. Hadleys.

Jan 28, 1872 - Sun - Came down to Linches, had a very bad cold and sore throat.

Jan. 29, 1872 - Mon.- Taught School Jan. 30, 1872 - Tues - Taught School. Attended meeting at the School house. meeting closed. Jan. 31, 1872 - Weds. - Taught School. Called at Silas Moores. Feb. 1, 1872 - Thurs. - Taught School. Feb. 2, 1872 - Fri. - Taught School. came home with Jas Linch to Bakers Enill, walked rem. of the way. Feb. 3, 1872 - Sat. - At home, was assessed, went to Albion to Mill. Called at C. Phillips to see Rebecca Monroe. Came home. Honer Clark came long. bot 70 cts worth of cold medicine.

Sun. Feb. 4, 1872 - At home. Mond. Feb. 5, 1872. Came to School. Taught. Began boarding at Mr. Shoofs. Attended the School meeting to organize for Sinmging School. Tues. Feb. 6, 1872 - Taught School. Gave out the lectures on Natural Philosophy in Education to be given at the Center of Green (Twp) on Wednesday eve 14. Feb and 16th. Attended the Singing School, paid 50 cts 1/2 pay. Weds. Feb. 7, 1872 Taught School. Attended Singing. Thurs. Feb. 8, 1872 - Taught School. Attended Singing School. Fri. Feb. 9, 1872 - Taught School. lent Mat Hart $2.40 cts. Attended Singing School. Crane house with Frank Stanley. Sat. Feb. 10, 1872 - Came home, went to Albion, took R. M. Sleighriding, put up horse at the Bradly house and had supper there. Went to the Phrnological lecture with R. M. Expense $1.10. Came home.

Sun. 11 Feb. 1872 Attended Church at Avilla. Took dinner at Thos. Storys. Mond. 12 Feb. 72 Taught School. Began boarding at W. Arthurs. Attended Singing School. Tues. 13, 72 Taught School. paid new subscription to Singing School 50 cts. eds. 14 Feb. 72 Taught School. went home with R. Williams for Supper. Attended the Singing at Ragan School house. Staid over night at R. Williams. thurs. 15 Feb. 72 Taught School attended Singing School. Fri. 16 Feb, 72 Taught School. attended the Singing School at the Staley School house with Jas. Linch, went home with Frank Stanley. Sat. 17 Feb. 72 Came to the Center with F. Stanley. Helped fix up the stage for the Concert. Took dinner at Boness. Attended the drill in afternoon. Eat luch with Stanleys at S. House. Took part in the Concert. Staid over night at P. Linches.

Sun. 18 Feb. 72 Went with Jas. linch to Maloney's. Staid until after night. came home. Mon. 19 Feb. 72 Taught School. Tues. 20 Feb. 72 Taught School called at Harts in the evening. Weds. 21 Feb. 72 Went to Kendallville. Sold Clover Seed $3.10 12. $60.70 cts. Spent 85 cts. brout home the new buggy, paid $80. of Father's money for it and $55. of my own, my 110, in all $135. $30. remaining due.

Sun. 25 Feb. 72 Went over to Sweets School house to Chas Salts fine funeral. Stopped at J. K. Riddles for dinner. Mon. 26 Feb. 72 Taught School. came down, went to Mat Harts for dinner. and to T. Neals to stay over night. went with them to the Chappel to Sing School. Tues. 27,.72 Taught School, came ddown to the Southworths over night. Weds. 28, 72 Finished School at Green Center after 72 days. Went to Neals and Sing. at the Chapel. Thurs. 29.72 Went to the Trustees, walked and got pay for Teaching Center School $75. Rent $1.50 for chalk and paper. Came back to the Center. Took dinner at Linches, came to Neals and with them to the Chappel on the Goshen Road to Sing. Staid at A. Ott over night. Fri. March 1.72 Came to the Chapel with Geo. Ottt, went home with him for dinner. Attended the Sing in afternoon. Eat Supper with R. Williams. Sung at the Concert. came home with Jas. Locke and staid over night with him. Exspense 25 cts. Sat. 2.72 Attended the Fox hunt at Green Center, came home. Called at the School at hour just before closing. Recd a letter from Jos. Moorhouse. Came home. Expense $.75. Dr. Father $10.50.

Sun. March 3.72 Attended Church at Avilla, called at S. J. Haldys. Mon. 4.72 Went to Albion to Mill with corn and oats for chop feed. Took dinner at Mrs. Bradleys 25 cts. got hair cut 25 cts. Boots halfsoled at S. Wards 90 cts. which I did not pay cause could not make change. Attended the funeral of Mrs. Pepple. Called at Hadleys. Tues. 5.72 Chored, helped wo haul timer out of Swamp at lower field. the Three Steers were Sold to Brook at $1.20 per 100 to be elivered by the middle of april. Weds. 6.72 Hauled wood, loaned Jno. M. Brackney $8.00 for one month. Thurs. 7.72 Hauled wood, went to Jno. Childs to look at bree sow. Snow in afternoon. Fri. 8.72 Called at A. P. Oltreser. Storm. Sat. March 9.72 Went to jh. Childs, brought home a breed sow, went to J. Brackney for a tool bench. Called at S. JU. Hadleys.\\Sun. 10.72 Attended the funeral of Geog Walters child at the Sweet Sch. house. Called at Jos. Gofles. Gave Jno Childs $15.00 for hog.

1973

Fri. 3.73 hauled corn fodder
Sat 4.73 Hauled wood. went to Albion No. Sold my hog to R. Stern at $3.24 Took an agency to sell apple trees for Jno. Shirk.
Sun 5.75 Attened church at Avilla. Came down to Linches. Staid overnight there. Jas. Hadler brought me part way
Jan. 6.73 Taught School. Began boarding at Mr. S. Boners
Jan. 7.73 Taught School
Wednesday Jan 8.73 Taught School
Thursday Jan. 9.73 Taught School Recd 30 cts of Isaac Shambaugh lent him. Also Recd $4.20 of T. Williams bal due me after buying a lock for the Schoolhoue.
S. J. Hadley took my hogs to Brimfield. wieght 2140 lbs. Each 267-1/2 lbs. Priec #3.25: Toal amt $69.55. Paid 20 cts for weighing and $2.50 for hauling to market. Net proceeds of hogs $66.82.
Friday 10.73 Taught School Came home by Mr. Stanleys. Came with him to Singing Sch. Came home.
Sat.11.73 Took Mary to Avilla to go to Ft. Wayne. Called at A. P. Greenes. Paid 20 cts for horse shoe settings.
Sun. 12.73 Came down to Mr. Williams. Wrote a letter to the Catholic Telegraph. Inclosing $2.50 for the paper for him.
Mon. 13.73 taught School. Went to Mrs. Maloneys with Mr. Williams.
14.73 Taught School Began Boarding at Mr. Applegates.
Monday 13 borrowed $8.00 of S. Moors, paid 22 cts: W L S
15.73 Taught School. Recd $1.00 of Mr. Saterbarger.
Thurs 16.73 - Tught School. Fri. 17.73 - taught School. Went to Cherry School to a Spelling
Saat./ 18.73 - Went to Buco Raffle for a Turkey, won it and Sold it for 4.cts. Spent 50 cts. came back to Thos Neals.

Sunday 19.73 - recd a Postmoney at Jessica's from Mary who got home from wayne.
Monday 20.73 Came down and Taught Schools. Attended Singing at Dillers Store. Staid over night at Neals.
Tuesday 21.73 Taught Sdchoool. Attended Sing. at Dillers Store 10 cts Came home with M Neal.
Wed. 22.73 Taught School Staid over night at Williams.
Thurs. 23.73 - Taught School Friday 24.73 Taught School
Sat. 25.73 - Went to Fort Wayne. Expense $2.00 wnet by Churbusco, Columbia City Rail
Sun. 26.73 - attended church at the Cathedral to E.C.M. Went to aunt Jane's
Mon. 27.73

bot pair Pants	$ 8.00
Paid for Flour	4.00
Bot Gloves and Shall	4.00
Photographs	3.00
Gave Aunt	2.00
Gerd	1.00

Tues. 28.73

Bot Hat	8.00
Collar	4.35
Shall	3.00
M. Branay	1.00
Brushes	2.25
Book	1.20
Sun	2.00

Came home with Mr. Nidens

Wednesday 29.73 Came up to School. Stopped at Maloney's. Taught School
Thursday 30.73 Taught School Friday 31.73 Taught School Treated the School to $2.00 worth of candy. Sat. 1 Feb 73 Taught School
Sun. 2.73 Went home and came back to Mr. Williams with Pierce Shamberg.
Mon. 3.73 Taught School. Staid over night at Mr. Williams.
Tues. 4.73 Taught School. Staid at Mr. Hickmans. Weds. 5.73 Taught School. thurs. 6.73 Taught School. Went to T Neals to Sing. Frid. 7.73 Taught School. Came home, stopping at Mr. linches to Tea...Came home with Mr. Philips and Mary. Sat. 8 Feb 73 at home.

Sun 9.73 Went to Church at Avilla, went down to Vanfersons for dinner brought Cora home. Attended this Sing at the Hartman Chappel. Mo. 10.73 Carted fodder. Went to Albion with Cora. Called at Mr. Philips. Tu. 11.73 Took Mary and Nery Philips to Avilla to get married. Cora along. Mr. Phillips dinner at the Kelly House. Took cory home h and came home. We.12.75 Went down and Taught School. Thuy. 13.73 Let Mr. Neal have the horse to haul wood with. Taught School. Fr. 14.73 Taught School. Came home. Sa. 15.73 Hauled fodder. Went to mill. Recd Photographs.

Sun. Feb.16.73 At home. Divide the whole No of days by the No of days taught. Mon. 17.73 Came down and taught School. Attended Singing at the Christian Chappul Noble Twp. with Mr. Neals. Tues. 18.73 Taught School. Practiced on the in the eve. This was Election day to vote and amendment to the Constitution of the State prohibiting any future legislature from paying the Cnaal debt. Weds. 19.73 Taught School. Thurs. 20.73 Taught School Fri. 21.73 Taught School Attended Sing. at the Chappel with Mr. Williams. Staid over knight at thos. Neals. Sat. 21.73 Got up at 4 o'clock and went to Fort Wayne with Thos. Neal. Staid over knight at Sedgwicks.

Sund. 23.73 attended Church at the Cathedral. Came home in the afternoon. The Mercury slid below O. Expenses $1.45 cts. Staid over knight with Thos. Neal. Mon. 24.73 Taught School. attended a Play party with Mr. Wil;liams young folks at his folks. Staid over knight at thos. Neals. Tues. 25.73 Taught School boarded with Richard Williams. Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Colter started to Ohio. Weds. 26.73 Tuaght School. Thurs. 27.73 Taught School. Attended the Sing at the Chappel with Williams. Fri. 28.73 Tuaght School. Went home with Mr. Phillips. Sta. March 1.73 Hauled corn fodder, went to Albion. Paid my Tax $2.96 Called at U. T.

Sun. 2.73 Neals. Attended Church at Avilla. Mon. 3.73 Taught School. Staid over night at Mr. Shaumbarger. Tues. 4 March 73 Closed the School at the Dist No. 8 and Ragan also.having taught 62 days. Staid at Williams. Weds. 5 March 73 Went to the Trustees. recd $61.80 cts, the amt. due me for Teaching. $2.00 for Repairs, came Total amt $88.00. Came back to the Hiller to dinner. Went over to Mr. Neals for Supper and Stad over knight. Thurs. 6.73 March Came to Green Center. Took dinner at Mat Harts. Staid at the School in the afternoon. Went to T. Southworths for Supper. Came back to spelling school. Staid over knight at Linches nr. Fri. 7.73 March Called at Mr. Moors and Shoofs Came up to the Stanley School. Staid there in the afternoon. Staid at Mr. Stanleys for Supper. Came with them to the Presby church to meeting. Came with Early to M. Trumbo and Staid over knight there. Sat. 8.73 Went over to Esq Trumbos and met Father there, where he made me a Deed of the 80 Acres of Land. I gave a Notes and Mortgage of $200./ to be paid in two years. 1/2 in 3 not 8 he had the Deed Recorded at Albion.

Sun. 9.73 Came to Church at Avilla. Took my Aunt down to the Depot. Staid over night at Storys. Mon. 10.73 Came down to Wayne 80 cts. Began work for Jno Sedwick in the Mill at $1.00 per day. Tues. 11.73 Worked in the mill weds. 12.73 Worked in the mill. Wrote a letter home. Thurs. 13.73 Worked in the Mill. Fri. 14.73 Worked in the Mill. Sat. 15.73 Worked in the Mill.

Sun 16.73 Attended church at the Cathedral. Wrote N. Trumbo, Rebecca M. Monroe, Jno b. Stoll. Called to see Aunt Jane.

Middle of John Moorhouse's Diary

Sunday, May 30, 1875 Paid up fees in the Sodality and advanced 50 cts. to C. M. Mon. May 31.75 Left Fort Wayne for Avilla on way to England. Tues. June 1.75 Started from Albion to Europe via B&O R.R. Came to Ohio line 3 o'clock. Land untill 9 o'clock level and poor prospect for crops & wheat. Awoke next morn at 4 o'clock to find the country very mountainous and rocky. Passed Hicksville, Mansfield, Mt. Vernon, Columbus, C. J. Crossed O River at Bellaire at 7:00 A.M. Weds. Jun 2.75 Left at 3 P.M. Arrived at Grafton at 11, then changed cars. Gravel and coal mines. Queen City. 10,000 inhab(itants). Martinsburg, level country , Stone fences. Negroes working fields. Expenses at Phil(adelphia) $5.50. Thurs. 6.3.75 Started at 9. Passed Chester - Pa. - at 11. Calm Sea but cloudy. Pilot left at 1/2 past four. Dinner was Beef, potatoes, bread, butter, etc. Fri. 6.4.75 Pleasant Sea. One man put below. I was Sea Sick. I have been sick two days now deathly Sick oh how I wish I could be at home for one hour and have a pure drink of cold water and breathethe pure air for this is such misery it is beyond describing. Sat. 6.5.75 Beautiful day had music and dancing. I was sick all day would've given anything to be on shore.

Sun. 6.6.75 Sun Shining, everything nice, feel a little better. At 4 o'clock a flying fish came on board, was caught by a Saylor. 12 in. long, 21 (in) Wings, 15 in. cross first Wing, 7 cross tail wings. full sail. Attended divine service conducted according to the rights (rites) of the Episcopal Church. Eat some dinner, felt better. Passed 3 Ships going same way. Mon 6.7.75 Formed an acquaintance Is. N. Allyn, teacher in high school in Fort Wayne. At noon 2 hrs. 9 M. behind time. Saw two Porpoises (scratched out) Sharks, Weather became foggy and cold on acct of icebergs in vicinity. Tues. 6.8.75 Cloudy all day, dense fog in afternoon. Watch up aloft, hjorn and whistle commenced blowing at intervals of abt 5 minutes all night. 7:20 Passed a Ship within 40 yds of the Cunard Line Ship. Weds. 6.9.75 Clearing up. Bread Roast Beef, Potatoes, apple Pie, Soup for cinner. Fight at the table. no one hurt. Strong wines. Sea ran very high. Thurs. 6.20.75 Clear and cool, an overcoat would have been acceptable. Rough Sea. Officer took monies of Parties getting off at Queenstown. Fri. 6.11.75 Cold and Rough was sick all day. Sat 6.12.75 a Ship in Sight. Wrote a letter to My wife. 365 M(iles) from Queenstown. Sunday dinner Bread, Pickles, Soup, Gruel, Roast Beef, Potatoes, Plum Pudding.

Sunday 6.13.75 For the first time in my life saw land in a foreign Shore C.C.L.N. (?(Ed) on Rocks at 10 Min. Past 2 o'clock they took Passengers to Queens(town). Mon 6.14.75 Sun rose at 4, minutes later, I saw Hollow Head Isle of Angles, the Coast of Wahls (Wallis or Wales? Ed) Cheshire. Cast Anchor at 9:40 Livberpool Sat foot on land at 1. Saw St. George's Hall, Liv.(eerpool) Museum. Took tea at a Coffee house, coffee a Penny. Tues 6.15.75 Wrote to My Wife and Mary. Strolled around, took foot cab for Deepot and started at 11:20 for Chrley by way of Wigan St. Cab hire at Liverpool from A.N.S.C., office to hotel and from there to depot for 7 men and 500 # baggage to 4-shilling. Walked to Meritt St. to James Southworths. Staid over night, was well entertained. Weds. 6.16.75 Breakfast at J.S. Bread, butter, 1 egg, fat Pork broiled on fork, coffee. Blackburn g d (General delivery? Ed.) from to Skip. (ton) 2.4-1/2 (2 pounds 4-1/2 shillings) Cvlin (?Ed) got out way by Bradford Visited Chappel at Whittr Springs.

Chappel at Skipton to Benediction. Saw M. Hudson, N. Hales friend. Had oatmeal Porridge for supper. Put up at Geo Myers. Music in Eve by daughter, Mary. Thurs. 6.17.75 Started for leeds (at) 2:00. Saw Ruins by Kirkstal Abbey. Saw Simpson, Story, leeds Town Hall. Beigs, Sr., Wellingtons, R. Peels Monuments, Leeds Exhibition. Came back to Skipton. Saw the Lawyers, Geo. Cragg. Fri. 6.18.75 Came to Leeds. Saw Loomas. St. Anns Church. Settled for the Pews and Int. due 160L (pounds) less 24 Pounds Charges Bal - 136 Pounds. Came to Skipton, called to see Esqs.Cragg. Sat 6.19.75 At Myers, Skipton. Saw Market, T(own) Hall. dinner, Pot Pie of Meat and Potatoes. Saw the Corn Mill all through. Wrote to Thos. Simpson, Leeds, to learn the final decision of the Court of Chancery with regards to our land, also to N. A. Phillips.

Sun. 6.20.75 Attended Church. Paid a fee at door of Bd (pence) for seat, also a collection ws taken up and one at Vespers. Saw the Reservoir for watering the City, walked around Sir Henry Tuftons Castle and up through a very picturesque woods. Mon. 6.21.75 Saw Skipton Cattle & Sheep fare (Fair? Ed) Came to Samuel Elys in a Pig Cart to Bluberous. (?) Walked from there through Fustin to Jack Hill. Saw Lime Kill. Bog for burning. The Leeds Water Works in construction. Passed Bolton Abbey over the Moors. Heard Cuckoo. Traveled 3 M. N., Thatched Roof, Through Fustin graveyard, Novies (?) Tues. 6.22.75 Started from John Elys to Darley. Saw School house 5002. Plow 12 ft long. Tares (containers?- posibly, gourds?) growing, old house 800 hund. years at cinder hills, Gate at Darley. from Darley to Brestworth along the River Nidd. Saw our farm. took tea at Jacob Barkes (?), walked over our farm, through the house and barn with the hind (Chiefly Brit.: farm laborer) who occupies the house. Staid over night at R.R.Hotel Birstwith. Weds. 6.23.75 Visited Birstwith high Church, Swartliff Hall. Came to Harrogate by R.R. Took drink at old Sulphur Springs. Saw a Lady Making lace, N. to Neadnigly through Brannoch Tunnel 3-1/4 Mile. At Kirkstall, visited the ruins of K. Abbey, got piece of wood off of door made in 1152-69. Came home to St. Rud. Cit. (?) from Simpsons. Thurs. 6.24.75 attended awedding at the high Church of England. Saw our Attorney, R. P. Cragg. Wrote to G. Powell, Harrogate. Hoed Potatoes in Myers garden. Saw a game of Nine Pins Played. Bought two Photos of the Congregation on Parade. Fri. 6.25.75 Visited Skipton Castle, belonging to Sir Henry Tufton, 800 hund. years built, inner court yard. Tree 500 years old. Room in which lav Rosman was born, watch tower. Best Bed Room, drawing room, Room in which Mary Queen was imprisoned, the dungeon..in proper State. Sat. 6.26.75 Wrote to my wife. Witnessed A Match Game of Cricket Played. went to the chapel at C.

Sun. 6.27.75 Went to Communion. Attended Mass. Walked over to Cock hill where Cromwell planted his cannon in attempting to batter down the Skipton Castle. Mon. 6.28.75 Received the Power of attorney from B. V. C. of Chicago. Also Note from S. Powell, Esq., Harrogate. Wrote B. V. C., Chicago, also, N. Prentiss, Albion bought 2 Pair Sock 10-1/2 d, 1-gd (good?) tooth Brush 1-. Tues. 6.29.75 Feast of S.S. Peter & Paul. Attended Service at the Chapel. helped Mr. Myers to make Stairs carpet. Weds. 6.30.75 Took coat to get Bound. Went through the Skipton Cotton Thread Mill. Saw raw cotton go in and come out Thread, wraped up for Market. - Belview Thread Mills - Jno. Dewhurst & Sons. Attended Sale of Real Estate at Devonshire Hotel. Coat Binding 5f (?). thurs. 7.1.75 recd letter from Mr. Powell, Harrogate. Left Skipton at 8 for Bolton Abbey, arriving there at 10. Passed through the wall down the valley, around the A., through grave yd., whence followed it to River Warf to first Bridge, Sirul and Barton Tower, back on opposite side of R. Beck followed it up to waterfall of 50 ft., thence down on opposite side to first Bridge and cross back to Babbey get key and go in to Chappel. Arrive home at 8. ds from S. Ggn. whole d'o T 20 M. (Distance from Skipton .....Total: 20 miles). Sat. 7.3.75 Recd letter from Jno. Henry Ripley. Replied to it.

Sun. 7.4.75 Attended Chappel. Went with Geo. Myers to Carlton feast called at Private house. Tea, Bread and cake. 2nd Private House, Whiskey and one Tart. 3rs Public House, Whiskey. 1st House again, Whiskey, Beer, and Cake. Crossed the River Aire. (?) 4 July dinner: Roast Beef, Patu Potatoes, Bread, and water. desert, rice Pudding. (A bit tipsy! Ed) Mon. 7.5.75 Recd call from M. Dury. Attended Sale of Grass land Meadow and Pasture till 2 Cock March, 54-1/2 acres 140L (pounds). Walked upon the Moors. Attended the Skipton Cattle, hog and Sheep Market. Prices for Spring Lambs 20L 24S. Yearling calves, 75 8L (?). Cows 15-10L. Pigs 30-50S. Tues. 7.6.75 Recd Notice to call on Messrs. Simpson & Brunnel and S. Powell on Thursday. Was at Victoria Mills in forenoon, dressed some on Burrs, was in the Reading rooms, took a walk. Bot Cobbite Coramina, 1-6. (?! Hazelnuts, maybe? Ed) Weds. 7.7.75 At Geo. Myers. Took a S(hort) walk in the country. Saw 12 men in a 6 acre field making hay. Thurs. 7.8.75 Went to Leeds with Mr. Cragg. Saw Simpson, to Harrogate - saw Powell. business not Satisfactory with Simpson but all right with Powell. Took a cab to Birswith, looked over our farm. back to H. (Harrogate) Took Lodging at the Alexandra. Strolled about town. 1.L 5S Fri. 7.9.75 Bill at Aleandra 7/-. Saw Road Engine at H. (osforth) drawing two carts. (Steam powered tractor, possibly? Ed) K to S(kipton) 1-10-1/2. Sat. 7.10.75 Wrote to My Wife. Cold and blustery with indication of Storm.

Sun. 7.11.75 Attended Church. Strolled about town. Rain all day with occasional fair weather. Price at flour per Stone midling good. Mon. 7.12.75 Tok Geo Myers breakfast to him at his work building. Stone fence at 8 o'clock. Fair weather but cold. Tues. 7.13.75 Clear day until eve when it rained. Went with Father to depot. Strolled through Skipton woods. Called to see Mr. Cragg, went out to the Reservoir to see them drag for a young man who had gone away the night previous in a fit. Formed acquaintance of young taylor (tailor), joined to Liverpool. Weds. 7.14.75 Pleasant weather, walked with a young taylor from Bradford to the Stone quiry (Yorkshire pronunciation of quarry? Ed), to Embry, and back to the Castle. Went through the new Part - Through Sitting Rooms, Bed Rooms. devotional Rooms, Kitchens. Rooms where plum Puddings were made and rooms where beef ever cooked for king Rag(?). Sat in chair King Henry 8th sat in. thurs. 7.15.75 Weather cold as November. Saw coaches, Stage, of the Style of 90 years since. Wore an over coat in walking around street and then had to walk fast to keep comfortable. Two crumpets for tea at 11, oat meal porridge for supper at 1/2 Past Niine. Parking Muffins are oat meal cakes. Fri. 7.16.75 Weather more pleqasant. Saw the water taken out of the canal in order to search for the body of the young man, BNrooks, but which proved fruitless. Recd Liverpool Paper from leeds. Sat. 7.17.75 Went to Bradford. Fare there and return 1/-5-1/2d. Saw Market, Town Hall, Fare Ground, Whole Sale Shipping Station, Cemetery, Peel Park. 2000 children sing in concert, 10,000 Persons present. Shooting at targets with Bow and Arrow, two Ponds with Swans in. Supper for 1/. Timperence Band of Hope Union.

Sun. 7.18.75 Lost young man, Brooks, found drowned in canal. Recd a letter from my wife, date July 1. Attended Service at the Cahppel. Walked to Turgill and back. Rain all day. Mon. 7.19.75 Wrote to my wife, also sent her a Bradford paper, wrote to Jos. Story. Recd a letter from

Mary and Horace Phillips. Attended the Market. .. Rain all day. Tues. 7.20.75 Wrote to Condon. Purchased Purse 1/. Rain all day. Called at Porries Rag and China Shop to see Richard Nuss(?) and Mr. Jack Firther. My weight 10S 21bs. (Stone - 14 lbs.; so Grandpa weighed 142#; however, looking more closely, a 4 is under the 0. that would total, 198#, which I suspect, is correct since he was a tall, spare-framed man. (Why...and, perhaps, who wrote, the) is an interesting speculation. Ed) Weds. 7.21.75 went to lurn Worked, worked to day for the furst. (?) Wrote to Jonathan Fearnley & Sons, Dewbury, Calder Mills, Helped Myers Stub an old Stone and Thorn fence. Fair wether, thurs. 7.22.75 recd letter from T. Smithson. Recd copy of Miller. Walked through Skipton, near Cemetery. Contains High Church of England Chappel, and the dissenters Cahppel. Also, the lodge, and will have a Catholic Chappel. Helped Myers on wall. Fair wether. Fri. 7.23.75 Wrote Mr. R. Smithson. Helped Myers on wall. Fair wether. Learned how to grow thorns by tracking them. Sat. 7.24.75 To Leeds. Harrogate, Ripon thirsk Darlington in Durham. Dalton Jence. Catric, from Harrogate, County level, Darlington Brick houses, tile roofs, with Mr. Lomes. Fare 7.3d nrear 3.2d to Catric at 1/2 Past Ten, to Brough Hall, 11, met Story. To his house 1/2 (Past) 11, tea and w(ith) bread, 12.

Sun. 7.25.75 Attended Church at S. J. L. Chapel, Gospel, Pharises and Publicans, music good and

sermon good. dinner. Saw S. J. L. S. Prime cattle and then over to Catirc, saw Hutaivns best Cattle, Sheep and game horses in England. Mon. 7.26.75 to Richmond Castle. St. Nicolas Chappel. Below Robin Hoods cornet. Main town race track with Mr. Leithwood, St. Anthons Abbey in Ruins, to Darlington. Saw George Strong, and Bro. to Miles Swinburns out at Castle Aycliff, Haugton, to Orton bank, to Mrs. Sedgwicks. back home with G. S. overnight. Aicliff to Spennynior. Weds. 7.28.75 to Geo. Strongs by Wolworth cart to Aycliff train to Spennynioor, Change at Nery Hill. To Jos. Sedgwicks. Church Lane. Walk with him abt town and in company with Mr. Mudd, Sr., Hartlpool, to Mr. Woods, to Thos Sedgwicks at Manningon. back to Jos. at 11. thurs. 7.29.75 to Durham with J. S. by cab. Cathedral, to Steeple 220 ft., 325 Steps. Town Story of man who leaped from top. Jail, Mill, our w J. S. sister Cannon taken at Sebastapool. Brandon on the hill, Usher College by R. Rl. to V. Hill 5 Shumiynon. Through Rooling Fr. 7.30.75 to Darlington Horse and Dog Show, about 700 dogs on exhibition and 500 horses with many agricultural implements, etc. Two road engines, 16 hunting horses, 16 entering the leaping ran two ladies. Came home with Mr. Swinburn. Expense 4/. 40,000 People present. Sat 7.11.75 At Miles Storys. Walked down to Darlington. Bot 3 pocket handkerchiefs 2/3d. 2 collars and ties. looked over place. Sun. 8.1.75 Attended service at the Chappel Albert Hill. Good Sermon on the Cure of the blind and deaf man, finish with a talk of the person to be hanged at Durham on Mon. Walked with Thos. and the girls in the cemetery. Mon. 8.2.75 to York ministeer at 12 o'clock, all about it on top the town, 212 ft. Walked with Mr. Eggleton about the city and the old walls to Mickligan Bank, etc. Museums, Park St. Church, etc. fare from Darlington 6/ from York to leeds 2/-3d, Leeds to Skipton 2/. Tues. 8.3.75 bot a book, Abbeys and Castles of Eng 3/. Wrote My Wife, also Jo. Sedgwick. Weds. 8.4.75 Wrote to Mary, Jas. Kaough, Wm. Hale and John Sedgwick. Walked out to where Myers was to work. cold day, First visit Jubill. Recd copy of the decree with regard to the sale of our land. Thurs. 8.5.75. Recd a paper from my wife. 2 visit to Jubile. bot Guide to London. Sent letter to Jos. Moor, Recd letter from my wife.

Tries

Mutus
dedit
nomen
cocis

Fr. 8.6.75 Wrote to my wife. Learned new trick of cards by woods. one knowing the top card, calling it first and taking it 3 cast. one to tell found cards by having an assistant. Sat. 8.7.75 Wrote Thos. Smithson, Jno. Mathis, Liverpoool, W. Durham, London. Jose. Miller Rain all 4/ afternooon. Went to con.

Sun. 8.8.75 to Communion. Saw a couple married. Bride dressed in white calico with blue dots in it, black and white plaid. Small white hat. Went down to Firths. 5 walked out toward Embsy to meet Father and Mrs. Myers. Mon. 8.9.75 to Mass. 6 frebren got Boots Soled, hiled and town catches 4/-4d. Rain all day. tues. 8.10.75 Attended two Masses. Recd a no. of Miller, also letter from agent American SS Company Liv. Rain all day. dinner 10d. fare to leeds 2/6s/-7d. Weds. 8.11.75 to leeds and Harrogate and Bressert. Saw Simpson. to Becky Bakes to tea. by Baucses of Barngate to Shaw Mills to Mrs. Susannah Abbots, Saw the two daughters, Martha and Janie Wrote to mr. Jno Dury offering to Sell our int. in the Estate. Thurs. 8.12.75 Breakfast, Tea. Bread & eggs. To Thornton Chappel, where my parents were married Young lady Served at Mass. To Raventops, owned by Jno. Harthcastle. To the Mill. to the woods to gather sticks with Martha and Janie. to Mr. Potteers. Kate Biscadike, Aunt Janes friend, at Burnt Yates Fri. 8.13.75 to Bishop Thornton to Mass. Jno. Hickinson. Monument to Burnt Yates. Elizabeth Crossley, Hannah Swale, Ellen Sutliff for tea, back to Mrs. Abbots all night Sat. 8.14.75 to Birstwith to Harrogate, Leeds, was stopped in the tunnel by Engine breaking 2/3 Skipton 2/-. Silk dress 6/10 18-3/4s/d To the Flower Show 6d. Boots healed 1/- Linegards His. 5/, collars 9d Recd letter from R. D. Cragg, also from Jno. Dury. 2 Papers from Mary.

Sun. 8.14.75 Wrote Miles Swinburn, Jos. Sedgwick, John Duru and My wife. The most pleasant day we have had. Recd a letter from my wife by 1st inst. Mon. 8.16.75 To London. 15S. My walk arrived at 6 o'clock to St. Paules. Met an American from Kentucky, Harrisburg, W. A. Harrison. Went with him to Bassinghall 8-57, where I staid while in London. Tues. 8.17.75 St. Pauls interior, Service. London Bridge, Crystal Palace, Music, Dancing Blondes on rope. Foresters Bank of England Custom House. Mayor house and Cheap Side. 3/. Weds 8/18/75 Wrote Master Ninet. to London Bridge. steam boat to Houses Parliament. To West Minister Abbey, Asylum, to Vauxhall bridge, Jno V. Roa, Victoria Station, Buckingham Palace, Queen's residence St. James P., Green P. Hyde Park. Memorial in honor of Prince Consort. Slocum W. Wathlow at Strand Theatre, Thurs. 19 tower, by Newgate Jail, Post Office. British Museum, Oxford St., Park St., Zoologic Gardens, Portland Place. Regensus Bassinghall. To Girarud Theatre 3/., Fri 8.20.75 Aldeerwsgate St. to Kings Cross St. Pancras Station via Leeds to Skipton. Sat. 8.21.75 Left Skipton for home. Came to Mrs. Boddys at Bolton Bradford St. 86 Birtch house 3/4/-4-1/2d. Went down to the Shop on New Post St.

Sun. 8.22.75 Went to Comunion at St. Patricks Church and twice to Service. To Bolton Cemetery. To Bolton Moor where Jno. and Elizabeth Boddy are buried maternal grandparents. Also to Service there Dilworth, Mrs. Boddys folks name. Mon. 8.25.75 to Manchester, Royal Eschange, Infirmary, town Hall feathers /2.5 16,11-3.11 2, court of Assizes, Bolton Town Hall Market, Temperance Hall back to Mrs. Boddys overnight. Tues. 8.24.75 to Liverpool. At 3 Rigby St., walked to the docks with two young men acquantances, also the barracks, past exchange, St. Georges bought tickets to Philadelphia 18,8,0 Each. Met Mr. T. Smithson at the house. Lemons 2d each and oranges, same. Weds. 8.25.75 Went aboard the SS Pennsylvania the Tug Toyler, at 1/2 Past nine. Sailed 1/2 Past three. no dinner, tea, bread, butter cold meat. Thurs. 8.25.75 Sea Sick. Vomiting. Came into Queenston at 1/2 p 11. Tender came and we passed the Egipt going to N. Y. Awful Sea Sick. Fri. 8.27.75 Very Rough Sea. and most passengers very Sea Sick. myself miserable. Sat. 8.28.75 Stormy had two apples baked and eat Them, felt some better, got the last two apples & had baked for a poor Sick girl. Very rough and Ship rolled and pitched very much.

Sun. 8.29.74 Alternate rain and Shine. Attended Service in the saloon. Mr. Perry of our room delivered a discourse, and another gentleman. Heavy Storm to night. Captain Harris on the Pennsylvania. Fog Whistle blew. Mon. 8.30.75 Awful Stormy and rough. I was very Sea Sick. Could eat but little and that without any relish for it. At Supper, all the Shugar bowls were broken, and many plates, cups and saucers. Tues. August 31, 1875. Better weather. All feel better. Total distance 1600 M. Two Sails are passed and one Steamer. Weds. 9.1.75 Came within two yds of running into a Sailboat. Two Sails in view. Very much warmer. Fire alarm was sounded and fire co. came out camd throwing water and got out boats. All in better Spirits. Thurs. 9.2.75 The most beautiful moon I ever Saw at Sea, the water Smooth as glass fine all day. Some whales in Sight. Saw Cape Gable light house on Gable Island in the Eve. Large School of Porpoises. Fri 9.3.75 Dense fog comd at about 1 night, fog horn, blew, 3 watches on bow, one in rig. 3 on bridge. all day. Sat. 9.4.75 Bright and clear all day. Saw many Porpoises. 6 Ships played quoits. Maryland, then Del. on left Jersey on right-- at Chester. Pennsylvania. Sun. 9.5.75 Pilot came on board at 1/2 four. Cape May light house at 4, Canal at 5. bright and clear Cape May, fishing boats aplenty. C. Herilophen. Fort Delaware. Delaware on left Jersey right, Newcastle. Phil at 3. To Hotel at 5, after passing Cus. Offices. R. P. Caroll, 21 Christian St. Mon. 9.6.75 Saw dog catchers. 3d St. to Chestnut, Market, Broad Arch, Federal, 13 etc., Federal Hall, Masonic Hall, City building, R. E. Jaynes Store and house. Gerards house. Franklins tomb, Union Banking Co., Fairmount Park, Centennial buildings. Broadest Bridge in worlds, Tion theatre. Tues. 9.7.75 Went Zoological gardens. River School Hill, Water Works. Started in compny for home, Jas. Skitling and wife at 11:55 via Pennsylvania Avenue $16.00 to Fort Wayne Weds. 9.8.75 Harrisburg, Susquehanna R., Jniella Run. Horse Show Ben D. Tunnels Cresson 101-8/10M. to Pitt. Mongahale Riv. Pitts, Penitudray, Ohio River, Mansfield, Canton, Chrestline, Fort Wayne at 1/2 past 3n to Jno Sedgwicks. Thurs. 9.9.75 G.R.S.R.R. out home. At home from Avilla with S. Enghs to Hills, walked home from there. Fri. 9.10.75 Came back to Fort Wayne. Settled with Mr. Johnson. recd part pay $30.00 worked in mill in the morning Sat. 9.11.75 Commenced work in the Mill.

Sun. 9.12.75 at the Cathedral Mon. 9.13.75 in mill. Tues. 9.14.75 in mill. Weds. 9.14.74 moved into Fred Hills house. Rent at $6.00 per Mo. in the Mill Thurs. 9.16.75 Mill Fri 9.17.75 Mill Jno Sedgwick Stayed with us. Sat. 9.18.75 Mill.

Sun. 9.19.75 Attended Service at the Cathedral. Wrote the Banner, Telegraph, and also Myers
M-T-W-T-F Mill.

JOHN WILLIAM MOORHOUSE

REBECCA MARY MONROE

The Moorhouse story was written twice. This is a combination of the two versions.

A Descriptive History of the Moorhouse Family

Cora Moorhouse Meyer

It may be a pleasure to you, my dear children, to be able to look back and realize that you have a good background, one you need not be ashamed of. To my knowledge, there has never been any serious crimes committed among the relations. Some have been weak and unable to curb appetites or otherwise, but who of us have not weaknesses and frailities to be overcome. So let us be charitable and say a little prayer for them and forget.

My father's ancestors were all English. His grandfather was Samuel Moorhouse and his grandmother was Martha Morrell Moorhouse. They were quite wealthy and were the parents of several (nine) chidren, of whom I know little except that there was an older son, a sister Ellen and my grandfather, John. The ancestral home was in Yorkshire, near Skipton, where all the children were born. (Ed.: Hampsthwaite Parish, Ripon, North Yorkshire, UK, the farm was called Newbridge.)

When the eldest son reached his majority, he received the sum of $80,000 from his parents, but being a spendthrift soon had lost it in fine living, so he was somewhat like the Prodigal Son. His way of dispensing his heritage evidently made his father cautious and when my grandfather came of age his father gave him his share of the property but with a provision. And I have often wondered what we would have been or where we would have been or if we would have been at all, if it had not been for that one provision. My grandfather was to have all the rents and profits from the fine farm so long as he lived but he never could dispose of it. At his death it was to be divided among his children, if any. After a long life, my great grandfather died in 1821, having been preceded in death by his wife Martha in 1807.

In the year 1829, my grandfather John met and married Elizabeth Boddy in Ripon, England. We are not in possession of very much of my grand- mother's life and background, but my Aunt Eliza told me that her mother was born of genteel people and had been reared as a lady to the manor born. She had a sister Jane, who married a Mr. Spence and they came to this country and settled in Fort Wayne and were the parents of five children, among them Mary Jane and Caroline. Mary Jane married Mr. Rayhouser and to them were born five children, Washington, Franklyn, Charles, Addie and Annie. None of the boys were ever married, but Addie married a Mr. Wright and to them was born one lovely daughter who died following the birth of a child when she was a young wife. Annie married a young Episcopal minister, Tom Covington and they had several children. They live south of Fort Wayne on the Covington Road. Addie is now dead. My grandparents came to this country about the year 1830, as they had been married June 3, 1829 (April, 1832 is given as the immigration date in the other version). They first settled at Lockport, New York in Delaware County. The journey to the land of promise was a long and perilous one. Three months were required to make the trip. Sailing ships were the only means of travel in those days and progress depended entirely on the wind. If a calm day with no wind befell them, the sails of the boat hung heavily loose on the masts and time wearied on the hand of both the crew and passengers.

Here in Lockport, N.Y. five of the seven children were born. Samuel was born April 18, 1832 and died August 13, 1839. Eliza Ann was born January 14, 1834 and died at the age of 77 at her home in Avilla, Indiana. She is buried in the Catholic Cemetery at Fort Wayne. James was born June 14, 1835 and died November 29, 1848. He was buried at Avilla in what is known as Heckman Field as there was no Catholic Cemetery located there then. His grave, if it was ever marked, is no longer discernible. Joseph, the fourth child, was born October 28, 1837. More about him later. Henry was born January 14, 1840 and died in August, 1840.

In the autumn of 1840, my grandparents decided to sell their property and migrate to Noble County, Indiana. My grandfather came to Indiana and bought a farm of 120 acres, and in 1841 he built a log cabin and improved some of the land. He brought his family here in the same year and improved some of the land. He brought his family here in the same year and they stayed with a Foster family while the cabin was being finished. My Aunt Eliza always said the Fosters were very poor in this world's goods, but they were very kind to the young mother and her family of three little ones. My grandmother's heart was very sorrowful over the two little graves in Lockport, and here in Indiana she was always afraid of Indians. The Indians had all ben removed west of the Mississippi River, but too many tales of their treachery and ferocity had been told my grandmother and the aweful fear never left her that some day she would meet some of the Indians face to face.

Their home was in the depth of dense forests. You could walk for miles and see only trees, trees and more trees. Towns were small and far apart. Avilla, where the family attended church, was eight miles through the woods to the east and Port Michel was about the same distance to the south west. Neighbors were also far apart. Those nearest were the Fosters, Eleys, Ogles, Hooeys and Skinners. Mrs. Holley lived just a short distance south of our home but, for some reason, Grandmother didn't like her very well. Too bad as she was their nearest neighbor. There were also some Storey brothers, William, Matthew and Thomas. Of these men we shall hear more later.

On March 10, 1843 Mary Jane was born and on June 4, 1846 the youngest son, John, my father was born. During the years following his arrival in theis country, my grandfather had been obliged to return to England at intervals because of the will of his father. Had he been able to sell the property he would have done so and invested in property here which would have made him quite a prosperous and wealthy man. But this was not possible and so when his agents in England proved to be unscrupuplous in their management of his property, he would be obliged to make the long trip back to England to get things straightened out and new men at the helm. Something like this had happened about the time of my father's birth and my grandfather had left for England either in February or early in March, believing he would be home by June. But he was kept waiting on one pretext or another. And my grandmother was alone with her family of three children and her friend and helper Matthew Storey when my father came into the world. Matthew went on horseback for a doctor and a neighbor to stay with the family but they found my father safely in the world to greet them on their return.

My Aunt Eliza told me that while my grandfather was in England that Sunday was always their "Crying Day". On Sunday, since they could not go to Mass, Rosary and prayers for the safe return of the father so very far away, amid tears of longing and loneliness. But God was good to that good mother and one Sunday morning the glad cry was heard that Father was home. What a glad day that day must have been. All the little ones to be kissed and cuddled and the new baby to be shown and admired.

When my father was three months old, Father Benoit, a priest from Fort Wayne was to come to Avilla to say Mass, so the whole family went with their team of oxen through the woods to Avilla. They spent the night at the George Geiser home. It has been known for many years as the Heckman home. This family had a large log cabin and here came all the faithful Catholics to attend Mass and receive the Sacraments. It was on this occasion that my father was Baptized.

On these occasions, the priests rode many weary miles on horseback to bring the consolations of religion to the people. Aunt Eliza remembered on one occasion when the same Father Benoit came to their humble home after a long ride through LaGrange County where he had been on a missionary trip. It was late and my Grandparents invited him to stay with them overnight. They had only one bed and a trundle bed downstairs and a makeshift bed in the loft. So when betime came my grandmother climbed the ladder to the loft taking the two little girls and the baby, John, with her, and Grandpa and Father Benoit slept in the bed downstairs.

My grandfather's industry and frugality brought him a goodly share of this worlds goods and he finally was the possessor of about three hundred acres of land. He built a nice home and passed his last years in peace and comfort, but without the company of his faithful wife, as tired out with the trials of a pioneer's wife, she died on May 1 1860. My Aunt Mary and her husband lived on Grandfather's farm and cared for him in his last years.

Uncle Joseph was never very strong and had twice battled for his life with pneumonia and when he was twenty-six years old his doctor advised him to seek a different climate. So on August 20, 1863, he left for South America and settled in Santiago, Chile. His story from there on reads somewhat like a fairy tale. The country was very backward in every way. He saw an opening and took advantage of it. He imported a flourmill and bought wheat and in a few years had amassed quite a fortune. Then he met and married a Spanish lady who was wealthy in her own right. Her name was Marie de Castillio. They married on July 4, 1873.

He was the father of two children, Joseph Albert Alexander, born September 9, 1874 and Eliza Ann, born May 18, 1876. Since he had been away from home a long time, he decided to make a visit to the states and while preparing for the trip he was stricken with pneumonia and died September 6, 1876. His little son Joseph followed him in death on September 21, 1876, leaving Aunt Marie and her little daughter alone in the world. My Aunt always kept in touch with Uncle's family here. She knew no English but wrote letters and had the good nuns translate them for her. She sent our cousin to an English school so in a few years she was able to write us.

Aunt Marie was married to Guillermo Echeverria and is the mother of six sons and one daughter. The boys are Guillermo or William (February 3, 1897 who is now a priest, Jose Alberto and Raoul, whose birthdays I do not know, Mario (April 5, 1911), Eugenio (April 8, 1917). Mercedes, the only girl, was third in the family but she died at an early age. Another son was born between Mario and Eugene but he also passed away. Eugene is now married and the father of two sons. Raoul is married and the father of a boy and a girl. Jose is married and the father of two girls. They all live in Santiago, Chile.

Aunt Mary Moorhouse married Horace Phillips and two sons were born to her, Joseph and Albert. Joseph married Emma Lash and they were the parents of four childre; Martha, married Henry Truelove and who has one child, Agatha; Walter, who was married and has one child. Horace, who married Helen Bosser and they have one daughter, Catherine, who belongs to the Franciscan Sisters at Joliet, Illinois. Albert married Edith Alvord of Albion. They had no family and he died in Denver, Colorado some years ago, after he returned from the First World War. He was also a veteran and of the Spanish-American War. Edith also died in Colorado.

When Aunt Mary married, she took the four children of Uncle Horace and kept them until they all married. Grace, the youngest, was raised as a Catholic and was married to John Schmank in Avilla, January 27, 1891. I was her bridesmaid. She died about four years later at the birth of a little sone. Lillie married George Kiserand and had two children, Belle and Fred. Hattie married Sam Homsher and had four children, Vern, Pearl, Sammie and Albert. Albert Phillips went to the west and died there.

So far, I have not told of my Aunt Eliza. She married in young woman- hood a Mr. John Sedgwick of Fort Wayne. He was a widower with four children; Mary Ann, who married Mike Brennan and had no children; Elizabeth, who married John Bennegan and brought several children into the world. They were Mollie Hildebrand of Chicago, Laura and Gertrude, Alberts, Charlie and Johnny. Then there was Joseph Sedgwick, who died of T.B. and another John Sedgwick. I think he died in California. Auntie, as we always called her, had only one child, Jennie. Jennie was educated by the sisters at the Academy at the Cathedral in Fort Wayne and when, at the death of her father, they moved to Albion, she became a teacher and followed that avocation almost all of her life. She died of the Flu in 1918 and was buried beside her father and mother in the Catholic Cemetery in Fort Wayne.

Now I shall bring my mother's family tree up to date. My mother's family dates back to before the Revolutionary War. An ancestor had come from Scotland whose name was Charles William Monroe, and from him the family tree was grown. Members of all the succeeding generations of the family fought in the different wars from Valley Forge on down until today, and in each family there was a William. To him was given the old desk which the first Charles William had brought with him from Scotland. But my mother's brother William died when a young man and left the desk to my mother and now it is mine and is to be my daughtrer Anne's when I am finished with it.

My mother was born in Putnam County, Ohio, on October 22 1851. She was the daughter of William Monroe and (Jane) Ann Woolcott and they were the parents of nine children, six boys and three girls. I do not know the birthdays of the children but these are the names: Lerotis, William, Henry, Charles, Albert and Alonza who were twins and who died soon after birth, Minerva, Harriet and Rebecca. Lerotis was married and had two children, Jennie and Walter, but I never saw them. They lived in Michigan and are now both dead.

Minerva married Uriah Trumbo and they were the parents of four children, Albert, Andrew whom we always called Andy, Lurilla and Eva. Uncle Uriah was a blacksmith during six days of the week and on Sunday a Baptist preacher. My mother always said he was a hardshell Baptist but she told him he had two shells. He had been very much opposed to her becoming a Catholic and had made everything very hard for her but she persisted in spite of him and I am sure was never sorry. Albert was twelve years older than I and is still living in Ohio. After my uncle's death, the family went to Alabama and from there to Idaho where my aunt died and was buried. Today, Andy and Eva are both married and are lviing in California. Lurilla was married to Quincy Guinn and lived in Canada but she is now dead.

Aunt Harriet was never married and died in early womanhood of T.B. When the Civil War began, the three boys Lerotis, Charles and Henry enlised and went through the entire terrible session. Charles died at Chattanooga of illness and Henry was captured by the Southern army and was taken to the Rebel prison at Danville, where he was starved to death. Since his body was never sent home, he was no doubt buried in an unknown grave. Lerotis came home at the end of the war but he had contracted army dysentery and died soon after his return.

My grandmother Ann Monroe died in Ohio when my mother was nine years old and her father passed away when she was about seventeen. She made her home with Aunt Minerva until her marriage to my father. Her father is buried at Rehobeth, a cemetery a few miles southeast of Albion and her mother lies in a cemetery at Ottawa, Ohio. Her father was a millwright and built sawmills at different places and sawed up large timber tracts for the people. Her mother boarded the men and my mother was often told of having to wash the dishes for twelve men or more when she was just a tiny girl.

My early remembrances of our life on the farm are happy ones. We did not have much of this world's goods as my father had to borrow all the money to buy the farm and the rate of interest was high in those days. It took him many long years before he had paid his debts and was a free man. However, we children never heard anything about the sacrifices my parents were making. We had good warm clothes and plenty to eat and what more did we need? My mother was a good cook and my father never stinted where we were concerned. We always had plenty of meat and when we came home from school on cold winter nights and smelled a roast sparerib with dressing beside all the other things we had no complaints.

The house and barn on our farm were both old but comfortable. The house stood in a grove of great maple trees and many were the happy days we children spent in their shade. In the summer time, we used to take an old comforter and spread it on the grass and lie there for hours on our backs watching the beautiful sky and white fleecy clouds sailing over our heads, never thinking that some day we would see great airplanes driven by real men flying over us.

Our house had large rooms so the children had plenty of room to grow into man and womanhood. There were seven of us and we made plenty of work for our parents but we also had our tasks to perform. There was always wood to be brought in for the stoves. But in the wintertime when we saw the fine bread, mince and apple pies, sausages and backjoints roasted and huge slices of pink ham that came from the oven we were content. We never lingered long on our way home from school. Back of our house a tiny brook ran through the orchard and we spent many happy hours there. We would dam the water and make little waterwheels to be turned by the water falling over the dam.

I think the most delicisou apples in the world grew in that orchard. Maidenblush apples almost as big as saucers used to drop down at our feet and there were also big yellow pippins that made the best, smoothest apple butter you ever ate. The tree branches were low and we would sit up there and swing our feet in the breeze and watch the birds make their nests. When we were watching them we would sit very quietly for fear of frightening them. There were so many different kinds and we learned their names and many of their habits. One spring I remember my father was plowing and he took us to see a nest of killdeer. The little bird had made its nest on the ground and Pa had found it in time, so he plowed around it so it would not be disturbed. We stood a little way away from it and the little mother was afraid we were going to touch it. She flew a short way ahead of us and then fluttered her wing as if it were broken and hurried away from us. We followed her until she had led us quite a distance from the nest and then she rose into the air and flew away.

Our parents always taught us to be kind to the little creatures, wild and tame, and we always had pets of cats and finally a dog. This dog was a collie, sent to us by our Aunt Minerva from Ohio and he was the cutest little dog ever. I remember we sat down and cried when he came, we were so happy. He was very kind and gentle and loved us children as much as we loved him. We took him with us when we went to driv the cows home to the barn to be milked and he soon learned so we could send him alone and he would nip their heels to get them started and then bring them home very nicely. He loved to hunt groundhogs and woe to any snake he found. He would sieze it and shake it so violently that its head flew off in a hurry. He lived to be a very old dog and we missed him very much when he died.

I must tell you of one of our cats. She was a very good cat and kept us free of mice. One day she disappeared and later we found she had gone to a neighbor's house and had a family of four little kittens. Of course, we went to see her and the little girl who lived there was very smug about having all our cats. She agreed that perhaps when the kittens were grown up she might give us one. We went home feeling very low, but what do you think? The next morning, there were all the kittnes in our woodshed. The mother had carried them all to the new nest during the night. Since the distance was about a quarter of a mile, we decided she had traveled about two miles and must be very tired. You see she had to carry each one in her mouth and could only take one at a time.

On a Sunday afternoon one spring, our father and mother had gone on an errand and when they came home they had a baby crow. It had fallen out of the nest and they thought we would like to see it. We put it in a birdcage and gave it some bread. It was very hungry and ate everything we gave it. Whenever we went near the cage it would raise its wings and caw very loud. The next morning we took it out of the cage and it flew up in the trees. We thought our crow was lost to us but it soon was hungry and came fluttering down to sit on our wrists and eat what we gave it. From then on we never shut him up. He would fly up into the trees and sleep there all night and in the morning there he was ready to be fed and played with. He wa the nicest pet we had and he did some of the funniest things. If we left any shiny thing lie around, he would pounce upon it and fly away with it and hide it. In a crack in the roof or somewhere One time my grandfather was busy hoeing in the garden and Dickie flew right down on his back and cawed. It was a surprise to the poor old man and we told him he was getting so poor that the crows were after him. He would fly into an open window and pick up a ribbon or any small thing and dart away with it. A man used to come for the cream and I think he had done something to Dickie as whenever he came Dickie would fly to the roof and scream and scold at him all the time he was there. He never did it to anyone else. When we went to school, Dickie would fly along from one fence post to the next all the way to school and when the bell called us to classes, he would fly away home.

One summer night a little screech owl flew in the window and Pa got up, caught it and put it under a large pan. The next morning, we had it in the room watching it twist its funny head around and Dickie spied it from the front porch. He came to the screen door and scolded it something aweful. The owl seemed to pay no attention to him so we thought we would let Dickie in to see what they would do. When Dickie came near the owl and it fluttered its wings at him, Dickie was so frightened and tried to get out of the door. We let him out and decided that our pet was a coward. In the winter he spent most of his time in thge barn as it was warmer there among the cows and horses. He ate corn with the cows and in the spring he looked fat and slick. We thought that someday he might fly away with other crows when they came near the place, but he seemed to be afraid of them and would hide in a tree and never say a word while they were around.

Spring always seemed a most beautifyul season to us. A large marsh laid just east of our house and we loved to hear the frogs sing. It seemed there must be millions of them and we went to sleep many nights listening to the music of their voices. Then too, the marsh was full of wild Iris--we called them flags--and we generally had huge bouquets of them in the house. An how we enjoyed to go to the woods for wild flowers. The Indian potatoes, the wind flowers, Dutchman's breeches or as we call them "boys and girls", yellow lilies and through May and June the trillium or white lilies. They grew in great profusion in our woods and I am sure no one ever found larger ones anyplace.

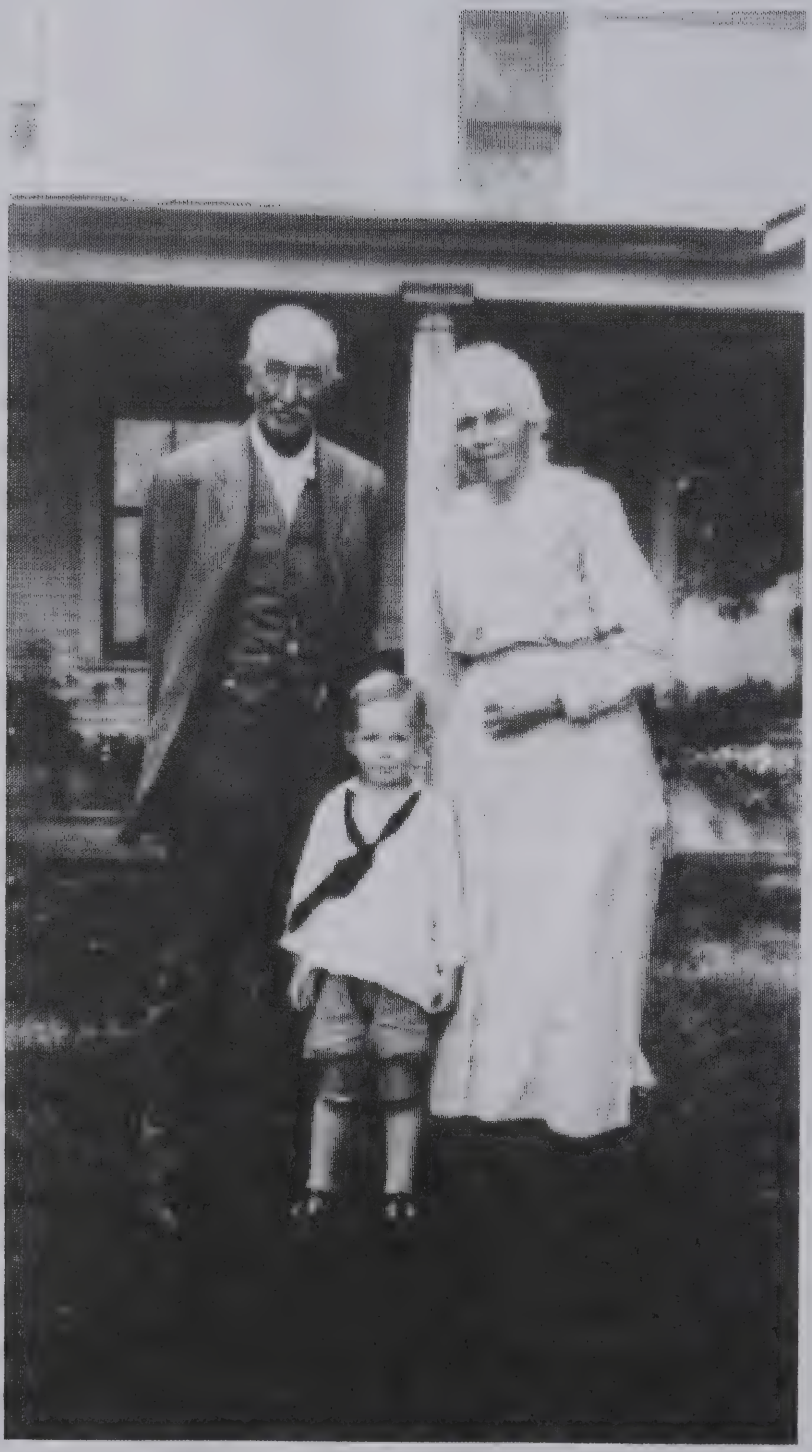
Spring also was Maple Sugar time. We tapped the trees around the house and we children had the job of gathering the sap and carrying it to the large kettle where it was boiled down. When it was boiled enough, mother finished it on the kitchen stove in the boiler. She would beat an egg in some milk and pour it into the syrup and when it boiled up the scum it made was skimmed off and the clear syrup remained. It was wonderful on a slice of bread and butter and sometimes we cooked it longer and made taffy of it. That was food fit for a king or queen.

We went to school at the Center a mile west of our home. It was near Skinner Lake and in the spring we us4ed to go there and wade in the water. It was a large and lovely lake and we used to see great numbers of wild ducks settle there on their way to the north in the spring. Our teachers were always nice to us and I think it was because our parents always told us to be polite and study our lessons and they used to help us with our studies, so we generally got good grades.

Our church was a little white frame building in Albion. It had been built in the year 1875 and I was about three months old when it was dedicated. I was there in my mother's arms although I do not remember anything about it. When we moved to the farm, we only had Mass once a month on Sunday and we drove through mud and snow in the winter in an open buggy, some- times with rain beating down upon us and only an umbrella for protection. In those days there were no paved road or warm autos to ride in but we did not miss them as you see we knew nothing of such things in those days. I have heard my Father tell of walking eight miles to the church in Avilla with his father to receive Holy Communion on Sunday morning.

Our priest at Albion came from Ege, Indiana, a distance of Fourteen miles. He would say an early Mass there and then be at Albion at 10 a.m. for our Mass. His name was Fr. Ege and he was a very nervous man. I was always afraid of him. He sometimes came home with us for dinner. After fourteen years of driving so far, he asked the bishop for relief and we then had Fr. Faust of Auburn and later Fr. Boccard, who performed my marriage ceremony. People now think it is hard to get out and go three or four blocks to church. When we went we had to feed the horses, cattle, sheep and hogs, do the milking, etc., and then go the four miles without our breakfast and get home around one o'clock in the afternoon. That was a real sacrifice but we made it many times and cheerfully.

With the exception of my Aunt Mary's family, our neighbors were all Protestant but they were all good people. We went to their homes and they came and in time of sickness or death everybody turned out to help and sympathise. There were the Inacho, Brackney, Riddle, Cary and a lot of other families whom we knew and respected highly. They are now all gone and strangers now live in the homes.



JOHN MOORHOUSE REBECCA MONROE
LAURENCE F. MYERS

It is interesting when she died Susan McClellan Smith, my great, great grandmother, was living with her daughter, Jane Smith Acquire, my great grandmother. To me that house was a collation of relatives. I knew it as the home of Great Grandmother Jane Smith Acquire and her daughter Eva Acquire, and grand daughter Lois Myers Black. This home was on First Street, Decatur, Indiana. It was just north of the old brick jail. I never went over to look at the jail and it is too late now. It has been torn down. The old house is there but it is not the neat white house of my memory.

Whenever we arrived at Great Grandma's, we expected the best in sugar cookies. As Nora Del said, Susan's daughters learned to cook early and well. Once Aunt Eva came sailing out to the curb as we pulled up and she said to Philip and me, "Boys when Grandma asks if you want some cookies don't say anything. She spent the morning fixing them and she used cream of tartar instead of baking powder. Don't you say a word about how they taste." We had no idea what she meant but from the look in our mother's eye we knew we had to be extremely polite and not hurt any feelings. Those cookies were bitter. We pretended to eat a lot of cookies that afternoon, I know Great Grandma may have worried we were spoiling our supper but we bragged on how good they tasted. We would get more and then slip down through the garden in back to the St Mary's River. To keep the ruse up we always took one bite before we left the kitchen but chewing it was another thing. I'm certain the garden was no worse for a little extra tartar in the soil when we spit out that bite on our way to the river. We were adept at skipping flat stones across the water's surface and those cream of tartar cookies worked just fine. We wondered what the fish thought of those cookies.

There was a porch swing on which Great Grandma would sit and smoke her corn cob pipe. She was not a tall woman, white hair, and blue eyes. She wore long Mother Hubbard's with an apron. There was always an apron. The dress was voluminous. When we asked Mom she said she had no idea how many slips were needed to make those skirts fluff out like Great Grandma's. The colors were light and usually gray or pale blue. She was always so soft spoken and gentle moving. Although I never saw them she was reputed to have had a second set of teeth. When she was growing up they didn't have the decay protection that has since come along in my lifetime, so she had lost her teeth early. When she was something like sixty a set of eighteen small teeth appeared for several years. Aunt Eva told us they looked more like large grains of white wheat and Grandma Jane was so proud she would not let the dentist pull them. After a few years they failed and she had to go back to dentures. Those dentures were made out of vulcanite and would warp with just hot water. I felt a very important fact to know that our genes carried another set of teeth.

Aunt Eva was principal of a primary school just over the railroad tracks south of town. I was in her school building once. It was a yellow brick with high windows, high doors and the smell of chalk. Nora Del said she was a clown. I don't know about that but she was fun to be around and, as a principal, she probably could see the joke in most any troubles that came along. As a teacher, I know humor is a wonderful relaxant in the search for knowledge.

When you entered Great Grandma's house there was a parlor, with an arch to the left into the dining room, and the kitchen was all across the back. One of the attractions in the kitchen was a large throw rug which covered a trap door in the floor. What lay in that underground chamber was a challenging thought. The stairs were so steep that children were not allowed to visit the catacombs. A short hallway from the parlor led back to the kitchen and the door to the upstairs was on your right as you went through. I guess they put doors on the bottoms of all stairways in those days to conserve the heat in the downstairs. Heat was supplied with ceiling-floor grates which were generally kept closed. My brother, Phil, and I always got to sleep in the bed that was on the top floor landing. On the wall was a picture of a little pickaninny in a huge white bed titled "Study in Black and White". It intrigued me because that name is similar to the painting everyone calls "Whistler's Mother". From that landing there were three steps down and a turn with the rest of the down stairs to the door. As you came up to the landing there was a window to this room. We understood that one night Great Grandfather Irwin Acker had walked in his sleep and fallen out that window. Now that is a rumor but when I was getting his death certificate it said he had died of a crushed skull, I wish I had listened more carefully.

Behind that bedroom were other rooms, but I can not remember ever going in them. They were where Mom and Dad slept, or Aunt Lois, Great Aunt Eve and Great Grandmother Jane. We just never infringed on the adults. It was from this house that we would drive down to Grandma Myers' farm.

One rainy afternoon Aunt Eva drove us in her car south out of Decatur toward Berne and Geneva. The rain came and went and the wind gusted mightily. As we were approaching Geneva, power lines in front of us shorted and a blue spark came rushing down the line. Aunt Eva hit the brakes and we slid into a telephone pole. She stopped. The pole snapped resting itself on the ground beyond the stump now below the iron spring bumper. The many lines held the pole even in the wind. Dad quietly remarked that Aunt Eva should back up before any thing really dangerous happened. There was a line hanging down sparkling as it swung past the ground in the wind. We were soon back on the highway, passing the home of Gene Stratton Porter in Geneva, and about a half mile beyond that you turn west.

Dora Acker was the daughter of Irwin Acker and Jane Smith. Dora married Charles Milton Myers. He died before I even knew him crushed against a fence post. The farm was west of Geneva just over the rise of the interurban tracks and the rim of a low hill in Hartford Township. Charles Milton Myers and Dora Acker were married 31 July 1886. When he was killed Grandmother cried as much for him as for the fact they never got to the twelfth child. Lela Maude was born 17 November 1888, Lois M., 14 July 1890, Frederic Irwin, 5 January 1892, Paul Vernon, 6 December 1894, Ralph Smith 18 May 1898, Robert Acker 19 September 1901, Jane Irene, 21 January 1904, Richard Edwin, 13 October 1905, Charles Milton, 15 August 1907, Helen Nadine, 21 December 1909, Iris Eveline, 6 September 1911.

One Spring Uncle Ralph was plowing the garden with a big white horse named Nelly. I was about four when I rode that horse for several hours and then was so stiff that I could not get my legs straightened out. That horse was broad of beam. They say I looked like a horse shoe for a while. Whenever I see a cowboy with particularly bowed legs I remember Nelly.

Grandmother Myers was just over five feet tall, greying black hair unlike her mother's which was completely white. She wore dark black voluminous skirts. Outside of meal times I can't remember her sitting down. There was always another chore. She had an acre of garden for fresh greens on the table and canning for the winter. She was an expert canner. She would prepare her cans and then place them on the wood range in a brass boiler with an inch of water above their lids. Once she sealed the lids on the applesauce a little too snuggly. Several cans blew up. Uncle Ralph had to use a cold chisel to get the applesauce off the ceiling. He figured it was more than boiling hot when it hit the ceiling. It cooled so fast that it annealed into the plaster, or something like that. That would be applesauce fresco.

Grandmother always wore high buttoned shoes. The ones that need buttonhooks. Once when she was scrubbing the basement steps she went back up to the kitchen for fresh rinse water. On the return trip she stepped into her bucket of lye water. Her high buttoned shoe took a beating and she had little red blisters up the front of her foot where the lye came through the shoe eyelets.

When Phil and I were very young, three and six, Mom and Dad hitched up the buggy and we went to Lynn Grove. Phil and I sat on the back, the boot, dangling our bare feet and watching the gravel road go past under the buggy. The hitch trotted smartly down the drive and out onto the road. We went down to the corner and turned north, past the High School where Dad went when he was a teenager, on north some half dozen miles. We turned left onto the main street into and Dad pointed with the whip at the first house on the right. He said that was where he and some of his brothers and sisters had been born. After shopping we rode back to the farm. This time Phil and I were cooler because we were headed south and the buggy top shaded us.

A few weeks later Philip and I went down to the quarter south where there was a little store in those days. We were barefoot and we walked in the car tracks where there are no stones. All county roads back in those days used crush stone. It was packed high in the center and the grader kept it mounded up. That way any rain ran down into the ditches on both sides and the roads stayed dry. Uncle Milo bought a Packard whose right wheels would raise up about three inches and the car would ride level on the county road. Of course he released the hydraulics when he came to the state roads which were usually cement or tar. That little store was the southwest corner of the Adams County. We bought some candy and then walked home.

The biggest excitement was the year the wild grape juice turned to wine. She went down in the basement to get some fixings for dinner and discovered the area was somewhat purple because one ketchup bottle of grape juice had blown up. All the men excitedly offered to relieve her of the problem. They spent some time trying to catch that explosive juice. When a bottle was opened it sprayed all over from the pressure. Uncle Ralph opened one in the big room and said it took four coats of paint to cover the stain that purple juice put on the ceiling and wall. I wonder what other furniture it ruined. The men, Uncle Ralph, Fred, and Uncle Paul, got out the big wash pan and were aiming the bottles at the pan in hopes of catching the flying liquid. It would spray into the pan, go airborne and seemed to vaporize. They captured about a cup full from the dozen bottles opened. Uncle Ralph once made some apple cider and put it in an oak keg. It fermented. When freezing weather froze the water, the alcohol was tapped with a hot iron. The was pretty heady stuff. I had a small taste and it bit your tongue. As Uncle Paul said, "There's more than one way to skin a cat." He said that was not a feline but the fish.

Grandma Myers was very hard of hearing. After the fourth of July one year Phil and I had left a small brown bag with a dozen two inch fire crackers on the breakfast table. As part of her kindling she threw the bag in under her fire along with some kerosene. When she lit it she was unaware that a firecracker was blowing out her fire and had several times tried to produce a flame. Her last effort had the addition of another cup of kerosene thrown in as added incentive. She blew the lids off the range. It may have gone out the chimney, anyway she never did find the little two inch diameter center for the multiple ring which is used with the different size iron pots. It was lost. By that time Uncle Paul had come to the rescue having figured out what all the banging was about he removed the firecrackers from the fire box. Breakfast was a little late that morning. Breakfast usually consisted of two dozen eggs served on a platter with another large bowl of bacon and sausage. All the coffee and milk you could want and toast or biscuits. The butter was home made, soft, and sweet. If you wanted, sometimes, pan cakes were available with honey or maple syrup. Suppers were just as extravagant. Two meats were usual, mashed potatoes a must, and gravy, home made bread and ice cream for desert. A few times we had red potatoes boiled in ensilage. Uncle Ralph brought a bucket of corn silage from the silo. Grandma chopped it and cooked potatoes in what tasted like sauerkraut. From her "truck patch" there were always fresh vegetables in season and from the basement in winter some of her canning. Her end of the garden pickles were crispy surprises. The ice cream freezer was three gallons and stood about thirty inches high. The wooden bucket was nailed to a 2 x 6 plank about four feet long so that the man turning the crank could stand on the board. By the time it was frozen a man had to use both arms and really throw his strength into it. The two gallons of liquid was now three gallons of the most wonderful ice cream. Depending on the season there would be fresh strawberry, peach, and apple-cinnamon. Grandma did not stint in servings. She used soup bowls and about a pint a serving. A hired hand who wasn't too bright ate three bowls and then pushed his empty bowl back toward the center of the table with the comment. "Give me boughten every time!" He was trying to be smart but he about got fired for that one. On the farm wherever we were, the orchard, the barn, or out in the fields when the dinner bell rang, everyone headed for home. There was warm water in the stove water tank all the time for washing. No one came in late because Grandma started serving as soon as the first sat down. By the time the last hand was at table we all bowed for grace and then those wonderful meals.

Brother Phil and I found an abandoned chicken nest. The eggs were spoiled and burst with a tremendous aroma. We bounced a couple off the stall of the big bull. He was almost all white. He got mad. He kicked out the door to the barn lot. We did not mention this to Uncle Ralph feeling that he might have been somewhat resentful of the destroyed lower half of the barn door. But he wasn't always that fair either. He is the one who suggested one winter when the temperature was about ten above that to kiss the pump handle we would hear the angels sing. We went to try it. I let Phil go first. What happens is that it is so cold your lips stick to the metal. Phil made contact and tried to push free with his tongue, jumping back at the same time. He never did seem to have as long a tongue as the rest of us. I heard some loud singing and it was not angelic. Uncle Ralph heard some too. Mom was not angelic in her blessings either.

One wet spring the duck pond which produced efficiently gooey mud was used to make noses that looked like the red ones on circus clowns. Cousin Kathy (Lela Catherine, Uncle Paul's daughter) was with us. Somewhere there is a picture of five of us muddy and smiling. When the sun came out and it was warm, we went for a ride on a chestnut mare. The mare, not used to children, was not into being all that kind, like the burro that lay down on Nora Del. When we started back for the barn the horse refused to take our guidance. I recommended jumping off. Phil did. I did. Sister Elizabeth did not. The horse went into the barn. Elizabeth did not. Besides banging her head on the top of the door, she dismounted in a sitting position, she banged her bottom. The horse was not hurt. That was a bad summer for Elizabeth. We were playing king of the mountain in the hay mow. Elizabeth stepped back to get a better running start and disappeared down the hay chute. She descended again bottom first and that is what stopped her.

There were millions of flies around the Myers' farm. Grandma folded a sheet of newspaper and cut a four inch fringe that was nailed over the screen door. When the screen was opened it was supposed to chase the flies. It's success was nominal. It was a dairy farm which produces manure, which produces flies, which produced a reaction from Mom (Mary Moorhouse

Myers). She offered Philip and me a chance to make a little extra money. A dime for each cup of dead flies we could produce. Phil figured that swatting the flies would flatten them and that would increase the number of flies to the cup. We tried to figure a wholesale approach to a fly's demise. From Uncle Ralph we acquired some old window screening. Making a ten inch barrel shape of screen about eighteen inches tall and a cone for entry on the bottom, we produced the wholesale collection trap. Placing the trap above the available manure pile, we produced the desired result. Flies landing on a window or other vertical surface will walk up. The small opening at the top of the cone gave them entry to the large barrel screen on which we had placed a board as lid. About once an hour we got hot water from Grandma Myers and doused our cage. The first day we produced about a cup an hour and Mom was getting nervous. We made a dollar in one day. As the week wore on the production rate dropped dramatically and by the weekend we must have considerably depleted the fly population because it took almost a day to produce a cup full. On subsequent visits to the Myers farm, the offer to kill flies was not again proffered. Mom may have suspected we were developing even more efficient methods and did not want to eliminate flies completely.

I know Uncle Ralph rescinded his offer within a few days. He suggested that my new beebee gun could be worth a nickel a sparrow. The second day it rained and I sat in the upstairs bedroom window and shot sparrows out of the locust trees that grow along the front porch. Because of the rain the birds did not want to fly even though they could hear the ping of the discharge. It was like shooting fish in a barrel. Phil was on the front porch swing retrieving any that fell before the cats could get to them. I collected a nickel and paid him two cents. My cost was a dime for a tube of beebees. I cleared fifty cents on my own the first day. The contract was canceled because Uncle Paul and Uncle Ralph considered my methods unsporting. I thought they wanted to get rid of the sparrows but I guess it was really to keep me from bothering them.

In the summer of 1992, sixty years since I had used my beebee gun, we went out to Hartford Township and found the farm. It is no longer the beautiful white house with a long front porch. The porch is gone. The trees are gone. The outhouse that the WPA had installed and Uncle Ralph considered the best designed "Chic Sales" was gone. The grape vines that walled the drive from the truck patch are gone. Only a pint size garden does duty for fresh greens. Imitation brick siding has been sheathed on the house and the barn needs a lot of work to get it back to the neat condition I remember.

I was struck by the fact that a bank barn I had made for my model railroad was a miniature design of that Myers' barn, the Moorhouse's barn is almost identical but it does not have a silo. The silo on the Myers' barn was on the northwest corner against the bank.. You entered the milking stall area on that side. I suppose we are not be aware but memory is awake somewhere in a back room of the mind, perhaps it is behind a one way mirror shining through but invisible in our own reflection but still there right behind that mirror like a hidden closet in our life.

FREDERIC IRWIN MYERS

MARY FRACIS MOORHOUSE

I REMEMBER DAD, FREDERIC IRWIN MYERS

Fred Irwin, my father, and Uncle Paul Vernon Myers roomed together at the Indiana Club, room 1078. Paul was a classmate of Mary Francis Moorhouse, my mother. Fred was a senior and classmate of Paul V. McNutt who was a Beta Theta fraternity man. More about college life later, let us start back on the farm.

Dad was about twelve, he was running barefoot back to the farm house but watching his feet squinch in the mud. He had forgotten there was a buggy sitting in the drive. When he ran into the back end and he broke his nose and later when he started smoking, he discovered his right nostril always blew the smoke out to the side. It was a real challenge to people with normal noses. He often had his students over on Sunday afternoons and would pose his nose as capable of redirecting the smoke. Everyone would attempt to follow his instructions on how to do it. Eventually someone would realize that it was the only way he could exhale smoke from his nose.

One of his high school experiences went like this. The local livery man was bragging about six new buggies available for sale. This was in the fall just about time for Halloween. One night, Dad, with the help of fellow classmates from Hartford Township High School, dismantled one of the buggies which had been left outside the stable. The end result was to reassemble it on the top of the stable roof where all the townsfolk would see it. The next day when the boys went to town there was the buggy with sign already attached directing attention to the fact that there were more of a similar model available for purchase. Since the sign would have taken several days to paint, the boys figured they had been had.

I was on campus in Bloomington, 1947-1950, the Well House was then the trysting place. There is no mention of it in Mom's diaries which she kept for the years 1914 and 1915. In them in the second year she mentions playing "nosey pokey" with Fred. So far I have not found a meaning for that phrase.

Once when I was borrowing the car for a date, Dad, said to me that it was too bad I really had to keep my hands on the wheel to steer the car compared to having the right horse. He told about how he trained the horses for each girl he was dating. He had the horse that he used to pick up one girl but he was out to a picnic with a new acquaintance. That evening in the dark when the horse stopped it was in front of the first girl's house and he had to pick-up the reins and get the horse straightened out. I wonder how he got straightened out. I have since learned that the milk men trained their horses for a certain route. In fact there is a story about a milk man who made his rounds but when the company bought him a truck they discovered he was blind.

I have discovered that Dad was at Illinois during the time the English Teachers Council was started. That was just before the Great War (World War-I) began. By the way, he and Wendel Willkie were part of the group that started the Independent Student Organization on the Bloomington campus several years earlier and I believe he was involved with initiating the English Teachers Council. He was working on the poet John Milton for his application for a Rhodes Scholarship at Oxford. With the war when he left for service, he sent his file to another applicant working on Milton. He was quite proud that this applicant got the Rhodes admission that year.

During my campus life Uncle Paul visited me and laughed when we walked by the Chemistry Building. He had been put in charge of planting ivy on two of the newly constructed class buildings and had planted poison ivy. It grew well for a few years and then the Botany Department told the Chemistry Department that their ivy was not in good repute.

Paul V. Myers was a lowly Sophomore and journalist in the campus paper. He signed his by-line P.V.M. which were also the initials of Paul V. McNutt, who would be the last American Governor of the Philippines when the United States granted the islands their independence. Since Uncle Paul wrote in favor of the ISO, Independent Student Organization, Paul V. McNutt would be accused by his fellow fraternity men of backsliding because of Uncle Paul's by-line. By the way, McNutt was also president of the Fraternity Council, a politician already. This upsetting situation was particularly irritating to McNutt because Paul V. Myers was only a Sophomore and it would demean a superior senior to speak to such a lowly person. McNutt approached Paul's brother, Fred I. Myers, and also a well known senior, the class poet. There was a heated discussion in the library and the two seniors were escorted to the door. Whether an actual exchange of blows occurred, I don't know, Uncle Paul tended to exaggerate, any way they were thrown out of the library. So much for superior seniors.

Dad volunteered for military service while at Illinois, and I believe joined the group from Indiana in 1917 who, at graduation day, stood, and removing there black gowns, displayed military uniforms having volunteered for service. Dad went overseas with the first wave of Americans as a Master Sergeant and almost immediately received a field commission. He shipped out from Fort Myers and shortly after he left the flu epidemic caused many deaths in that camp.

Lieutenant Myers belonged to the Keystone Division. They used the design of a keystone which is also the logo for the old Keystone Camera Co. A fellow teacher once saw the helmet*(1) and told me the Germans were impressed with the bravery of these men and referred to the symbol which is painted in red as the Bloody Bucket.

Our daughter, Kathy Letro, visited, with Jessica our granddaughter, and commented on the spurs*(1) that hang over the bar in the basement. They were Lt. Myers' from the World War and have spike wheel rowels instead of the cavalry "thumb". Upon landing in France the AEF was being inspected by General "Black Jack" Pershing. He noted the spurs and said, "Lieutenant, your spurs are not regulation issue."

To which Fred Myers replied, "Sir! When you order the attack, I intend for the horse to do his duty." "Correct!" responded the general and moved on.

During an attack a soldier forward of Dad and to his right literally lost his head to an incoming shell. Fred saw him run three steps forward to a crater hole leap in and place his gun in firing position toward the enemy. Dad told me this to explain how the automatic system under pressure is set to complete a certain action. As he said, "Don't let go of the chicken after his head is chopped off, the fowl will run all over the yard for a short time. That was a chore Dad had me do. Draw a line on the block place the beak of the chicken on the line and the bird will not move until its head is gone.

In his photograph album there is a picture of the edge of a paved road with a huge crater from a shell. Fred and his first sergeant lived in this impromptu shelter during fighting in the area which had been overrun by the Germans. For food they ate the horse which had been killed in the fighting. Fred said it was rather strong and stringy. Besides it was a little tasteless because he had liked the horse.

There was a French liaison officer attached to their headquarters group and he could predict quite accurately who and when people in the outfit would be wounded or killed. When asked about himself he was unable to answer. He was killed by a sniper before he was relieved from the front. He had told Lieutenant Myers that he would live to return home. Fred told me once that he was at a forward spotting post for the artillery checking the land mass to the front and he felt a hot burning sensation along his cheek as though someone was drawing a burning match through the stubble of his three day beard. He never heard the gun and assumed he had been narrowly missed by a sniper.

As commissary officer, Fred once traded a load of American fresh baked bread to a local town for a field of turnips. This was late winter and the turnips were still in the ground. Fred told the outfit to use their bayonets to forage for the turnips and within three days the field had been cleared. The doughboys ate the turnips raw and enjoyed the fresh vegetable. As a farmboy Lt. Myers was aware of the advantage of fresh vegetables as a way of reducing the liability of scurvy.

Uncle Paul was at a rehabilitation center from a battle injury. He told of the problem in the camp with the British officers who would use the latrines from nine to eleven for their morning smoke, often remaining in a stall for an hour. This was causing some problems, particularly for those who had a tendency to be diarretic. The latrine was built over a small flowing stream which removed debris down its course. I am sure the French didn't object to having a supply of liquid fertilizer as they use this in their gardens. However, it became the solution to the British bunk-in.*(2) A large cheese box was acquired from the mess hall, filled with gun wadding, saturated with oil, torched and set adrift upstream from the latrines. As the fiery craft floated under the behinds they bit their pipe stems and quickly removed to a forward area.

When I read about the "Lost Battalion" and said something about what a tough time they had, Dad got very upset. He was on their flank and that advance had been a near disaster. It took three days to close the breach in the line which the battalion had left by advancing another quarter mile to 'better tree cover. Of course, reading about trying to rescue them glossed over the damage that had been done. This was my first experience with both sides of a story.

In 1937 Europe was seething. The second World War was coming and in another five years I would be going overseas. Dad told me we were in the wrong generation.

He had gone to war and I would be going. Aireal bombs were started in these conflicts and the second was ended with the atom bomb. When Einstein was asked what would be the weapon after the next world war he said, "Bows and arrows!" Mounted in a double faced frame is the menu from a French restaurant "The Black Rooster." It is signed on the back by a group of men and one female. She was the waitress. It is a souvenir menu of a farewell meal, with the names of his friends and buddies who were wishing him well.

The marriage of Mary Francis Moorhouse, 12 August, 1919, was so soon after his return that his luggage had not arrived. Their wedding photograph shows him in his uniform without his Sam Brown belt. They left almost immediately by train for San Francisco and the boat to Hawaii. Why he started his teaching career in Hawaii I have no knowledge. That he was not too happy with the lack of English development may be attested by the fact that he was a cashier at the local bank the second year. Today many who live on the island send their children to California for high school so they will learn English.

I have often heard Mom tell how dull it was on those cruises to and from the islands because most passengers were British and still felt Americans were somewhat barbaric. Of course, they may have felt that anyone who could beat the Germans for them were a bit rough and tumble.

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* 1. The helmet, spurs and other memorablia of WW-I have been donated to the Adams County Historical Society. They are on display in the home of the Porters, Monroe Street, Decatur, Indiana. This home stood opposite the home of Lois Myers Black since razed for the Catholic Church parking lot.

2. bunkin': British slang for goldbrick

Ralph Myers

Ralph Smith Myers was a farmer. He was the only one of my Father's brothers or sisters that did not get married. Most of his life he ran the farm, chief executive to his mother, Dora Myers. He had taken two years of vocational agriculture at Purdue, rotated his crops and concentrated on developing a registered herd of cattle. He had his own bull and maintained careful records of his milk production. He had an automatic milker in 1926. The cans were stainless steel and the vacuum pump operated the suction cups that were on the end of the black tubes. Those four tubes looked like a spider clinging to the udders on the bottom of the cow's bag. When the tank was filled a second was set under the lid, the vacuum applied and the whole unit sealed itself. The milk was poured into the milk cans and cooled in the water trough. Every other day the milk company picked up the bulk milk. At the dairy the milk was tested for aging. The freshest was used for milk delivery and ice cream. The day old was sent to the cheese factory in Decatur. After the war I worked with a man from Decatur who had worked in the cheese factory. During the war they had turned out a soft Velveeta type cheese that we had used in service in the tropics. I remembered that spread from the African campaign and remembered where the milk came from out in Hartford Township.

The farm is in Adams County in the farthest southwest township, Hartford. The interurban from Decatur ran on the east side, the drainage ditch along the north line of the farm. The homestead sat on a slight rise on the north side of the road. The west boundary is a county high way that comes out of Geneva and turns north from the next quarter south and comes up from a little corner store known as Perryville into Lynn Grove. The year Elizabeth was one Dad borrowed the buggy. Phil and I rode on the buggy box and Mom held Elizabeth in her lap. We turned the corner and went north across the drainage ditch past Hartford Township High School, Dad's high school, a yellow brick building you could see from the farm. We rode up that gravel road to Lynn Grove and saw the house where Dad was born.

One of Uncle Ralph's dogs was drowned in that drainage ditch. We were walking back through the watermelons and the dog spotted a raccoon swimming down the ditch. Before Uncle Ralph could stop him he was down the bank sticking his nose at the raccoon. That raccoon swam over kind of friendly like wrapped himself around the head of that forty pound dog, and dragged the head under water. The dog was drowned by the time Uncle Ralph got down the bank and drove the raccoon off. Later when I was married we came home in the evening and our dog, Pepper, was all set to chase a raccoon out of a little tree where it had climbed to be out of our way. I was not about to let Pepper take a chance like that. Those raccoons have paws that can tear the skin off an animal.

Another dog that Uncle Ralph had was a German Shepherd. That dog would laze on the lawn of an afternoon. Uncle Ralph would be doing chores somewhere in the barn or chicken coops. When it was time for the cows to come home, he would whistle a special tune and suddenly that dog would take off across the fence for the pasture where the cows were grazing. They saw him coming and dutifully started for the lane. Only those cows to be milked were brought home. Any that could not do their duty, at least were not to be milked, had to stay out in the pasture all night. The bull too, not being a milker, was made to spend the night in pasture, an opportunity to do his duty. Actually the entire herd lived night and day in the pasture most of the year..

Just during milking time, in the morning and evening, were they to visit the barn and then only the "milkers." As they were milked they wandered around the barn lot and thoughtfully chewed on the straw stack. They wore the base of the stack into a toad stool by rubbing against the straw.

A little calf got loose one time and Uncle Ralph chased that calf. The calf circled the straw stack with Uncle Ralph in hot pursuit. We stood in the barn and watched, the calf was swifter. It went by and then Uncle Ralph. The calf came by a little sooner after awhile Uncle Ralph. Then right in front of us the calf caught up and went under Uncle Ralph. He was out of breath by that time and just lay there until the calf came around again and he caught it by the leg as it swerved to go past him again. Whenever I threw a good block in football I often remembered that calf that ran under Uncle Ralph.

Phil and I talked Uncle Ralph into scrimmaging with our football. He did not last very long particularly when I blocked him at the knees. I was not all that big and he was a fairly sizable man. He did justice to Grandma's cooking, too.

The first time we drove in after Uncle Ralph had the German Shepherd Uncle Ralph told us to stay in the car. That dog had to define his territory. Mother was somewhat disturbed. Checking us out meant the dog was spraying our four tires. In dog language this means, "this is my territory." When a dog lies down it always makes a circle several times. That is from the time they lived in the prairies and they would circle to make a bed in the grass. Predators, lions included, will mark territory in a prairie for primary hunting rights. Anyway once the dog was done marking us he stepped back with his tongue hanging out. We were allowed to enter his farm.

One of the bulls liked to rub his flank against one particular fence pole in the barn lot. It was out beyond the hay stack. Uncle Ralph would shout. The bull ignored him until he started out the door, then the bull moved off. Finally Uncle Ralph had had enough. He knew that if that one ton bull kept at it the fence post would go and there would be a fence to repair. Hearing the creaking he went out the front of the barn and came up behind the bull from the pig sty. At the last minute as Uncle Ralph swung his two by four at the near flank, the bull saw him and gave one last rub. The post snapped, the two by four smacked, the bull sat down. Uncle Ralph was stunned but the bull was flabbergasted. When Uncle Ralph spoke to that bull, that bull gently followed his command. They had come to a mutual understanding that the man could be mightier than the bull. Uncle Ralph was certain the bull thought he had knocked him down with that two by four.

An early mail fraud happened when Uncle Ralph answered an ad that would send him equipment that was guaranteed to kill potato bugs if you followed the instructions. In those early days insecticides were mostly poisons, like arsenic, which could kill a person and if spilled on the ground were present in the plant itself. They were not selective, they just killed. A small package arrived. It contained two wooden blocks measuring 5" x 5" x 1" thick. One had a large A and the other a large B imprint. The directions were equally simple.

"Place potato bug on board B and slap it with board A." When Uncle Ralph complained to a lawyer in town about losing a dollar on such a scheme the lawyer asked him if the procedure worked. Uncle Ralph admitted it did and the lawyer said it was only guaranteed that way. Those two boards hung in the barn to remind Uncle Ralph, and anyone who asked, that you should not complain if you got bitten.

He raised corn, wheat, and red clover. There were the cattle, pigs, chickens, pigeons, turkeys, Guinea hens and geese. The geese were in charge of the orchard and when I was small no way would they allow me to enter through the gate in the fence. When the corn was picked it went into a long narrow building that had slats running along the sides of the corn crib. The entire structure was slatted so that air could blow through and the corn would not mildew and spoil.

The neighbors had a horse, a large dappled gray, something like an Appaloosa that would break out and wander the neighborhood. The horse learned how to open the door on the corn crib. Several times Uncle Ralph had run it off. Complaining to the neighbors was of little use as the horse kept coming back. Uncle Ralph's solution was to load his shot gun shell with rock salt. The first barrel got the dapple gray in the flank at about fifteen paces whether the second shell hit anything was unimportant the horse was already headed home with some red spots showing. From then on every time Mrs. Pusey started for town that horse would balk as they approached the farm lane. She would get out of the buggy and lead the horse past the lane entrance at which point the horse bolted. Mrs. Pusey had to walk a quarter mile to the interurban tracks where the horse would be waiting. Uncle Ralph said he thought they finally went around the quarter so they didn't have to drive past the Myers farm lane. The horse never ate out of Uncle Ralph's corn crib again. Each fall Uncle Ralph's church had a supper party to make money. Uncle Ralph always supplied desert, all the watermelon you could eat. He was great at raising watermelon. When the melon was about half grown he would make a small incision in the stem, using a wick and small glass to flavor the watermelon. My favorite was the mint. He also had lemon and orange. There was always at least one with rum which he made sure was served to the minister. But there was a down side. The boys in town knew about Uncle Ralph's watermelon patch and they would drive the fifteen miles out of Geneva to steal watermelons. Uncle Ralph figured they would steal from the third row, ignoring those closer to the road so down the third row he would flavor some with kerosene. On Sundays he could tell if he had been successful by the number of smashed watermelons he saw on his way to church. He knew which were badly flavored.

When the boys in town got to driving their cars every so often one of them would steal gasoline from Uncle Ralph. He was the first farmer to switch to a tractor from horse power. He had a Case with large iron wheel and deep cleats. The gasoline tank was alongside the bank of the barn. It was tall enough that the boys could run their car up the lane at full speed, turn off the motor and quietly roll up and turn around on the bank. Then they would fill up their car. Releasing the brake they could roll down the bank, pick up speed, let out the clutch and only then, when the motor roared, would Uncle Ralph know they had been there. He stopped filling the tank and kept extra gas stored inside the barn. Once the gasoline tank was completely empty, he filled it with water. That night when he heard a car start to roar he leisurely got out of bed dressed and started for town. About four miles down the road he came upon the car with four boys standing around it. He stopped, said hello to each by name, and told them they had a tank full of water. He drove back to the farm and wrote down the names. The boys knew it. Their fathers did, too. Never again did anyone steal Uncle Ralph's gas.

All the Myers boys enjoyed card games. Uncle Ralph was teaching us the intricacies of poker. For chips we had borrowed Grandmother's blue tipped wooden matches. The betting was particularly heavy and the pot was a large pile of matches. Grandma needed some to start her range. We lost the pot. Uncle Ralph complained and she said, "That's the house percentage!" I never saw her play but I wondered how much she knew about cards.

Uncle Ralph enjoyed teaching us how to shoot our bee gun. He let me take a shot with his shot gun. He didn't tell me to keep the butt solid against my shoulder and when I pulled the trigger it kicked back so hard I sat down. I probably only hit the ground.

The barn was full of soft smells. The clover when it was mowed. The milk in the stalls. Horses sweating after the days work was a little more pungent. Even after he had the tractor he kept two teams of horses for a long time. The tractor could pull only so much and there was plenty to do when harvest came around. Several times when the weather was mild Mom let us sleep in the barn. Once it rained a soft gentle sod soaker and the pattering of the drops on the tin roof drowsily doused the night sounds, the fluttering wings and cooing of the pigeons.

Many people complain about the warm nights of late July and August unaware that is why we can grow corn. On a warm night when the temperature stays above seventy degrees you can stand between the rows of eight foot ripening corn and hear it growing. There is little breeze and the corn deadens the night sounds. As the stalk extends its growth upward you can hear it. Take a roll of newspaper and push the center of the core out and you can imitate the sound of a corn field growing. In the day time without wind it gets intensely hot. The moisture exuded from the corn increases the humidity. Uncle Ralph's boar got into the corn field. The German Shepherd found him. Coming to the barn he got Ralph to follow him. When Ralph got to the pig it was down. He got a horse, a whipple tree and rope. Tying the pig's hind feet to the whipple tree he sledged that boar out into the lane. Phil and I were put to the task of sloshing buckets of water on the pig to cool him down. The pig survived.

Ralph was his own blacksmith. After the second World War he stopped that chore and used commercial welders for any repair of the heavy farm equipment. About the same time he put in an electric well head getting rid of the old windmill which used to creak and sigh in the wind. The dinner bell had hung from the windmill trestle. After that it was in the locust trees that were the western wind break to the house. He cast a large round cement well head and for reinforcement put his tongs and tools from the smithy in the cast. Somewhere in Hartford Township there is a treasure trove of tools in a well head.

Uncle Paul was visiting and he loved to hunt. I did not particularly care for the sport but I went along as bat boy. It had rained and there was still a slight overcast. We had two pheasants and were headed back to the barn when another flushed. Uncle Paul could see me out of the corner of his eye and when he hit that third bird he knew I had hoped he would miss. It was sticky work in the wet soil and one more bird was too much for me. He carried that last one for me and I remember I did appreciate it. Pheasant is stronger in taste than chicken. Later I was to taste Guinea Hen and it too is stronger flavored. When I was young everyone had Guinea Hens. They squawked like mad when a chicken hawk was in the neighborhood and warned a farmer. Today chickens are not raised on every farm and there are fewer chicken hawks. I'm sure the Guinea Hens did squawk many to their doom.

Grandma died in 1938 and several years later Uncle Ralph lost his right index, middle, and ring finger to the corn picker. He had not set the brake and the team stepped forward while his hand was between the mills. He could no longer maintain milking his dairy herd. Even though he had a milker the last bit of milk had to be stripped out or a cow would go dry and not produce. In nature if you don't need it you don't get it. He was going to sell the farm and his registered herd. Losing full use of his right hand wasn't bad enough, the real tragedy was that sixty days before the auction, as required by law, he had his herd tested. One cow tested positive for tuberculosis. He decided not to cancel the auction but I am certain that announcement greatly reduced the bidding. He became a salesman for farm supplies, living with his sister Lois in Decatur until his death in February of 1962. I remember him foretelling the problem with liquid nitrogen would be that it would kill the fishworms and then plowing would be nearly impossible. It turned out to be true. Those little holes the worms leave in the soil are just enough to help the plowshare break through when it is particularly dry. He became a salesman for farm supplies, living with his sister Lois in Decatur. We often visited with our little girls and enjoyed a cozy evening of just plain talk. From time to time there would be a game of cards. He died in February of 1962.

Uncle Ralph enjoyed whatever card game he was dealt and he played it with gusto.

Lois Myers Black

Many wonderful stories are connected with Aunt Lois, who played mother hen several times for our family. The first time was when Elizabeth was born and the family came back to Annapolis while Mom recuperated in Indiana. We returned for school and Mother and Elizabeth stayed with her Mother, our Grandmother Moorhouse.

In 1925 Dad had started the fall semester and Aunt Lois, who was thirty-five that year, was taking care of us. She got some ptomaine poison from fish. It was the first time I had seen anyone pass out from abdominal pain. Older people are more susceptible to ptomaine than children. After a day of bed rest she was ready to get going again. While Dad was at the Naval Academy for classes one day, we took the ferry boat across to the Eastern Shore. Phil and I thought this a wonderful treat and Aunt Lois enjoyed treating us. Coming back we ate in the ferry boat dining room. For lunch I ordered soft shell crab which was in season. When it was served as a sandwich. I started eating. I remember the look on Aunt Lois' face. She was sitting opposite me and the legs of the crab were dangling out that side. I put the sandwich down and tucked them in but Aunt Lois was somewhat unnerved.

Mom came the second week of September and everything settled down around, Elizabeth, the new baby in the family.

In 1928 for Uncle Dick's graduation from the United States Naval Academy, Uncle Milo Black, who had married Aunt Lois Myers, drove his new Duesenberg from Indiana to Annapolis, Maryland, in one day. Only major roads were brick or cement. That was a beautiful touring car. The luggage rack on the back was full of the suitcases. The canvas top was in place and the windshield on the back of the front seat was most impressive. We thought Uncle Milo was in a class with Barney Oldfield. Grandma Myers was not all that excited. Uncle Ralph said she sat in the back putting her fingerprints into the grab bar.

For one meal, Mother served stewed tomatoes. Grandmother Myers thought they were very good and then blanched when she found out they were tomatoes. To her they were "Love Apples" and thought to be poisonous. It is true the green vine of a tomatoe can be toxic. That is also the meal that Mom roasted a chicken and two extra legs. When the four legs appeared, Dad said they were raised on the Eastern Shore. Even I didn't believe that one.

One afternoon, I was riding my little red automobile around the back yard. Uncle Milo picked me out of the seat and slapped my bottom for driving in front of him. Unfortunately he hit on a sore spot in my life. As a youngster I was plagued with boils. They would appear under my arms, one lanced on the back of my head is a two inch scar. Uncle Milo slapped a boil I was raising on my rear. It burst. I cried and Uncle Milo retreated to the house. Mother found out hat had happened consoled me, consoled Uncle Milo explaining that he really hadn't maimed me. Nobody asked me.

Grandmother had brought one of those egg crates that has about four layers, each layer containing three dozen eggs. Dad got a teewhistling idea. From then on Phil and I were responsible for delivering eggs. After she returned home once a month she would send us that crate through the mail. We delivered the eggs, flattened the crate, and mailed it back for reuse.

About the time we moved to South Bend, Uncle Milo died of a ruptured appendix. He and Aunt Lois had been to a furnace convention in Cincinnati and he got sick when they boarded the train. By the time they got home to Evansville, the damage was done.

Aunt Lois asked Dad to teach her to drive that huge Deusenberg. After all he had successfully taught Mother to drive. He gladly took on the task. Her instruction was in Fort Wayne. In 1933 with the depression it was still busy and had stop lights and all the traffic problems for driving instruction. One of the great stories was the time the little model T in front of Aunt Lois did not complete a turn but suddenly stopped in front of her. They locked bumpers. The old man in the Ford looked back and saw a woman at the wheel, a rather rare occurence, and he proceeded to tell that woman driver what he thought. Aunt Lois was surprised and released her clutch. The Deusenberg did not stall but neither did it charge forward with the weight of the Model T in front. It shook that car for all it was worth. According to Dad the gentleman's head bounced around his open window somewhat like the stick ringing a dinner triangle. The gentleman stopped his commentary and quickly removed himself from the intersection. Aunt Lois said she was sorry she might have hurt him. Dad said he deserved it and the driving lesson continued.

In 1933 when Mary Lois was a year old, Aunt Lois again came to visit and nurse maid the family in South Bend. For Elizabeth's birthday Aunt Lois was going to treat us to seeing the "WHALE". This was a large whale laid out on a railroad flat car under a tent canopy and was quite the rage that summer. Of course, there was some odor involved but we got to see it early in the season before it got too ripe. Aunt Lois had her big Duesenberg, she led us out to the car and bundled the entire birthday party a group of some twelve kids into that big rambling Duesenberg. When she started to buy the tickets which were something like twenty-five cents each and the man in charge wondered if we were from a home.

"Of course," Aunt Lois said, "The Myers' home", which was the truth and he only charged her a dollar for the whole bunch of us. We were impressed to know that Aunt Lois was another in a family of quick thinkers.

She traded the Deusenberg for a 1935 Packard eight 120. That was my luxury car to drive whenever she visited us in South Bend. It was blue. The next year Aunt Lois and Great Aunt Eva Acker took Phil and me west. We left right after school with $75.00 each in travellers checks. We visited Uncle Paul and Aunt Christine Myers in Minneapolis. I think that was the time Uncle Paul told me that it got so cold there in the winter time that you could hear the roofing nails popping out at night. He took us fishing and with true dignity explained how conditions were not correct to explain why he caught nothing. I must say he was deadly with that fly, pick a lily pad and he would drop right along side. While he was discussing the terrible afternoon with
the boat livery man Phil and I were snagging fish around the pier poles. When Uncle Paul saw what we were doing, he said that was not sporting but it is a standard drop line method in the Chesapeake. You can't see the fish only feel their nibble. It was unsportsmanlike conduct in Minnesota.

While we were in Minneapolis, Phil and I went to the local ten cent store to try their special nickle sodas. We decided they were so cheap they weren't even worth a nickle. At one of the first cafeterias that Phil had ever been in, I happened to get in line behind him. He was taking two salads, two deserts, two of most every thing. I took one glass of milk. Aunt Lois looked back at our trays and wondered if I wasn't hungry. I shrugged. Phil had a sizable bill. When he couldn't eat everything he wanted me to pay the cost of those dishes which I offered to help finish for him. We were raised to eat everything for the poor starving Armenians. I was saving the starving and felt paying for something already purchased was a waste of my money.

Every so often out on the prairie the highways would run through cuts in small hills rather than go around. We observed stakes that led around these areas that were some fifteen feet tall and painted red on the top four feet. When we inquired at a local service station they told us the snow was so deep that people would drive around the cuts guided by the stakes and the snow got packed some ten feet deep by the end of winter. These stakes were a kind of alternate route so they did not have to scrape the highways or keep the hill cuts open for traffic. We were in one restaurant and an old timer told us about the jack rabbit. Their ears are so long you could them coming for ten minutes. After ten minutes the rest of the rabbit would begin to appear. If you really knew what to do you could be around behind him before he cleared the horizon and then you could sneak up on him from behind.

Once we were rolling along through Nebraska and the sign said "end of pavement" and we were suddenly on a rutty road. The swerving of the car occurred so suddenly that Mickie, the bull dog, was pitched out the window. We stopped quickly. You should have seen the speed with which that dog caught up to us. She was a very small black spot in the vast area of the Great Plains.

Every time we stopped for gas, and, believe me, you started looking as soon as the tank said half full because it was a long way between refills, we had to clean the grasshoppers off the front of the car. They were like clouds. Sometimes on curves you could skid on their bodies crawling across the asphalt. I was reminded of those western grasshoppers, in Africa where they could cause shade from the sun they were so thick.

We found a Catholic church in the middle of nowhere. Sage brush for miles and a low range of mountains to the northwest. We had been told that church service would be about 9:30 and we arrived at nine. For a few minutes there was no one in sight. Then groups of Indians and Mexicans began coming from all directions through the mesquite. Last to arrive was a model "A" with the priest and altar boy. Everyone went in for the service and when it was over we went back to the car. Almost before we left, the parishioners had disappeared in all directions, the priest in his car off down the road to another church.

We stopped at relatives in Denver. It was here that Phil and I were playing Monopoly with one of our Aunts. I wasn't doing too well and my turn was on the approach to the Boardwalk Hotel in Phil's possession I sold out all my real estate to the Aunt for ten dollars. She wasn't sure of what was going on until I landed on the Boardwalk and had only $600.00 to pay the $2,000.00 room rent. Phil cried foul and I quit playing. I don't think Phil played Monopoly with me again.

When we got to California we were in seventh heaven. There they had huge dairy farms and specialized in burgers, milk shakes and french fries. We believed ruining our supper coming home from the matinees was our goal in life. That was a wonderful summer and I grew about seven inches. Phil and I had been outfitted with two sets of cloth pants and shirts. As I got out of the car in front of home and Mom came out to greet us she realized I was taller and was aghast at the six inch rise in the pants cuffs above my ankles. She had planned that I would be able to use the clothes for school that fall. So much for the plans of Moms and men.

After Joyce Hughes and I married and lived in Fort Wayne we often visited Aunt Lois in Decatur. She was now living on Monroe Street and Uncle Ralph lived several years with her after selling the farm. He died January 1962. Our daughters had known him but a short time.

Often Aunt Lois visited us in Fort Wayne. When Pepper came along she and the dog became wonderful friends. I think Lois was remembering her Boston Bulldog. When necessary she was more than happy to visit or have Pepper visit her while the rest of the family went on vacation. Pepper travelled well but on two or three week vacations it meant restrictions on our ability to see

and do everything with a dog on a leash. Pepper would get excited when we rounded the corner to Aunt Lois' house. I suspected she would con Aunt Lois out of special treats. While still a very little pup Aunt Lois was certain that the dog could not learn to climb the stairs. The next time Aunt Lois arrived Pepper demonstrated how well the girls had trained the pup for ascent and descent.

From our experience in Europe where dogs of all types are trained not to bark. We trained Pepper to that same high accomplishment. Only the mailman was greeted with a bark but then he had the misfortune of dropping the mail on her through the mail slot which was where she often slept.

One wonderful meal was a disaster for Aunt Lois. A friend had given her a brace of wild duck. Uncle Paul laughed when he heard the tale. On wild duck there are about two good bites and that is it. Aunt Lois invited the four of us and two friends of hers. We arrived, enjoyed conversation, and sat down to the feast. There was sufficient wild rice, broccoli casserole, tossed salad, rolls, coffee, and eventually hot peach pie a la mode. However, the duck was found wanting. Aunt Lois was most upset. I suggested we be vegetarians and she said for what duck was available we certainly were.

Aunt Lois visited the Hawaiian islands. There she looked up a Japanese doctor who was a pedeatrician. He was one of two brothers that Dad had had when he taught at the Kamehameha High School in Hilo. I was only about seven when the doctor visited in Annapolis while he was interning in a New York hospital. Now Aunt Lois was visiting him. As a good cook she told of one of the meals she ate at his home. It was a kind of chop suey. The plates were kept so hot that when he put a raw egg on the noodles on the plate and then topped that with the suey, everything was congealed with the egg. The normal runny soy sauce liquid just disappeared. She reported it as a most different and wonderful flavor.

When Aunt Lois developed cancer of the lung, some of the light went out of our lives. She had been one of our biggest fans always enjoying the improvements we were making to our home. There are people that help one by just being around. All of us were saddened when the end came after less than a year and Aunt Lois died February 1973. Uncle Milo probably picked her up in the Deusenberg and they are still touring the right spots.

LAURENCE IN HIS SAILOR SUIT

AUNT ELLEN PHILIP LAURENCE

Laura Ellen Moorhouse

The origin of my name always interested me. When I started researching my genealogy and discovered Aunt Ellen's first name was Laura, I believe I had found the source. I will never know, but Dad's insistence on the "u" because it was Latin for "laurel" may be an indication. In any case, in the Moorhouse line Aunt Cora was the Victorian, Aunt Anna the firend of any stray and Aunt Ellen the maiden who for some reason never got married. She had several years of college but did not have a degree. When her father, my Grandpa Moorhouse, died, Uncle Eddy and Aunt Ellen started helping Grandma run the farm. Of course, Aunt Ellen was only there during the summer vacations when she was not teaching. The sumer Elizabeth was born I was farmed out to them to minimize the pressure on Mom.

I remember vividly, one Sunday morning, after breakfast Aunt Ellen dressed me in my white sailor suit with the big black tie, and told me not to get it dirty. Soon she and Eddy would be ready for church. While they were busy finishing up the dishes and putting on their coats, I sat on the front steps of the walk under the huge oak tree. I missed Mom and Dad, even younger brother Phil. They were probably going through the same routines in South Bend where Dad taught summer school at Notre Dame. Finally I felt so blue I started to cry. Aunt Ellen came out to the top step and looked down at me. She was sad, too. It is the only time I remember her giving me a big hug. There was a rumor that she had been left standing at the altar so perhaps my homesickness was how she felt then. She carried me back to the house washed my face, gave me a cold glass of milk and said that we all miss our best friends but soon we would see everyone again. We got in her model T and drove to Kendalville and no one said anything about big boys shouldn't cry. I felt better.

But that was Aunt Ellen. She had a firm lip, a large build and an even bigger heart. You didn't see it too often. Her brother, Uncle Eddy, took over the education of this city kid in the ways of farming. I learned how to peel an apple so the skin is so thin one strip is over two feet long. It takes a well honed knife turned on the water wheel, and a steady eye. Then when you eat the apple all that should be left is the seed core and the stem. As we grew up he made little hats out of acorns, paper or a flower and put them on his finger like a thimble. With a pen he would draw a face on his fingernails and told the most ridiculous little stories with those finger puppets. Uncle Eddy had run off when he was fourteen to fight the Mau Mau in the Philippines. From that training he was the most deadly marksman I have ever known. I remarked on his ability to always hit a running rabbit in the head with his 22. He said he did not want any lead in what he was going to eat. You must remember he was one generation removed from the pioneers who used game as part of the food supply. I was a failure in his eyes when it came to hunting. I didn't need to shoot my food and felt sorry for the animals who were being killed.

For breakfast Uncle Eddy wanted mush. It sticks to your ribs. After nearly a week of continuous mush, I rebelled. I was not going to eat any more of that glutinous mush. Uncle Eddy pushed. I stuck out my lower lip. Something that stuck to my ribs all day was not necessarily a good idea. Aunt Ellen arrived with bacon, eggs and toast. Breakfast became acceptable.

The neighbors on the farm down the road were all boys and noisy. One morning I said something about all the noise when they did their chores. Aunt Ellen said they bragged a lot but she had gotten even with the mother during sweet corn season one time.

That mother was quite fat in fact the entire family were on the hearty side. Their mother bragged about how she could out eat the boys any time. Aunt Ellen invited her over for some corn on the cob. To win the bet Aunt Ellen, when she went to get more corn, would gag herself out behind the house. The neighbor lady finally gave up and waddled home. Aunt Ellen said it served her right. Of course, I was a little nervous about the ethics but Aunt Ellen was older and smarter.

Aunt Ellen taught second grade in the public school in Elkhart. The worst thing she did, and I think my Dad suggested this, was to have her thirty kids write me letters. They had been working on their penmanship all year and now in the Spring it was time to put it to use. Two years in a row those letters arrived just before Spring recess. It ruined a good three days of that week. I had to write individual answers to each child in Aunt Ellen's second grade class. As I think back I realize it was a good geography lesson for them, me telling about the Naval Academy, important people who visited the Academy, and the buildings in Washington. The second year I numbered the letters. You read them in sequence and they had a continuity. I told them about riding on Old Ironsides when it came to visit the Academy in 1930. Important people from foreign countries were in those letters. This was a time when the Midwest was in isolation, a reaction to the Great War, (World War-I). I know my generation with World War II suddenly learned names like Okinawa and Auschwitz. As the draftees joined the conflict in far flung islands, Africa, Europe, or flying the hump to China was in the newspapers.

Aunt Ellen was a good driver but she had a flat tire one time and lost control of her car. This was in the late twenties. Grandmother's back was so injured she could no longer walk and lived in a wheel chair, sitting on the front porch on warm sunny days. The Great Dane, who was the family pet at that time, once caught a mouse and brought it up to the porch in front of Grandma. Unfortunately for him the tail was hanging out of his mouth and Grandma pulled on it like a bell. She thought the dog might have been planning to scare her by dropping the mouse in front of her. She just beat him to the punch and he went out to the rosebushes and buried the mouse.

Aunt Ellen was a gardener. Like Grandmother Myers she had about half an acre inside the arc of the driveway that circled past the house and out in front of the barn. With the first snow and onset of cold weather she planted the peas so they would grow with the first thaw of spring. There would be lettuce, corn, beets, several kinds of beans, onions, both green and for later winter storage, radishes. Completely circling the garden just inside the grape vines that grew on the fencing were marigolds. Rabbits do not like the smell of marigolds and seldom entered her garden. Nasturtiums were always in supply, they were used like water cress in tossed salads.

There was an antique record player, looked just like the one in the trademark for "His Master's Voice". One record, "The Whistler and his Dog", was a quarter inch thick. Another was the Ringling Band playing music to accompany the animals that marched in parade through the tent. We used to follow each other around leaning over with our hands clasped for the trunk of the elephants, or sticking one high up in the air for the giraffe music. Aunt Ellen had all kinds of animal ideas to keep us busy with the music. Our mother taught us a number of songs which we produced at family gatherings. One about Professor Von Squissics, another about the Cannibal King, and one about why girls can't whistle and boys can't sing. After the war I asked Aunt Ellen about the antique record player with the big horn and she said she had thrown it away. That was my first feeling about antiques and keeping them.

When I was fourteen, Philip and I spent the summer on the farm for two months as hosts to teenagers from Chicago. It was some sort of program to get the kids out of the big city. When we were told to go pick some plums, Phil and I grabbed the pole with the comb and sack for picking off fruit high in the trees. The city kids thought we should look for cans filled with plums and were duly impressed when we acquired some purple plums right off the tree. There is much to be said about getting kids out on the farm. Grandpa had been a great horticulturist. His orchard contained fourteen varieties of apples and he never cut the fox tail grass. I have heard in recent times that is the best way to conserve moisture in an orchard and Grandpa was doing it the beginning of this century.

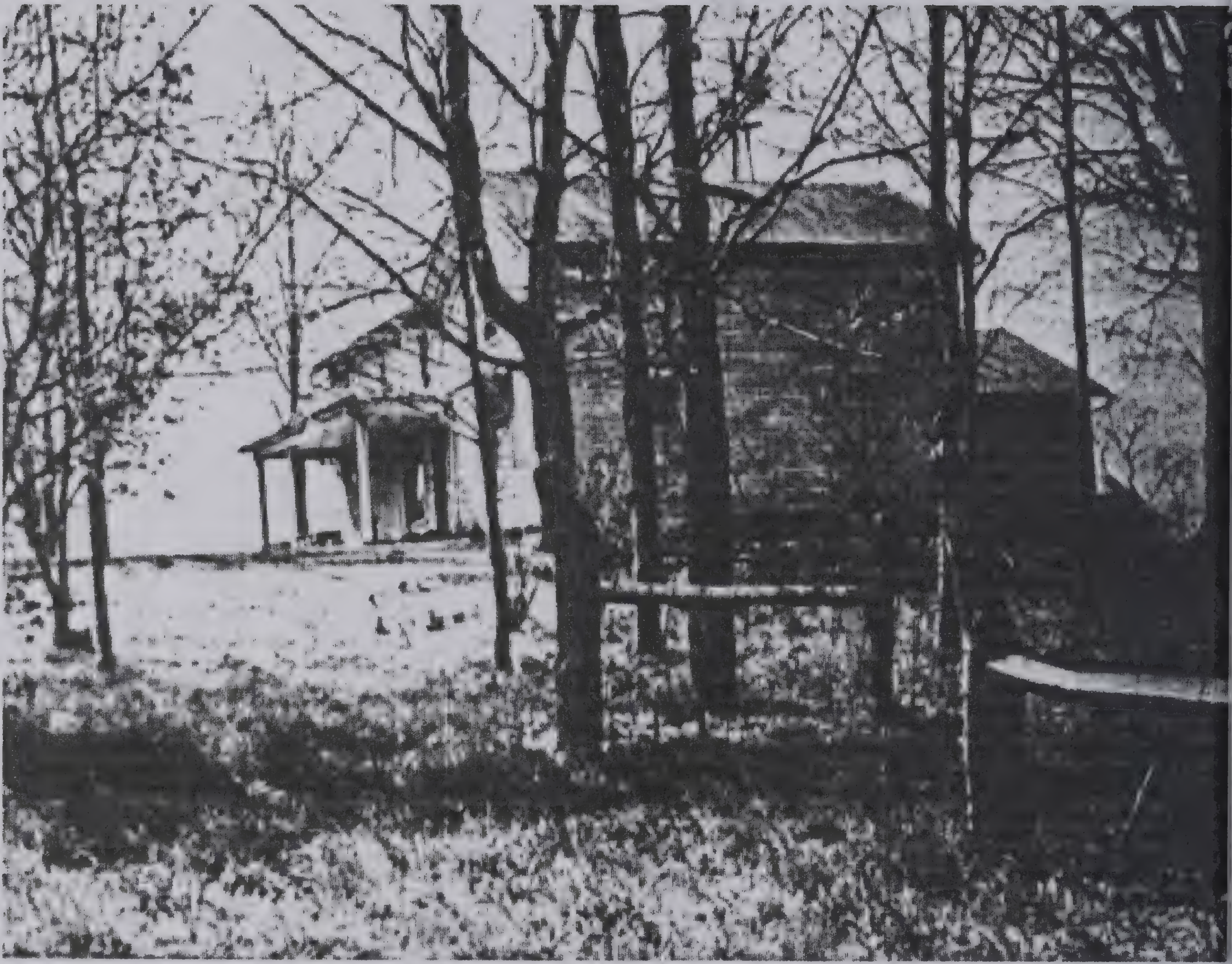
I think it was this same year that I was taught how to drive with Aunt Ellen's green Chevrolet. We went out in the back pasture and drove around on the grass much to the distress of the sheep. They retreated up the hill to the woods. Once I was on my own I remember the joy, the freedom of driving around that pasture. On a road you are confined to the speed limits, and hedged in by the ditches. The trouble with driving across country it does destroy plants. It makes parallell tracks through the ecology.

When we moved to South Bend we were able to visit Aunt Ellen in Elkhart and also she could come over on weekends to visit us and her oldest sister Aunt Cora. On trips to Elkhart, Mom primed us on polite thank you and how we should compliment her cooking. That wasn't hard she was a good cook. What upset Dad was that when she was at our house she never said anything about how good the food was. Finally he vowed he would get a reaction from her. He groused about every service that it was not as good as usual or some other minor complaint. Finally we were having desert and he said the chocolate cake just was not good and Aunt Ellen poked her fork into the texture with the comment that she saw nothing wrong with it. Dad gave up. We never even looked up.

Aunt Ellen had no college degree but she was considered the best teacher in the Elkhart system until the last few years before retirement. Then they wanted to fire her. They tried to get her to resign. My Dad was furious about it. I really do not know how it was accomplished but she was retired early. The NEA was pushing for the teachers with degrees and the legislators were passing accreditation requirements which the big city schools had to meet or lose funding. A teacher without a degree reduced the accreditation whether they were good teachers. Legally, they were being disqualified.

Uncle Eddy died and without his help she soon sold the farm. She and Aunt Estella lived together in Garrett. The family reunions were often held in their backyard. Aunt Estella died and Aunt Ellen was alone again. It was not long before she sold the house and had to go to the home in Avilla. She finally got so she couldn't remember us. Several times we stopped but she just went down hill very quickly. I often remember those sunny days on the farm, feeding the lamb with the broken leg, washing down Uncle Bernard's shoes, getting the milk separator to whine at the right speed, and watching the wren push a dozen new babies into the world of Grandpa's backyard. I remember sitting on the back steps while Uncle Eddy spun one of his puppet tales.

Best of all, I look up at Aunt Ellen staring down through her glasses to be certain I was a good little man. She expected the best. She got it. She was a teacher.



Moorhouse Farmstead Dickie Bird buried in trees.

George Young and Anna Moorhouse

The other day we were unpacking when the trivet Aunt Anna gave us came out of the box. It was a souvenir of the old Huntington Hotel in Indiana. Uncle George and Aunt Anna managed the hotel for many years. It was famous in their day as a spot for honeymooners. Aunt Anna had graduated from commercial college and was Uncle George's secretary when he was the assessor for Allen County. They were married after his first wife died. Aunt Anna took on the raising of three step children, Catherine, George and Bert.

Young George was handsome. He and Bert had raven black hair and their sister Catherine, was a red head. When George graduated from the Navy as a pilot, he took a reserve commission in 1938, then flew commercial airlines. One winter Friday night coming into O'Hare in Chicago, their C-47 iced up and they hit nose first, short of the runway. The crew was identified by the shoes they were wearing. His wife was in the last trimester of her first pregnancy and not too certain of what was going on. Later we heard she had a lovely boy. I wonder if the ice had not got George, if the coming war would have.

It was cousin George that gave me my worst case of poison ivy. Phil was not allergic. Phil and I had accompanied young George to the back forty, the field just before you get to the 100 acre woods. It was a lovely day. When the team started plowing, the ground was too wet so George decided it would cake and harden. We took a break and he told us about training in the Navy. He had been on the wrestling team and that is a sport I always admired. I had found that because I was smaller than most of my peers I could not out box them but wrestling usually caught them unprepared. So I was more than willing to learn about half nelsons, and arm locks. I also remarked on the possibility that the ground cover might be poison ivy, but George said not to worry it wouldn't bother him. By lunch time I was itching all down my left side and Aunt Lois really told Young George about letting us roll around in poison ivy. Dr. Mahoney's cure was a weak solution of iodine laced with ether. I have since educated myself on the flora known as poison ivy.

My earliest memory of Uncle George and Aunt Anna was when I was about four. I was sent down to stay with them while Mom and Dad, Phil, and Elizabeth, the new baby, visited in Albion at the Moorhouses. It was a fine time. We milked a couple of cows for butter and drink. Aunt Anna was sorely in need of assistance with the chickens, there had been a lot of hatching that spring and now they needed direction as the old hens weren't too worried about them as they were past the yellow fuzzy stage. The milk needed separating and getting the crank up to speed with the high whine was most important. Once the fly wheel screamed the correct decibel, the milk was poured from a crock into the big catch bason on the top and little spigots at the two levels for cream and the separated milk were then opened. Aunt Anna really needed a lot of my help.

The worst part was leaving. Uncle George had a calf ready to sell and he was taking it over to Huntertown. I was to meet my family at the interurban down by the highway. We all climbed in the car. Uncle George drove, Aunt Anna was up front. I sat in back and the calf stood on the floor in front of me. I had on my good suit and didn't want that dumb calf drooling on it so I sat under his back end, bad choice. The motion scared the stuffing out of the calf and when we got to the interurban line I had to clean off my shoes. Uncle George said when the orange and black interurban car came around the bend to wave my satchel back and forth. They drove off. The interurban whistled for the curve and came in sight. I swung my bag almost full circle. Mom and Dad were waiting at the top of the steel steps and I was back again with the family. They were sorry about the dumb calf.

I remember at the candy store for Easter they made sugar candy eggs. You looked through a window and there was a miniature scene inside, Beatrix Potter animals and rural settings. But the best egg was the one we received one Spring from the Youngs.

Dad said, "How wonderful, it is a goose egg."

Though it was decorated with crayon designs and seemed very heavy, we didn't think it so special. A letter arrived and we were told to break the egg. It was full of maple sugar, a large egg shaped maple sugar candy. Dad sliced it up and explained how they made an egg with sugar inside. They blew out the egg then held it under thick maple syrup in a pan until the egg stopped bubbling. Now the egg was full they sealed and boiled it slowly until the syrup caramelized. They then worked the egg loose and sent it to us. We were impressed and it was a wonderful maple sugar treat. Somewhere I read how they boil the maple syrup to the same heavy consistency and pour it out on a cool sheet of marble. Sounded a little like making pancakes with special designs.

One February Dad took me out of school for a couple of weeks when I was fourteen. I spent some working time with the Youngs in the 100 acre woods. They had sixty sugar maple trees but they needed help and I was their apprentice. There were three big broilers. They looked like huge barrels of stainless steel. A wood fire was maintained for ten days to cook down the sap. The three of us worked around the clock, sleeping six or seven hours every so often but those fires had to be kept burning. The snow was not too heavy and once you had tramped the line it became easier. Using a yoke you would circle through the stand of maples pouring the fresh sap from the little quart galvanized buckets into one of your larger yoke pails. With the first thaw in the winter weather the sap begins to run. The maple tree was girdled in a small "V" of two or three inches. A wooden or metal spline like a pipe stem split lengthwise was driven into the cotton of the "V". Each year the "V" is moved around the tree never recur again. This groove bleeds fresh sap. The wooden willows were hand whittled as needed and had a little hook on the end for the bale. The trick was to make the groove deep enough in the spline that the sap ran out the end dripping into the bucket not down the bale handle. Once you had collected a full load on your rounds, the yoke buckets were taken to the cooking shed and poured into the freshest barrel. The syrup was ladled from the first cooking into the last where it would be finally measured. A cup of syrup had to weigh so much before the syrup was ready to bottle. Basically it takes about twenty gallons of sap to produce one gallon of syrup. That syrup was rich mahogany brown and made the greatest breakfasts.

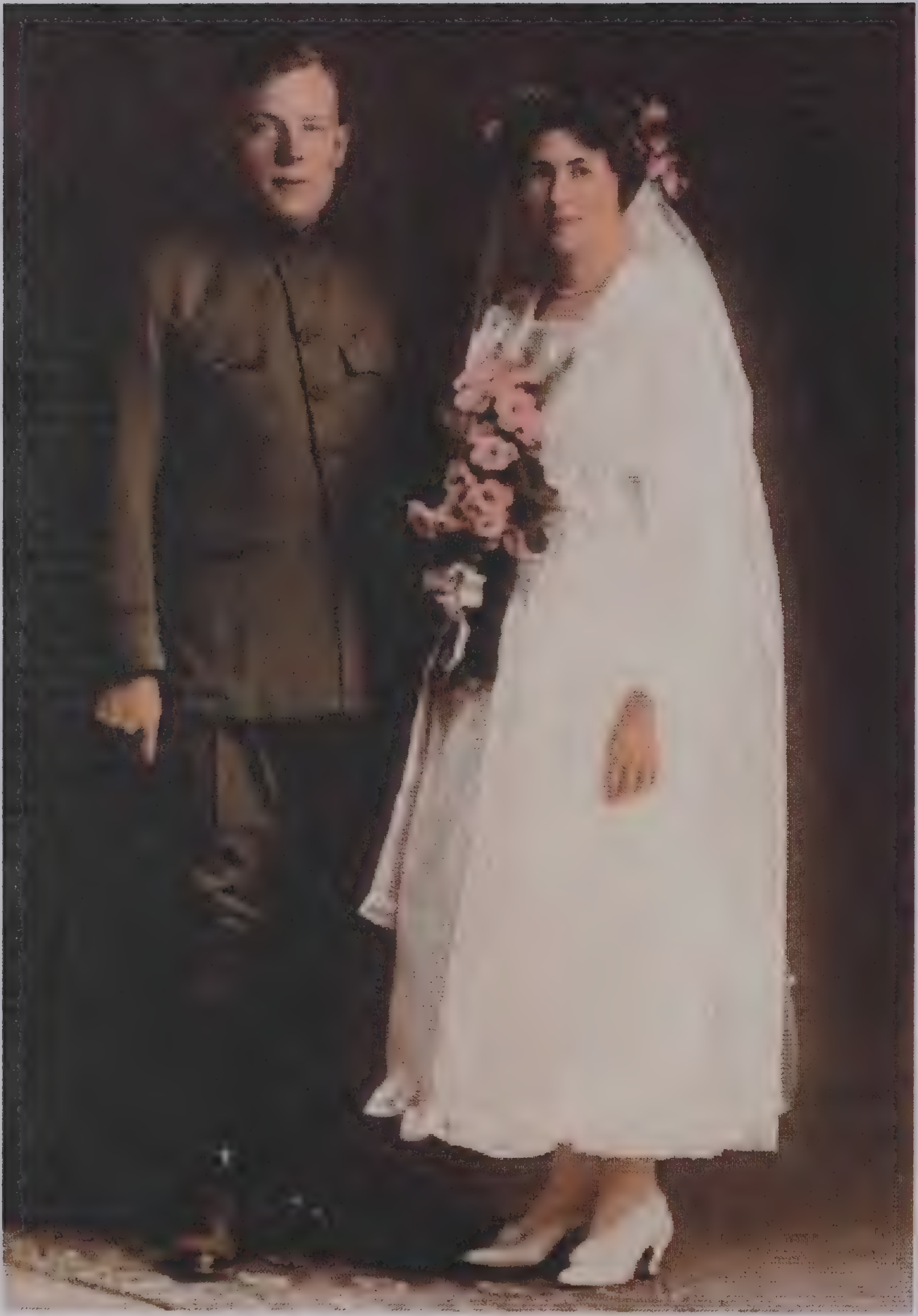
Of their children I probably knew Bert the best because he roomed at our house for a year. He graduated from Purdue with straight "A" average, then did his Masters at Notre Dame under Father Leewunhoke, developing synthetic rubber. They gave us what is now latex paint. They even blew up the lab in the process. I asked Bert why he was so quiet at our table during dinner4 and he said it was his chemistry. He didn't analyze people, he analyzed the chair they sat on, or perhaps the wall paper behind them. It was such a strange answer I never forgot it. He went to work for DuPont and that's the last I knew about him.

Uncle George was much older than Aunt Anna and he rocked in his chair a lot. He also wrote poetry and it was good. He had one about beehives and that's why there are so many 'Sons of bees.' Wonder where that notebook went. Anyway Uncle George and Aunt Anna bought a farm and semi retired. She fed chickens and he raised calves. She fed all the wild things that wandered by. Every runt in the litter was brought in by the wood stove and nursed into Spring. There was one little piglet, who was house broken. He found that he could back up to Uncle

George's crossed foot while he rocked. That moving shoe sole would rub the pigs rear. It was a gently sound of squeaky rocker, grunting pig, all from one motion.

Aunt Anna lived many years after Uncle George died. We stopped by with the girls on trips to Angola. Once her screen door was in tatters. She had been feeding a deer and when she ran out of potato peelings she started for the back door. The deer wanted more and reared up on its hind legs walked up the step and slashed at the screen. Aunt Anna was afraid it would break the glass in the door and be hurt. The screen was cut into one inch ribbons. If it had gotten to her before she got the door closed she would have received a similar slashing.

Their farm house was on top of a hill. The views were magnificent. One stormy Spring the sleet came in fast and Aunt Anna had to rush around saving her glass cupboard when the windows smashed. The side of the house looked like hunters had been shooting at it. The winder had been so cold the gold fish didn't survive. Out in the barn was an antique threshing machine. Those old galvanized winnows with their long tube to blow the chaff into the straw stack were rumbling dinosaurs, but they helped the American farmer increase his productivity. The plow that broke the prairie because loam didn't stick its smooth steel started the revolution. It was developed from the idea of needles sliding easily through cloth. We have put the sickle cutter, binder, threshing machine into the combine and the American farmer produces more per man hour than the farmers of other lands. George and Anna belong to that history. They lived their quiet lives serving where needed. These are the people that feed us. The ability of any culture to feed and clothe its populace is the true test for progress not justn survival. Whatever the political system it is the health of the people that best served.



FRED AND MARY'S WEDDING

Memoirs of our trip to
HAWAIIAN ISLANDS
1920-1921

Consisting of the letters written by us to our parents and other
close friends in the States, while en route to the Islands, and
while teaching in the Public Schools there.

by Antoinette and Agnes Meyer

This is the title leaf for 247 pages of double spaced copy of the letters, the following are extracts of comments about Laurence that occur in these pages. There are a few quotes also from letters of my Mother, Mary. Laurence F. Myers

Hilo, Hawaii, Tues. 9/7/20 p28 I guess we haven't said a word about Lawrence, commonly called Jack. Of course he is very nice, only a little bit poor. The other girls and even the boys who have been rushing us think he is the whole cheese. Aunt Mary and Fred are quite puffed up when people make a fuss over him. Monday being Labor Day, Fred did not have to work at the Bank, but he made good use of his time here putting up shelves and making furniture. He has a crib started for Lawrence. Agnes

9/12/20 p.30 Aunt Mary succeeded in getting a woman to come and do the work and take care of Lawrence so she can teach.

9/16/20 p.32 Lawrence's new sulk came on the Mona Kea today. He sure is growing and getting strong. he notices things so much more. Antoinette

9/24/20 p. 33 Mrs. Silva, our hired woman, has quite a history. She hadn't been to confession since her marriage nineteen years ago, as she had married a divorced man. This she says she did not know until after their marriage, and lately they do not live together...

Oh! Jack has a new cart and rides occasionally. He surely is growing. Mary puts him on a blanket on the front porch and he can turn over or roll by himself. We find him on the bare floor often. He tries hard to sit up and will soon be able to do so, I think. He coos and talks a great deal. I don't know what we would do without him. Mary gave him a bath before putting on his nightie tonight, and when she poured water over him he laid just as quiet. He seems to like his little tub better. Must close and get to bed. Antoinette

10/3/20 p. 38 Mary and Fred have gone to High Mass and I have Jack on a blanket on the porch floor. We all went to 7 o'clock Mass and Jack cried and acted up so Mary came home during the sermon. Jack is sure a good kid and is growing so. For the last week or so he has been able to roll onto his stomach and view the world in that way. He will soon be able to sit up alone. I had him on the bed this morning and Fred tried to spank me for teasing him, and how Lawrence did holler and laugh. he weighs somewhere near 14 pounds. Antoinette

10/8/20 p. 45 Lawrence is getting so much larger and stronger. He is able to roll over and can almost sit alone. p. 46 Lawrence is a peach. tonight I was trying to read and hold him but he kicked and jumped around so that I finally had to put him on the floor on a blanket. It wasn't long before he was off onto the hard floor of the porch bumping his nose and squirming around. He sure is growing and getting strong. Antoinette

10/10/20 p.48 Saturday morning Mary brought Lawrence and put him in bed with Agnes and me, and he put his finger in his eye. Such howling. She had to come and get him again and later we decided that he had scraped a small film off his eyeball just over the pupil. Mary washed it with boric acid and it is all right today but we held him most all day yesterday and today. I think he didn't feel well anyhow. He weighs only 13 pounds 10 ounces but is very hard muscled already. He is so active that I don't see how he could keep any fat. He can very nearly sit alone and plays with things much better than he did. We dare not leave him on a blanket on the floor any more for he rolls and turns and is off in a short time.

10/13/20 p. 53 Lawrence is growing fast, especially mentally. He reaches for things now and pays better attention to everything. He can sit alone for a few seconds but when he begins to reach for anything, over he goes. When we put him on the bed or floor on his back he rolls over onto his stomach and can then turn around and move forward just a little bit. He won't stay on a blanket on the floor any more but rolls over and over until he hits the bare floor and then he usually bawls. He never wakes in the night and is usually very happy in the morning. Antoinette

10/19/20 p. 58 Lawrence is growing and getting nicer every day. He is beginning to show signs of a fierce temper. He nodded nicely to some of the ladies this afternoon. Antoinette

10/24/20 p. 59 Mrs. Silva had tied two of those red paper patterns of ours to Lawrence's bed and we didn't take them off last night. This morning he had reached them, torn them all to pieces and was red from head to foot. Mary was scared and afraid he might have swallowed some and be sick, but no signs of sickness have developed yet, so I guess he is O.K.

10/28/20 p. 63 Lawrence is a little brick. Yesterday at breakfast Agnes was holding him and Fred passed the plate of toast to Lawrence and said, "Have some, old fellow," and all of a sudden Lawrence grabbed the biggest piece and it landed on the floor. Last night he knocked a cup out of Mrs. Silva's hand but as luck would have it, it didn't break. I put him on the floor a while ago and he rolled over on his stomach and is asleep now. He tries very hard to sit up and yesterday we had him in his bed, and he got his feet against the end and pushed and pulled with his hands on the edge until he raised himself. Antoinette

11/4/20 p. 64 Lawrence is surely getting to be cuter every day. Last night he lay on the bed and I shook my head No, and he did it too. whenever I would shake, then he would too, until we all got to laughing at him, then he quit.

11/11/20 p. 71 Lawrence can sit alone quite well. He can also clear his throat and scratches his head like a Japanese. Antoinette

11/13/20 p. 91 Lawrence celebrated his seven month birthday today. He cut another tooth the other day, and with both of them no I'm telling you he can bite. He sits up so nicely now and can climb right up in his basket. Agnes
Lawrence got a package from Sears Roebuck yesterday with a set of 16 bells and lines attached so as to drive him and make a noise. there was no name so we don't know where they are from. He fairly went will with them, so de don't let him play with them much. He can sit up all alone now and can very nearly crawl out of his bed. I am afraid he will fall out some day. he has two teeth and Oh! how he can bite. Mary took some snaps on his 7 months birthday but she hasn't had them finished yet. Antoinette

11/18/20 p. 74 We weighed Lawrence when he was six months old, and he had gained 1-1/2 pounds. He now weighs 15-1/4 pounds. He's some husky. Tonight I had him and gosh, how he bawled. He has some temper and kicks and gets red in the face. Mary got a celluloid rattler for him and how he did shake it. Fred pro[prophesied it wouldn't last a week.

11/25/20 p. 80 Thanksgiving Day is over...Gaffs, Mary, Fred and Agnes went to see "Anne of Green Gables."..Have seen the show so we were elected to stay with Lawrence. After dinner Lawrence's nurse came and we rested on the porch awhile. I went to see Lawrence this morning and he was sucking his thumb as usual. He took hold of my hand and raised up and is now sitting in his bed. He cut his first tooth yesterday. Fred said he wouldn't dare play with the silver now or he would scratch it all up. He is as strong as can be and sits up real pert. Antoinette

111/28/20 p. 85 Lawrence is getting so he can crawl all over the bed and as Fred says, we don't dare to let him have the silverware to play with or he will scratch it with his new tooth. Agnes

12/2/20 p. 86 Lawrence just waked up and is crying for food. Agnes is trying to quiet him by saying, "Cluck, Cluck." He just keeps on saying, "Food! Food!" He still sucks his thumb a great deal.

12/13/20 p. 90 Lawrence rolled off the bed and bumped his head again yesterday. We will soon have to build a pen around him, I guess. He has a bad habit of throwing his head back when he can's have what he wants, and this morning Mary was holding him and he reared back and bumped his head good on the chair handle. Antoinette

12/23/20 p, 95 Lawrence is cute as ever. We are planning to watch him closely while at Robinsons on Christmas. I am sending some snaps of him. They make him look like Catherine Phillips, don't you think? We all think the photographs look very much like Uncle Bernard, though. Antoinette

12/23/20 p. 97 Am enclosing a picture of Lawrence which was taken when he was seven months old. It does not look like him. He gets cuter every day. He crawls all over the bed and eats whatever he can get his hands on from morning till night, even leaves and paper. Agnes
1/6/21 p.;105 Lawrence is growing fine. He surely likes to play and the rougher one is with him, the better he likes it. Antoinette

1/9/21 p. Lawrence has a new dwelling place now. Fred made him a new bed which is all screened in so he can't get out. It had come to the place where he had to be watched all the time as we couldn't leave him on the bed or in his basket. Antoinette

1/16/21 p.117 Aunt Mary has started feeding Lawrence on the bottle. He takes to it fine. He is very active and always so friendly with everyone. we never can get a picture of him when he is smiling. He always thinks that it is a serious job. He just got a little baby's plate the other day from Gaffs. Agnes

1/20/21 p.120 Lawrence was very cranky tonight. I guess he didn't feel just right. He could creep now if we put him on the floor, but he seldom touches that. He climbs all over us when we hold him. Last night Fred held him by his hips and raised him up over his head, and he sat up just as straight and played with the electric light, and wasn't a bit scared. Antoinette

p. 120 Lawrence is a little pill. Every time I put on my tatting dress, he just goes for it. He seems to think it is great. Agnes

1/30/21 p. 124 The Japanese boy, Ralph Koabi, insisted on carrying Lawrence back to the car. The Japanese are all crazy about children, and especially white babies.

2/3/21 p. 127 Lawrence has his third tooth, and is now beginning to talk a bit. He can say Mammam and Bapa. He can climb up and stand by a chair or your knee, but is just a bit shaky at that yet. He can hold his bottle so nicely, and does lots of cute things. Last night he got smart and bit our chins and cheeks. Antoinette

2/6/21 p. 130 Lawrence can climb and stand up to the bed or chairs or at our knees. He can creep quite well and today crept over Fred's cot and up into his own cage twice. He says Mommon, Bapa, and today tried to say Baby. He has three teeth and I think they are helping him to talk. Antoinette

2/10/21 p. Mauna Kea is snow capped and most beautiful. Lawrence is cutting a fourth tooth. Lent is here and we are all well. Mary Myers

2/13/21 p. I found the snap of Lawrence and myself, so I will send it as I promised. He is some boy. He climbs up and stands to the chairs or in his bed, and a bit ago, Fred had him in his sulky cart here in the room, and he climbed up and peeked over the top. Finally the top bent forward, and he sat down on the footboard quite suddenly. I took a snap of him with his bottle today.

2/19/21 p. 139 Fred got Lawrence a new swinging chair and he has lots of fun in it. he tries so hard to stand alone, and really does very well. He does so many cute things. This morning he picked his teeth with a toothpick, and we surely laughed at him. Antoinette

2/20/21 p. 140 Fred took Lawrence to the table this morning, and he got a little bit too grabby. He pulled a cup of coffee over on himself, and just more than wondered why he was being treated so cruelly. We rendered first aid and now only one leg is just a little bit red. Aunt Mary said I might tell this, since no harm was done. Agnes

2/24/21 p. 141 Lawrence is growing like a weed. He weighs almost 18 pounds, and now has six teeth and a promise of more soon. He likes his chair swing, and laughs so silly when we play with him and swing him. Today he swung until he fell asleep in it. When we put him to bed and give him his bottle, he sucks on it so hard that he draws the rubber nipple clear down into the bottle and can't get at it any more. Then he gets sore. Antoinette

2/27/21 p. 143 Yesterday morning Father James said a Mass for Madeline, so the whole family, Jack included, went to Church at 6. Agnes

2/27/21 p. 144 Lawrence went to 7 o'clock Mass again this morning, and was as good as pie.

2/27/21 p. 146 Lawrence has a new canvas chair swing. It hangs in the side Porch and he likes it very well. He watches the Mynah birds on the top of the garage, and gets very much excited. He has six teeth now, and the two upper front teeth are so large. Agnes says they must be his second one. Antoinette

3/6/21 p. 148 Lawrence is getting to be some clown. He can creep all over now, and is beginning to climb up to the chairs. Agnes

3/6/21 p. 149 Lawrence says Baby quite plainly, an also plenty of mom-mom. He gets so mad when the milk is all gone from his bottle. First he yells, them he bites the rubber. Antoinette

3/6/21 p. 149 Agnes had Lawrence out in his cab today, and they met Peggy (small daughter of Fred's boss) and her mother. The mother said Lawrence was getting to look more like his father every day. Peggy looked up and said, "There comes his father." it was the old French, much bewhiskered Father Paul, who visits and goes all over town with his cassock on. Mrs. Shaw was naturally embarrassed. p. 150 Lawrence creeps everywhere and climbs up to the chairs. He gets greatly excited over the aeroplanes and Mynah birds. He gets peeved and yells when all the milk is out of his bottle and usually he bites the rubber nipple. His teeth are very sharp. Aunt Mary

3/13/21 p. 153 I had Lawrence out for a walk this evening, and a couple of little Japanese girls came across the street and gave him a bouquet. They are so crazy to see white babies. Agnes
We had a nice auto ride to the wharf last night. We took Lawrence along and he enjoyed it so much. Antoinette

3/18/21 p. 157 Lawrence is growing and doing new stunts every day. He will be lonesome tomorrow, poor kiddie. He walks around chairs and creeps fine. Antoinette

3/24/21 p. 160 Lawrence has a bad cold, and does a lot of fussing. His little eyes look so sick. Aunt Mary is going to give him some onion juice and sugar, and I think he will be better. Antoinette

3/27/21 p. 161 Lawrence is much better today, but he has been really sick for the last few days. Friday they got worried, and took him to the doctor. He said there were four double teeth coming through, which was causing all the trouble. I hope he is all right by next week, so we can take our trip around the island.

p.188 Mrs. Silva said that she found Lawrence on the third stair step the other day. He surely is a cute rascal. He stands up in a reed chair and eats toast with us every morning. Antoinette

4/14/21 p.185 Today Lawrence is 11 months old. He is getting his picture taken out in the back yard. Antoinette

4/17/21 p. 186 Lawrence began to squirm and squall a little while ago, and Fred went in to change his pants, which is usually the (pages gone).

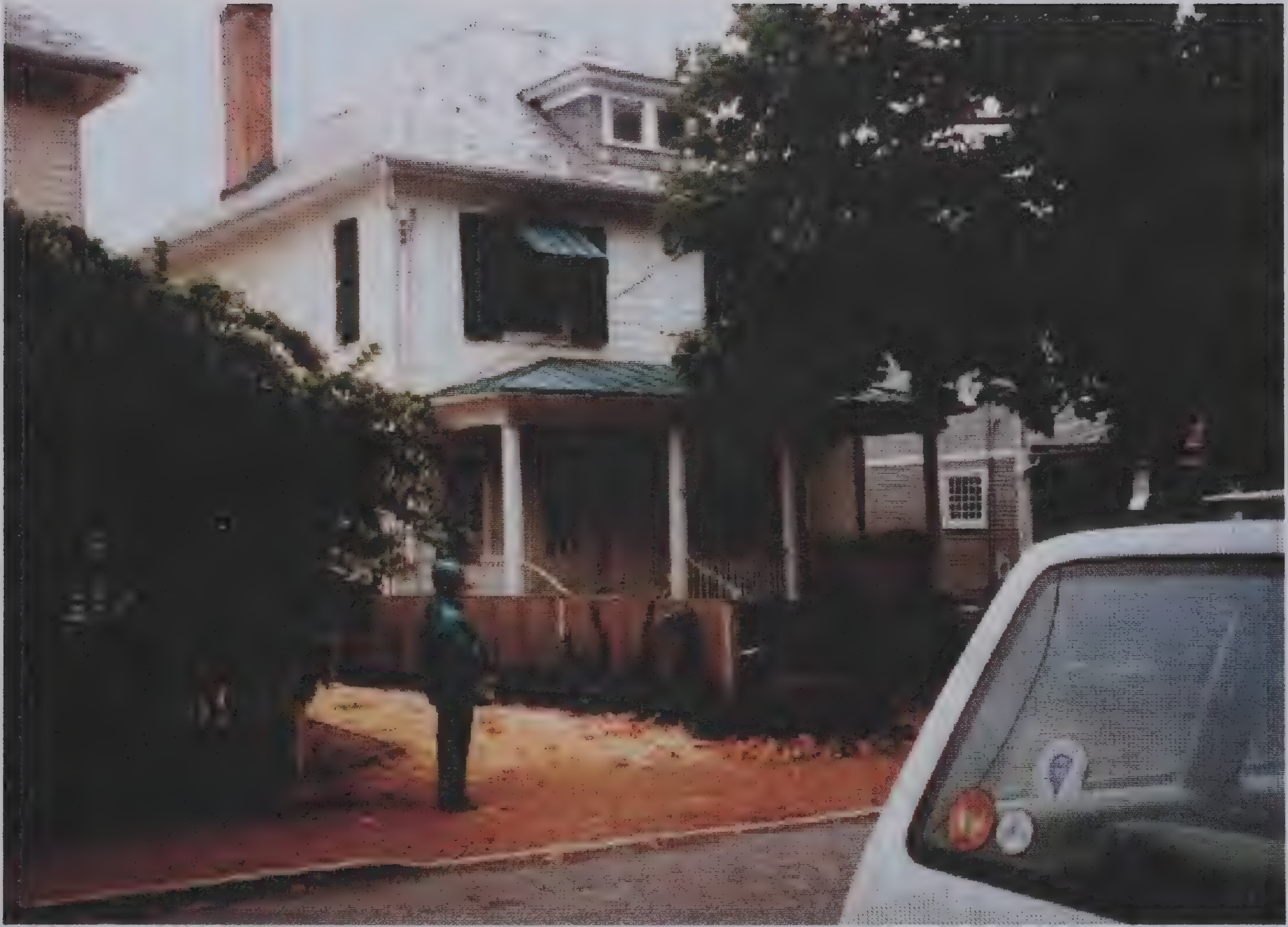
6/5/21 p. We have gone out to Coconut Island three nights this week and taken our supper. Lawrence enjoys it as much as we do. He isn't a bit afraid of the water. Agnes

The last entry on the last page.

Our guide was very familiar with the place, and he took a stick to get us some specimens of lava. When a heavy explosion would send out pieces of red-hot lava, he would run forward, twist his stick in one quickly, and run back to a safer distance, and press a penny or some other hard article into the little ball of hot stone and let it harden there... It was a dangerous place for one who did not watch what he was doing, and many times we were frightened for each other. We could go very close to the Pit, however, and we sat for hours and watched it.

At night the red glow reflected into the sky, and lighted the country for miles around.

The Hawaiian Islands have always been to me a kind of fairy land, and I can think of no place nearer paradise.



84 Duke of Gloucester, Annapolis, Maryland

Annapolis

Let me introduce the brothers and sisters of whom I am the oldest. I was born in Hilo, Hawaii, May 16, 1920. Mom and Dad returned to the mainland when I was a year old. Aunt Cora's youngest, Bernadette, when she was only a few years old, met us at the station in Albion and was delighted to discover that I was not a brown baby like a Polynesian.

Dad, Frederic Irwin Myers, started teaching at the United States Naval Academy in Annapolis where Philip was born 22 December 1923. Ralph Vincent was born in Annapolis 24 August, 1927. On July 25, 1925, Elizabeth was born in South Bend where Dad was teaching summer school at Notre Dame, and six years later 1931, Mary Lois. After we had moved to South Bend, Paul Thomas on 24 December, 1933.

My earliest memory is of a time when we lived in Eastport, Maryland, in an old plantation house with a wide stairway to the upstairs. The woodwork was dark walnut including paneling, with fancy carvings on the newel posts. Both the upstairs and downstairs hall and the wall up the stairs and the double landing were lined with paneling.

Mom, Mary Francis Moorhouse, was busy down- stairs and I discovered how beautiful the sun, shining through the skylight, would make the different colored threads from her sewing basket. I would hold the spool between my thumb and forefinger, wrap the end around one of the top newel posts and run around the inside railing of the upper stairwell. The sensation of the spinning bobbin, the color combinations from the sunlight were all most delightful. I had approximately a ten inch wall of thread across the top of the stairs. Then Mom arrived. It is to be noted that this tale ends abruptly because I do not relish end results.

Another memory of that house was the huge cud chewing cow on the large lush lawn. She was staked out where the grass was fullest and moved regularly to reduce mowing chores. Mostly she chewed and stared at me with big eyes and I was too small to approach her.

Mom, Dad and I went to a movie up on the circle by the Capitol Building. We were walking home from the picture show down to the market square. I was skipping happily ahead of my parents down Main Street. The flash of the street lights on my shiny shoe tops was getting my attention when suddenly I dropped through an open coal bin whose doors were open to catch the night's cool air. There I was sitting on the top of the coal pile staring at a black man who was as surprised as I. Dad looked down into the orange light from the boiler fire. With the help of the black man I was lifted from my perch. Ash cans were placed across the open sides not protected by the steel doors. I know I'm supposed to look ahead but there are times when one gets involved in the stars, but slips in the mud.

To my knowledge Dad never swore. When I said something about it to Mom she laughed and said that once Dad came home from the Academy and was very angry about something that had happened. He had referred to the man's pedigree as being a damn fool. This was at supper and I began beating the tray on my baby chair with a spoon to the phrase "damfoo". My father was reprimanded for language like that in front of the child so that consequently he was quite aware of impact effect on children.

One winter Mom brought me to Albion to see her parents, my Grandparents, John and Rebecca Monroe Moorhouse. Mom and I went sledding on the hill north of the farmhouse. When we got down the hill the first time I wondered if we would be able to do it again! "Sometime!" We did, right away.

That summer Mom and I went to the woods at the top of that hill where wild raspberries grew. I was busily working one side of the tangle when I saw a slowly moving animal about the size of a cat. When I had gotten Mom to take a look she asked me to back out of the brambles very slowly. It was an albino skunk, white with beige lines along its back. Uncle Eddy, Edward Moorhouse, wanted to go shoot it when we told him about it at supper. It was too late and he said next time we should get him right away. The pelt was worth money

Uncle Eddy also tried to teach me to hunt but I never developed any enthusiasm. I had trouble hitting anything with the sawed off shotgun I had, and once injured a rabbit that limped into a culvert. I had to crawl in and bring him out broken leg and all. This reduced the hunting zeal to zero. Uncle Eddy could hit them without any strain. He was deadly. I asked him why always in the head and he said it saved cleaning the lead out of the meat he used. When Uncle Eddy was young, actually 14, he ran away and joined the army. He got into fighting the Mau Mau in the Philippines in the Spanish American war. His First Sergeant finally challenged his age and he was sent home. He was liked around Albion and I have heard that auctioneers wanted him as sales accountant because he was accurate, honest, and never forgot a face.

That Moorhouse homestead was very modern for 1924. It had two of those old fashioned crank phones. There would be as many as a dozen people on the same line with rings in dots and dash combinations. Two shorts and a long was Mrs. Moneysmith, a long a short and a long could be Grandma. Sometimes so many would be listening the power would drop and no one could hear so you asked your best friends to hang up you'd call them about it later. The reason for the two phones was because Grandpa Moorhouse was School Superintendent and by having a phone from the Kendalville exchange and one for Albion, he eliminated long distance charges. Several times he caught his wife standing at the phones with the receivers on the speaker bell letting some neighbor call across the exchange without charge. Grandpa said she shouldn't waste her time, besides the operators knew she was doing it. That was the big advantage in those days with the small companies. The switchboard operator was the emergency and gossip column rolled into one. If they had wanted to run for office they probably would have given the professional politicians a run for their money with what those operators knew about subscribers.

Grandpa had gone to Hillsdale College in Michigan and gotten a degree in horticulture. Besides being the school super he was also into getting things done in the county. He was responsible for getting the first cement road in northeast Indiana. To save money they only paved the lanes running in to the county seat. The out bound lane was gravel. Today when you drive east or west on State Roads 8 or north and south on 9 from Albion the inbound lane has cement under it. It was always different going to town on the paved side and seeing the gravel on the other lane coming out of town. The reasoning was the wagons would be loaded headed for town and light enough on the gravel side they would not mire down.

State Road 8 ran from the plank road, Highway 3, near Avilla to Albion past Grandpa's farm. Uncle Eddy told about building the plank road from Kendalville to Fort Wayne. They had plenty of trees and they split them in half. Then they laid them with the flat side up. The road lasted into the next Spring. When the weather thawed and rained the trees rocked on their round bases and the road lost its flat surface. Before long wagons were stuck and the skinners would use the road bed as levers to lift their wagons back on the road. The plank road was not a successful investment..

Near the intersection of roads 8 and 3 was a farm that in the early days was used as a staging point for running stolen horses across the state liine to Ohio and north to Toledo or Detroit. The horses would be run into the swamps around Wolf Lake and then to the farm. There they would be camouflaged with water soluble paint. They never ran the horses in wet weather. Uncle Eddy told about one time when the sheriff caught up to the horse thieves just across the Ohio line. He lassoed one of them and pulled him back to Indiana so he could arrest him legally. In those days stealing a horse was like stealing a car today. In the far west it meant death to the man left stranded without his horse and no way to get to water.

The summer kitchen was a large plank porch about twenty by twelve feet wide. It was roofed, the gable from the main house extending over it some thirty feet. There were walls and it was high airy place. The plank porch was open on the side away from the house. Along this open side were the wood bin, large enough to accommodate a weeks supply of wood, the old kitchen range, the newer one in the main kitchen through the door to the house. The large crocks for clabbering sat beside the range, and along the house wall were racks for pots, pans and crockery. Just as you went in the house to the left of that door was the separator a fascinating black monster with stainless pans that were religiously washed and scalded after use. But the most important improvement was that behind the kitchen range out on the ground beneath the extending roof was a water tank that you would see along any railroad. The bottom of the tank was several feet above the level of the main floor of the house supplying a flush toilet bathroom with running cold water just like any big city home. There was always warm water available in whichever range was in operation. There was a three gallon storage tank to the side of the oven on all those early wood burning ranges. They were advertised as being convertible which meant if coal was available it could be used. Most country folk preferred the available wood as sweeter smelling, particularly, to bituminous coal, soft coal.

At the far end of the summer kitchen a stairway leading down into the root cellar. That was a must for storage. It was cool. It was walled from the other basement area with the huge furnace. To get to the furnace room you went down the five steps in the summer kitchen which were opposite the house entrance, walked around that large water tank and came back under the flooring of the kitchen and into the dirt floor basement.

In the winter time the large three foot square grate in the main room was the place to dress. We could hear Grandpa shaking the cinders, and firing up in the morning. By the time we had our clothes and had run down stairs the furnace would be glowing below the grate. The grate was not yet too hot to stand on but the rising warm air kept the chill of dressing to a minimum. You were ready for shoes when the grate was beginning to burn your toes. With heavy home knit sweater, winter time was now bearable. Actually I preferred sleeping at Grandma Myers because she used flannel sheets which are quite neutral about feeling warm or cold compared to linen sheets at the Moorhouses which always felt cold when you first got into bed.

On the back wall of the detached garage were big glass bottles of blue water with wires connecting them along the three shelves. A small one lung gas pump drove a generator to produce electricity for the Delco system. It was an interesting motor when in operation huffing once to three times between firing, then popping once or twice to keep the fly wheel going. The lighting in the house was fairly simple the production of fancy lights was slowly coming. In Annapolis we had a huge globe like chandelier hanging from the ceiling with three chains but in the country a simple twisted drop from the ceiling with the electric cord contained one bulb, clear so you could see the twisted filaments that made Z's around a central glass pole. The glass always had a little tip where it was closed off once the vacuum had been made. There was a Boy Scout project in which you broke off the tip while holding the bulb under colored water. The vacuum would pull a table spoon of water into the bulb. Hanging it upside down you could predict rainy weather because a drop of water would appear on that opening in the bottom when the humidity was high. They would last about a year when finally the last of the original water would have dried out.

The most unique building on the farm was only about six by seven feet and eight feet high. It was the summer smoke house and in winter the ice house. The walls were a full six inches thick and filled with saw dust for insulation. The roof was pitched and the saw dust filled the ceiling to the roof. The base was about three feet high mortared stone so that the building would not burn. The door sealed shut quite firmly. The sides of pork or beef were cleaned and hung from rafter poles, a fire was started and then the whole thing closed for a long time. The fire was replenished from time to time but there was no venting for the smoke to exit or for that matter air to keep the fire burning. Actually there was enough little leakage points that the whole procedure worked much like a modern smoker grill.

In January through late February, the ice saws were brought out and the horses pulled a sledge down to Skinner Lake. There they bored the ice, sawed off chunks and brought it home for storage in the now empty smoke house. Late into June there would still be ice for cool tea drinks. With today's pollution such a method of acquiring ice is probably dangerous. I remember a project of selling broken refrigerators to the Eskimos to keep their food warm and in turn bringing back ice from Alaska that melted cleaner than the locally produced ice for home use. I wonder if the glaciers are still as pure.

Grandpa was upset with my lack of zoological nomenclature. I referred to pigs as "sheepies". It is what is familiar. I knew "Mary had a Little Lamb" because we sang that song when I was young and Disney had not yet popularized the "Three Little Pigs". Like Uncle Eddy, Grandpa played puppet games with his hands. He taught me my first handy". With your left palm up you use the thumb as the stump. The right and left fourth and fifth fingers laced together as the wood pile, and the right middle finger is the log propped on the left thumb. The left index and middle finger chop on the log. The right index finger scratches the left palm "picking up the chips". As a teenager in high school we had finger games called "handies" but I believe that one of Grandpas was a vestige of pioneer life entertainment. They sang, played Jews harps and barn danced but there probably is a whole lost age of "The Handies" as well as animal shadows.

On a beautiful summer day the huckster swung into the drive. His wagon was pulled by a double team of chestnut horses, that's two pairs in tandem, like the express stage coach. The wooden sides of the mahogany wagon lifted to make a roof to the bins and drawers along the side. To give you an idea of the height of that wagon Grandpa tossed me on his shoulder and we were able to walk under those wooden awnings. Since Grandpa was a little over six foot the height of that wagon box must have been eight feet. The huckster pulled out one drawer with marshmallow peanut candy and gave me two. Even today I have to try a bag of them once a year in memory of that sunny day at Grandpa's. There were steps on the back and the women could walk up inside the wagon and check his supply of cloth and other dry goods. Wet goods are liquids. The huckster not only had pans to sell but could repair them. If it was a small hole, he had what looked like a small headed thumb tack and a washer. He put the tack through the hole with the washer on the inside and hit it with a small sledge hammer on his anvil. It was called a cold rivet. The pan did not leak.

We moved from the mansion in Eastport to Annapolis at 84 Duke of Gloucester Street about the time Philip joined us. It was the third house from the bridge across to Eastport and across the wall from the gardens of the St. Mary's Catholic Church. This had originally been the

Mary Elizabeth Laurence Fred
Philip

Tenting   The Apple Tree in background

summer residence of Charles Carrol of Carrolton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. I have a love seat and there is a three drawer chest in South Bend that came from the priests' house and had belonged to the Carroll estate. In fact one time Dad was cleaning out the drawers of the chest and found a letter signed by a friend of Carroll hidden under the drawer. He sent it to the archives in Washington.

The third floor of our home was a great play room. There were double casement dormers on the east and west sides. To the west you looked across Duke of Gloucester Street and into the gardens of Charles Carrol of Carrolton's summer home the rectory of the catholic church. The old manse is a retirement home for priests and St. Mary's Church was built just north of the home. The slave quarters are the catholic school and nunnery for its teachers. The tops of the brick walls were sprinkled with old broken glass of variegated colors. The intense sun has bleached them and weather dulled the edges of those broken bottles. In the gardens the heavy boxwoods line the walks and provide a wonderful retreat for the priests to stroll while reading their missals. One of the retired priests was something of an amateur gardener from the north. He asked permission to work the garden area as that was a hobby of his. Unfortunately he was not aware that boxwood is not hedged like privet and began cutting it to a proper level. Before the father superior stopped him, he had leveled some sixty feet representing hundreds of years of growth. I learned that you should make sure of cultural environment before you start changing it.

It was an apple tree that stimulated my interest in botany and its application to bringing me a sensibility of honesty and integrity. Whenever Dad came to a point where I needed his personal direction, I was dispatched to cut a freshet from an apple tree that grew at the back fence of our yard. Fruit trees raise twigs, called freshets, that will never bear fruit and should be trimmed to the benefit of the tree. These were available for the beneficial chastisement of the young and reckless. The problem was in trying to select the correct size. Fred would slap it in his palm. Test its resilience and efficacy, and then proclaim that it was too heavy for the light indignantly that I had produced. Or, it was not heavy enough to meet out the full justice my escapade merited. In any case there were two trips. I remember the trips, the palm testing, the judgments but not the "end" results. I believe man's brain conceals the trauma of justification while retaining the educational benefit.

Fred had left Annapolis before the rest of the family to start the summer classes at Notre Dame, he sent us a card with a little boy looking at his dog. The dog was scratching himself. The caption was "Be's you got bugs?" That was because quite often the little colored children would sneak up through the alfalfa field and steal apples hanging over the fence. They had lice. When we climbed into the tree later in the day we would pick up lice and then Mom would run us all through the bath tub. At the Moorhouse farm, I went into the empty chicken coop and got covered with chicken lice. The chickens had been sold some three weeks earlier and the lice had become starved. Mom was upset to say the least. I got the scrubbing of my life. That is probably the same summer that Uncle Eddy had to rescue me from the big Tom Turkey that had me down in the driveway.

Uncle Bernard told me this one. "Laurence, you probably don't remember this but one summer you helped me pull Dad's water pump across the road to the water trough. We put the pick-up hose in the trough in the field to the south where they always kept the sheep. I took off my shoes so I wouldn't get them muddy and put them on the fence post. You held the hose for me while I washed my car and when I got ready to put on my shoes you had filled them with water to keep them cool."

One summer, Phil and I were put in charge of a lamb that had broken its foreleg. Uncle Eddy would fill a bottle with milk, put on the big black nipple, and we would feed the lamb every morning and night while the milking continued in the barn. The following summer when we visited there was one sheep that followed us every time we were in that field. We were convinced and Uncle Eddy agreed that was our lampkin of the broken leg. Milking time was always fun. The cows had a butting order in which they entered the barn stalls. No cow was allowed a prior position once the butting order had been established. The men would hand milk into open pails which were taken to the house. In the summer kitchen the separator would begin to whine as the fly wheels reached high speed and the milk and cream came out separate faucets. Both were immediately taken to the basement. The cream for churning butter and curdling for cheese and the milk cooled for drinking. Later as the milk got old and began to sour it was brought to the summer kitchen and added to the clabber. This eventually was poured through a huge funnel with cheesecloth and a large bundle was then hung to drain. This was cottage cheese. With a little salt added it is a wonderful way to eat calcium,

Another wonderful time was late summer when the threshing crews came around. Many families would join to help each other. Uncle Louis Meyer who married Mom's oldest sister, our Aunt Cora, was of German descent and knew the Lutheran, Catholic and Protestant graces for meal and was the official preacher for the crew. He would use the prayer that was most acceptable to the hosting family. The wives of the men would arrive in the morning along with their families on the flat wagons that were to be used for bringing in the sheaves. All the children played games, the girls at hopscotch, the boys at softball. Each wife had her particular carry-in for the meal. The main entree was prepared at the host farm, roast chicken, hams, beef and noodles. The men all came in washed and ate together and went back to work. The women and children ate next as space allowed. The day was busy both in the barn and house.

Uncle Eddy, when the spirit moved him, would prepare ice cream. He had found out that his old Ford could be jacked up so that one wheel spun free. One loop of the binder twine tied to the freezer handle would work perfectly to turn the freezer. When the ice cream was ready the twine would snap. This relieved the drag on the wheel and the Ford would immediately speed up. That let Uncle Eddy know that everything was done and he went out turned off the motor and brought the ice cream in for dessert. Uncle Eddy told some of the most ridiculous stories. He would put a corn flower, or the base of an acorn on his fingers for hats. Draw a face on his finger nails and and put on a puppet show. There was one of the knight and the page out hunting and they came to a small river. The knight was going to jump across and in the middle of the jump saw he would land on a rattle snake so he tuned around an came back. Another time there was a terrible noise in the woods. The found a tree limb so crooked it couldn;t lie still. There were romatic ones but the funny ones I rmember best.

In the late summer a dozen farmers would contract together for a threshing machine and they would be the crew. Out in the barn the threshing machine would be set up blowing the straw stack out into the barnyard. It made me think of the neck of a brontosaurus sneezing out the back doors. Inside two men would sack the grain and move it to the granary room. The wagons would pull up on either side of the thresher and throw the sheaves into the choppers. The steam engine on the end of its belt kept huffing and the whole operation was noisy, dusty and hard work. Fred was driving one of the wagons and he turned a little too soon when he started backing out of the barn. It turned half on its side and Dad slid down the wagon boards onto the grass at the foot of the stone wall that retains the bank up to the barn.. No body got hurt, but there was some yelling for the horses to stop before they went over the wall.

We went up to Rome City several times. There is a resort there, a large lake and park. Nearby a local farmer has a small zoo, a collection of African animals of sorts. We were always getting into trouble in that zoo. The chimpanzees were upset with having people look at them and imitate them like some sort of dummies. One of the chimps figured out a way to get even. He would wait until a group had gathered to watch and he would get a drink of water and not swallow it. Throwing himself at the bars on the front of the cage he would expel that mouthful of water out onto the people. Phil and I were fascinated with how soon another group would gather commenting on the water along the walk without realizing what was coming next.

The small monkeys were safe enough. People would throw sticks of chewing gum into their cage and watch them lick the sugar off. Phil and I thought this was a waste since the monkeys never chewed the gum. We decided to try an experiment. We each took a stick of gum chewed it just enough to get it ready and then put the two wads together and threw them to the monkey who had been watching us chew.

The stupid monkey picked up the gum stuck it in his mouth and got himself all stuck up. Both hands, feet and tail got involved in the wad of gum. He never got it into his mouth but rubber banded it all over himself. Then in an attempt to clean it off he rolled in some debris in the corner. The monkey looked a little like he was tarred and feathered. Philip and I left, aware that the zoo keeper, who had to clean up that monkey, would want to discuss the problem with us. Besides it was probably time to eat the picnic.

Returning in the fall to Annapolis, the family would take the Capital Limited on the Baltimore and Ohio out of Garret, Indiana. When Elizabeth was a baby Dad left weeks earlier to get back to Annapolis for opening classes. Mom was getting us all dressed up as we pulled into Washington. Philip was wearing his Little Lord Fontleroy suit, black velveteen pants and white ruffle shirt. He wandered down the aisle of the Pullman and met a nice lady who gave him a chocolate to eat. It dribbled down his white shirt and Mom was exasperated. Fred thought it was funny when he picked us up.

Being raised in Annapolis as a Navy brat was tremendous. Philip and I went to the armory every Saturday morning and received training from Spike Web the Naval Boxing Instructor. He was involved with the Jack Dempsey story, had been the trainer for Dempsey during his career as a pugilist. Jack was married to a cousin of ours and during World War II Great Aunt Eva Acker lived in his house in California while Dempsey was serving in the Navy.

Coming home Saturday morning we often stopped at the Capital Building and stood on the brass marker where George Washington said farewell to his troops after their success at Yorktown. The history books will tell you it occurred in New York City, but that was one of those early publicity stunts. The General had said goodbye before the army broke up and went home from Yorktown. Do you imagine the soldiers were going to wait around for George to say goodbye to them in New York instead of heading for home now the fighting was over!

The books always tell about the "Boston Tea Party." How many of you know about the tea roast in Annapolis? A Mr. Stewart, an Annapolis importer, had his ship in the harbor loaded with tea. He did not bother to arouse the neighborhood and hide behind Indian dress. He got in his gig with a flaming brand and burned his ship with all the tea in it. I am sure Lloyd's did not cover his arsonery. The ship was named for his daughter Anne.

There is a story about the huckster who was selling bananas on his push cart, an early method of green grocery delivery to your door that no longer is found in any city. All the hucksters selling watermelon, lettuce and other greens were doing fine when they sang "Anne Arundell carrots!" Anne Arundell is the county around Annapolis and famous for its produce. So the banana huckster, unaware of the words' meaning started chanting, "Anne Arundell bananas!" much to the delight of the locals who knew bananas did not grow in Maryland.

Christmas was a wonderful time. We grew up with family traditions. Philip once hung a stocking that had a hole in the toe. There was a large bushel basket underneath to catch the fall out. In the morning there was one peanut in the basket and nothing stuck in the stocking. You can't blame a guy for trying. Philip and Paul always felt their births could have been better scheduled like for after Christmas Sales. It was Christmas time that Dad took a family picture. He bought a timer and it set off the flash bar, as well as, tripping the camera. Now a flash bar in those days was a trough mounted on a stick, something like a parrot's perch. You poured black powder along a trough a bit like filling a cigarette paper when you rolled your own. The trough instantly burned when an electric spark ignited it. It was very exciting taking flash pictures in those days and the smoke that filled the room meant you had to be successful the first time. There was a long wait for the air to clear.

We often had a fire on winter evenings and roasted apples. We placed our apples on the edge of the hearth a few inches from the embers and every few minutes gave a quarter turn to the apple. They would begin to bubble through the skin and the steam would disappear into the fire. Once they cooled down, they were very good.

To supply wood for our evening fires, Dad and friends would cut down at least one large tree a year. They would buy a tree from some farmer and cut it down. They spent Christmas vacation splitting and stacking the wood. One Christmas Mom gave Dad a big double faced lumberman's ax. We went out to cut down that winter's tree. Dad was going to set the notch. He took a second swing and the ax head flew a hundred feet out into the Severn River. Dad threw the ax handle after it. The ax head sank, the handle floated, out to sea. He seemed to be disturbed.

Whenever an important person was visiting in Washington, they were often brought to Annapolis to see the Navy midshipmen, particularly if they were British. The yacht America was moored in the marina. Dad always enjoyed hosting the British officers and his finale of the Naval tour would be aboard the America. It was Lipton's sailboat that beat the British challenge of sailing supremacy. Standing aboard the America Dad would remind the British that this was the boat that “put the cat among the pigeons.” He was probably getting even for some of the snobbery aboard the liners the family endured going and coming from Hawaii.

When Queen Mary came, we went to see her and it began to drizzle. We stood on the curb where the cars would slow down to make a turn. When her big limousine turned the corner she looked right at me. I waved wildly and Mom laughed because I was so proud that she looked at "me" and smiled. I know she did! In the Spring the midshipmen would parade almost every weekend. We often went. I was interested in the Navy band. I would stand behind the Sousa horns and watch their tight pants. I thought they would vibrate when they hit the lowest base notes. I was afraid to get too close to check if there were any resonantal vibrato in their tight pants.

Recently there have been advertisements of a little boy who will eat anything and I have often been called 'Mikey' because I do the same thing. I ate poison oak and broke out in blisters

St. Mary's Catholic Church, Annapolis

Charles Carrol of Carrolton, Signer of Declaration of Independence

all over my body. They swathed me like a mummy. I was put in the baby crib on a rubber sheet. Regularly Mom would appear and pour a pitcher of lotion on me. I have no idea of how long my recovery was but I can remember the cool relief of those pitcher pourings. Whenever something turned up missing I claimed to have swallowed it. I actually did swallow pins and money. Once they took me to X-ray to be sure the diaper pin was snapped shut. I had my parents toilet trained. When money was involved they would check my stools to see if it had passed through. I wonder if it was a neat idea of mine to get special attention. Mom drew the line, however, when I claimed to have swallowed the baby spoon. It was part of a baby set that had been first used by me. The handle on the spoon was bent in a circle to assist an infant in gripping it. Mom was probably right and we do have only the knife and fork left.

Phil was a little late in learning to walk. He would row backwards around the rugs on the hard wood floor. Mom got him to hold the lower edge of a sheet of paper while she held the top. After practicing like that for several days, Mom let go. He was six or seven feet ahead of her before he realized she was not holding him up.

He sat down.

Mom laughed and got him on his feet again holding onto the sheet of paper. The next time when she let him off on his own, he giggled and walked quite a distance with the sheet up before him in the air. He held it high enough he could see where he was going. He knew she wasn't with him so he finally made low obeisance, laid down the paper, stood wobbly erect and started walking around the house. He went through the dining room, out the kitchen, and back through the living room. Once around the dining room table, and back out the living room. Mom and I sat down for lunch. Phil giggled every time he came by as we ate in the kitchen. Dad came home about the middle of the afternoon and Phil continued to walk. It was late afternoon when he finally sat down on the rug in the living room, fell asleep and was taken upstairs to bed. He had not eaten since breakfast until he woke up the next morning. He did not walk again for two days. After that he walked on the basis of practical need. When he was about five he started wandering off down town. About the third time he did and a policeman showed up on our front porch with Phil in tow, Dad decided to take action. Three days later Phil was gone when we were ready to sit down for supper. The doors were locked and when Phil returned in the late evening he sat on the swing on the back porch and watched us finish our supper. We were not to notice him out the window. It was dismal. We could hear the porch swing creaking as Phil pretended not to mind and was just enjoying an evening in the moonlight. From there he was escorted to bed. He was never late to a meal again and more importantly he never wandered off either.

There was a story in the paper of a Navy ensign who had become a hero. He had been in charge of loading ammunition in storage when he saw smoke coming up the hatch. He yelled a warning to those near and threw his body across the hatch just as the ammunition blew up. When Dad saw his name he was very shaken. That Spring that ensign had been failing in English but Dad felt he would be a good officer in many other respects and passed him. He wondered how many would have died if he had failed this student. Uncle Dick (Richard Myers) was Dad's younger brother. There was little money on the farm and when he graduated from high school Dad had him apply for a naval appointment. They were usually unfilled in the Midwest because it was an unfamiliar opportunity to students so far from the ocean. He applied and was appointed.

At his medical review he was below the required five feet two inches. The doctor told him to spend the next twenty four hours flat on his back and not to sit up when Dad brought him back for a physical the next day. I think he also used a hammer on his head to raise a few welts. He graduated from the United States Naval Academy when I was eight.

During his junior year his roommate was an electrical wizard. When the alarm went off several things had already happened. The windows would be closed, the radio turned on, the heat turned on, and just at the alarm the lights turned on. An officer was checking the room just as all this occurred. Philip and I were fascinated with the details of how all this was accomplished. I believe there was a black mark for disturbing the status quo and surprising the officer.

They had some strange routines at the academy. If your actions at mess caused your table mates to vote thumbs down you sat under the table and had to eat with the plate above your head. The order was to "submerge" and eat a "square meal". I really was not interested in developing closer relations with the Navy than as a brat.

In the winter of Uncle Dick's senior year at the Academy, he was Captain of his table and during this time had a female cat hidden in his room. Uncle Dick liked bending rules. To feed the cat he required all underclassmen at the table, when they were excused, to take a swallow of milk and deliver it by mouth to his room. Should they be met in the hall by an officer they swallowed the milk. Enough of them got through that the cat became fat, and, to Uncle Dick's consternation, delivered several small kittens. We fell heir to one of the kittens. When it arrived in a shoe box, Mom was horrified and told Dad the poor thing needed a bath. Midshipmen apparently were not too circumspect in the grooming of their illegal pets.

Now you must know as the oldest, I had long been assigned the diaper detail. This seems to be the lot of older children in large families. You are expected to remove the soiled garment, and when solid waste is present, prerinse in the toilet stool. This requires flushing and is a primary reduction for the final wash. A firm grip is developed to retain possession of the diaper while dunking in the flushing water. Modern disposables have eliminated this chore for the modern mother. Phil and I discussed the kitten cleansing problem. It was based on my experience with diaper detail. When Mom realized the toilet flushing to be an excessive amount she checked to determine the cause of all the toilet activity. We had the kitten in the stool and were exhorting it to swim. By the time Mom rescued the poor creature, dried it out and warmed it back to life, it had developed pneumonia. We learned that babies are fragile and tender things.

Uncle Dick invited Marian Pilton down the spring he was to graduate. She would become my Aunt Marian. At supper one night baby Elizabeth began fussing and then crying and Mom gave me the nod. I excused myself and left to do my duty, the baby quieted and I tried to quietly return to my supper. The Miss Pilton, who was graduating from Bryn Mawr, just had to know what was wrong with the baby. I was reluctant to discuss the problem at the table, but she insisted so I told her.

"She had messy diapers and I changed her for a fresh one." Dad introduced a new topic for discussion.

Bobby Hatcher lived two houses up the street. All his male relatives were in the Navy, most of them Admirals. Bobby and I were often the deck hands on sailing excursions around the Chesapeake. A canoe was lashed aboard for closer inspection of some of the reaches. Once coming around the dock in a complete reverse of downwind to directly into the wind, Bobby and I dropped the sheets a second too late and the wind caught them in a terrific bang. Loose like that they disintegrated into strips about four inches wide. It was late in the season and new sails would have been bought but we did rush the process. Modern nylons probably last better. The old cotton sail cloth or duck, was good for one year and then lost its strength, from sun, salt and use.

One fall In the early morning hours of Saturday, Bobby Hatcher and I went down to King George Street about four a.m. We sat on the curb at the edge of a street light. It was a cone of light in the dark. We heard the oyster shuckers coming from across the tracks. They were chanting a work song like a whisper and then stronger till they were walking by. We waved at their group and the white eyes and teeth flashed at the edge of our cone of light. They were gone humming into the shadows toward the market. Then we felt the cadence coming. Steadily the tramping got stronger. The steady tramp of marching men. Quickly the Navy Corps marched into view swung through the circle of light in their dark blue long coats, pounding forward from the Academy to the interurban station, headed for Philadelphia and the Army Navy Football Classic. Watching those cadets swing by for twenty minutes was an impressive moment. In the glare of the reviewing fields you can see the squads wheeling, but that steady procession of squads four abreast from the dark to the dark made me ponder the business they were engaged to serve. I think even then I began to love and hate the accouterments of war. Dad once said to me when I was in high school, "Son, you and I were born to the wrong generation when it comes to staying out of war." Then the last flank passed and soon the cadence was a mumble, a whisper and all the cadets were gone forever into the dark, a memory that to this day tramps solemnly on my mind. That corps would have been on station with the start of the war only a few years into the future

It was with Bobby Hatcher's bike that I learned to ride. Bobby was tall enough that he had a full sized bike but that didn't slow us down. We found that by dismounting the gate made of 2x4s it was just wide enough to clear the handle bars. Using the seven steps up to the back porch I could mount and shove off down the slop of the yars. So far no peddling because I had to concentrate on going through the opening of the gate. Once cleared it was down the path through the alfalfa field out on the sidewalk and head for downtown. I usually fell off half a block down the street before I ran out of soft alfalfa. But in time I was able to ride that large bike atleast in a standing position. My first bike was still six years in the future but as they said once learned you never forget. It was out in the middle of that alfalfa field that we built our first airport. Bobby and I had membership in the American Moedel League Association. For a dollar a year they sent you six models to build One every two months. At the end of the third month we had rubber band motored prop flying planes and needed five feet to take off. That was our airport. The last model we paid extra was a push pull motorized flying boat of the Navy. It had two foot wing span. We had launched it from a boat out into the bay. It flew some sixty feet but when it landed on the water it came completely apart. Even today people do not believe it is harder to crash land in the ocean than on land. In water there is no skidding.

The Spring that I celebrated my ninth birthday, the family gave me a yellow Southwestern with the fisherman's hat that all sailors must have to stand to in a storm. The phrase "stand to" is nautical meaning to go on watch while aboard. I went to bed that night and prayed that it would rain so I could wear my new gear. My timing was perfect. That night the Spring equinotical storm hit and it rained so hard that school was canceled for three days. I have been careful in my requests to the Lord ever since. Boats from the marina had floated up against the backyard fence. It took considerable work to pull them back across the street into the bay. I don't remember when I did get to finally wear my new sou'wester.

Ralph was an embarrassment. He has grown up smarter than the rest of us but when he was three he did have a lot to learn. One hot day we were using the hose to keep cool and, of course, were decently clad in our bathing suits. Ralph was freer of spirit and suddenly tore off his suit and began dancing in the spray. We tried to catch him and get him clothed again but he was too slippery and ran around the house into the front yard where the whole world could see him. Mom ordered him into the back yard, into his suit, and into the house. Phil and I were both upset because the hosing was stopped.

When he was about four Ralph decided he would try climbing outside the rails on the back porch. The porch was about seven feet off the ground. No one knew what was going on until there was a sudden thud of sound and Dad found him suspended just off the ground. As a safety precaution in case he fell he had tied a rope around the banister. Two things were wrong with his reasoning. First the rope was only some five feet long, and second, by the time he finished tying the end around his neck there was not much left to hang him. Dad cut him down and Ralph had a rope burn on his neck for a few days. Later in South Bend Phil and I took him to his first football game. We were explaining about the goal lines, the fifty yard mid field line, out of bounds and the goal posts. We were sitting across the aisle from the student cheering section. When Ralph in his brilliance asked, "Now where's the scrimmage line?" The Students roared for him and "Let the game begin," now that's embarrassing!

Every Saturday night the family would go to the Academy to see the movie. Whenever the MGM Lion came on all the midshipmen would roar along with him. Since they changed to the lion that looks like a stone sphinx some of the roar has gone.

While at the Academy Dad became an expert on past Arctic Expeditions. At that time Admiral Byrd was preparing his polar jaunts. Dad had a pass into the Library of Congress stacks and a by-line in the Baltimore Sun, Sunday Editions once a month carried an article about previous polar tries. It was exciting to read what Dad had found out. There was one about using a balloon. The men died, frozen to death but no one could figure out why. In the sixties a Norwegian scientist discovered they had caught a shark that had trichinosis. In the frigid North cooking food was not always done. Deep freezing many degrees below zero and then thawing would break down cellular structure similar to cooking and you did not crack teeth eating hot food. Apparently that is what happened to the balloonists. They probably caught the shark for additional food and did not cook it and got contaminated with trichinosis.

Admiral Byrd, Burt Balchen, and many others from the polar staff spoke at times at the Academy. We patted some of the sled dogs and met those important people.

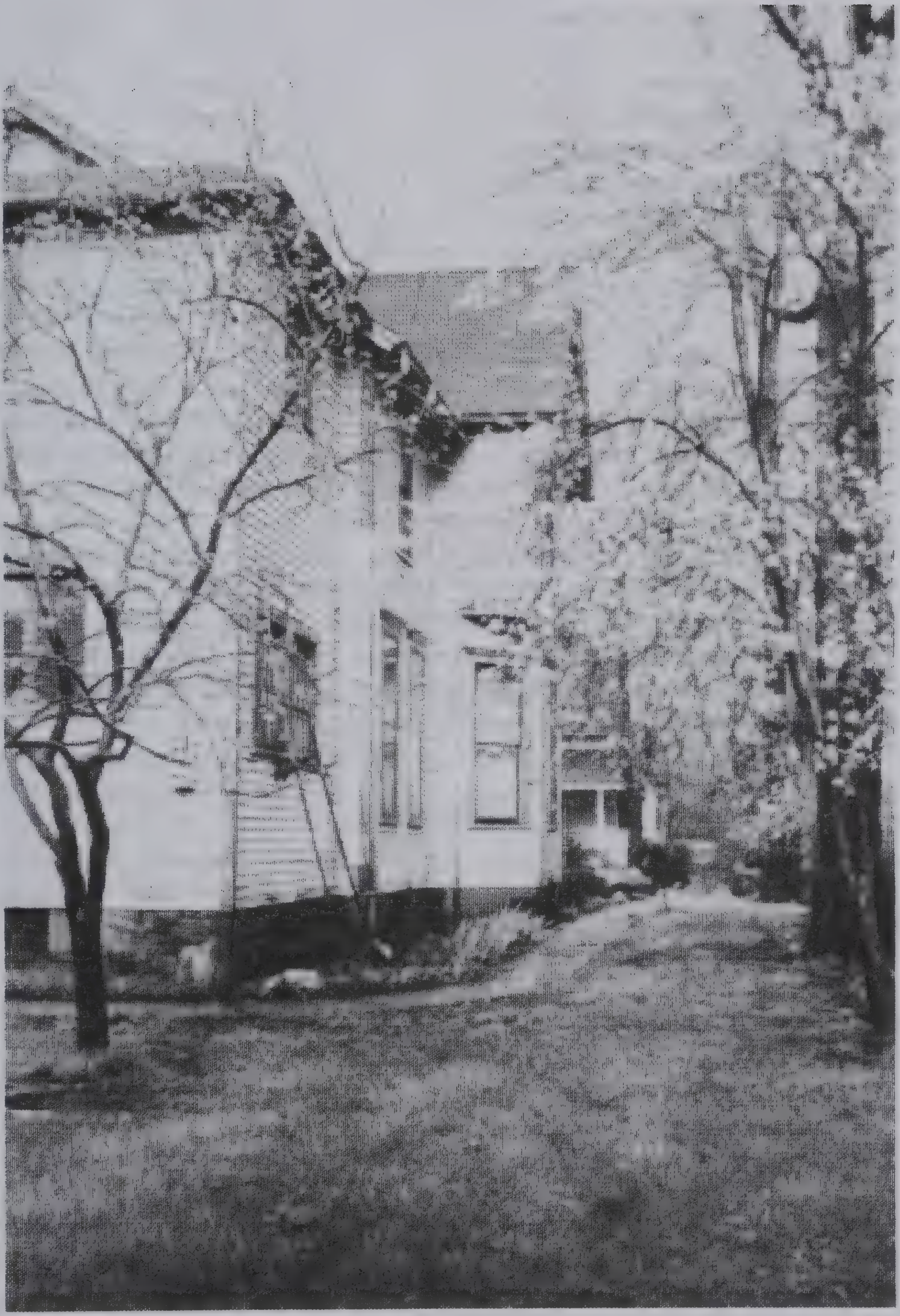
In the summer, 1930, they brought the U. S. Constitution, Old Ironsides, which is still the oldest commissioned battleship in the U.S.N. to Annapolis. There was an old sailor who lived over in Eastport who had been a bucket boy the last years the frigate was still an active ship of the line. We knew him for sailing ships which he whittled and then assembled in large bottles. While the Plebes, first year midshipmen, worked the lines, some boy scouts and Phil and I got to go along. They never had her under full sail but it is fun today to say I have been to sea on Old Ironsides, even if it was only out the bay and down the Chesapeake for a Sunday afternoon.

Somewhere I had learned some wrestling. Whenever I was challenged to fight for some stupid reason.

The year Phil got the big erector set we designed and constructed a wonderful suspension bridge using several balls of kite twine for the hangers. We were just making the first run of the electric engine across the span when Dad opened the attic door and asked, "What are you doing?"

He always checked when things got too quiet and this was the suspenseful moment. Phil was so surprised by the sudden question that he accelerated the power. The engine began to spin its wheels. By the way, this was a standard gauge, three times the size of an HO, so the engine is very heavy. The inertia of its weight was more than the structure. Slowly the towers began to move and then faster until as one tangled web. The engine never did seem to go forward. We decided should we ever build another bridge it would need to be anchored at both ends, the track alone was not enough to maintain stability. Perhaps a suspended bridge built on hinges would be more earthquake proof than other more rigid structures.

With the beginning of the Great Depression, the Navy was firing the civilian instructors and keeping their commissioned officers for teaching staff. Dad moved us to South Bend in the summer of 1932 and became a full time instructor at the University of Notre Dame.



821 FOREST AVENUE, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

That summer after Dad unpacked the China service from the barrel he used, we had our covered wagon. Phil and I were the team, Elizabeth the pioneer mother, and Ralph, the baby, who rode inside the wagon. From time to time the frisky team turned a corner too quickly and the wagon tipped, the barrel rolled and the pioneer baby was not too happy. We thought Indiana was the Far West. At parties in Annapolis Dad was often queried about Indians, and log cabins, when people learned he came for Indiana. I remember when the decision was made to move permanently to Indiana he commented, "In Indiana when they ask you over, it is for meat and potatoes, not tea and crumpets." Pioneer culture is more filling than civilized.

On rainy weekends we also built caves and grottoes alongside the couch. Two card tablescovered with cotton blankets were used for awnings. Entry to these play homes was between the card table legs. The seat of the couch was the bed and the area formed by the card tables was the living room. I don't remember that we had any particular games but it was a wonderful hideaway from the rest of the world.

Dad fixed breakfast. Phil and I helped and learned some fundamental cooking rules. Today I still enjoy working in the kitchen. While I was in Italy, I enjoyed helping with a local family. Of course their source of heat was wood. The trimmings from the grapevines were in great demand. Coal was more of a problem with the smoke that backed into the kitchen area. But I learned how to cook Italian style from one family I visited regularly. The Italian man seldom comes into the kitchen so I was something of a surprise to the senoras.

After Dad started teaching at Notre Dame he became somewhat disturbed with the students coming to the 7:30 a.m. classes in their bathrobes. He was familiar with more disciplined personnel in the Naval Academy. They marched to class and sat on command of the platoon leader. Slippers and bathrobes were a surprise. I think Dad gave instruction on acceptable attendance wear. I also remember one time he left from the breakfast table in a hurry for his morning class and later in class started to mop his brow with what he thought was a handkerchief. Turned out to be a plaid morning napkin.

Mom was sharp. Once the young mother next door was asking Mom what to do when her two year old son would not get out the bath tub. Mom's quick rejoinder was, "Pull the plug."

One Saturday morning, Mom walked out on the front porch and there was Ralph with about eight of his friends from third grade. They were all dressed up and carried packages. Mom inquired as to what was going on and Ralph told her he was having a surprise birthday party.

Mom was surprised!

There was a flurry of action. Elizabeth was put in charge of party games. She handed out chewing gum and everybody chewed for five minutes then they were to make statues or designs on a small card. Meanwhile:

I went to the store for chipped ice.'

Mom mixed a batch of ice cream.

Phil got out the freezer and salt.

While Phil and I froze the ice-cream Mom produced a cake which she put in the freezer to cool fast enough that she could frost it without melting the icing. We had a great party. Later when Mom asked Ralph what he planned to serve, he said he was going to buy a loaf of bread and get some jelly. He still throws great parties.

In thirty four we went to the Chicago exposition. The transportation building had Lionel electric trains like our running all over the place. We were fascinated. A cow in the Swiss

Village needed milking. Mom thought it was unkind of the Swiss to fail to milk her. During that Chicago trip, once at the Blackhawk Hotel we rode up in the elevator with Amelia Earhart. She had a bunch of grapes and we helped her eat them. We saw Admiral Balboa arrive with his planes that had flown all the way from Italy. They flew over Lake Michigan in three pairs. Everyone was impressed. That was the aim of the fair the new and developing forms of transportation. Earlier in Annapolis we had seen one of the Ford Trimotor Transports which had made an emergency landing in a farmer's field. A few of those old galvanized monsters, "The Tin Goose," were still used in 1980 up near Sandusky, Ohio, to fly out to the islands in Lake Erie. At the Naval Academy we often saw the dirigibles, the Akron, Macon, or Shenandoah but they were either lost or dismantled. Of course, later the Graf Zeppelin went down in a flaming picture in Newark. Those were monsters nine hundred feet long.

We had the family reunion at our house. That would have been around thirty five. Uncles Charlie Myers and Edward Moorhouse came. They were the bragging Uncles and every "would you believe" story happened to one or the other of them. They spent the afternoon trying to top each other. Family reunions were wonderful and you could hear some of the most outlandish stuff.

What really upset Uncle Paul Myers, though, was when he learned that Ralph didn't know that a dime was worth two nickels. He put two nickels in his hand along with a dime and told Ralph to select one. He paraded Ralph around to everyone and they explained that one dime was worth the two nickels. Ralph always took a nickel. Uncle Paul dragged him on to the next relative to explain the monetary value. Phil and I got Ralph aside to find out why he didn't take the dime and Ralph said he was getting more nickels this way. I told Phil we couldn't try the same thing the adults might get wise.

Bill Johnson lived across the street and we organized a bicycle club under the auspices of the police department. They got us speakers every so often. We saw the fastest draw G-man. On Mother's Day one year Bill and I rented a tandem bicycle and took all the mothers and several grandmothers who lived on our block for a ride. They thought it was wonderful and we made some close friends of the neighborhood ladies. We also had a little band that practiced in the front room until Dad got sick and moved his bed down there the second year when he was losing strength.

About the second year in South Bend, Dad had the Reineke brothers add on to the house, an upper room and back stairs. The roof was flat and there was a very heavy trap door. Several summers Mom dried fruit on the roof. It was never finished with a railing. We were not allowed to go up there by ourselves. Probably a good reason in preventing anyone rappelling the side of the house. When I was very young Dad had traded English lessons with an Italian young man who wanted to rid himself of an accent. In turn I was to learn Italian. I don't remember much of that time. But, of course, learned Italian in service due largely to five years of Latin in high school.and Notre Dame. This was when I was in service in Italy surrounded by Italians. The carpenters spoke German to each other and had a Dutch plasterer who had a different language but they could communicate. This was my first introduction- introduction to a foreign language as an efficient form of communication, not some- thing you learned from the textbook. I envied the Polish kids who went to school with me and I could not understand their desire to be Americans and not speak their parent' native tongue. They considered it demeaning, somehow un-American.

Our neighbor was Mr. Jerome Cox. He was the patent attorney for Bendix. We often were invited individually as friends of his son or the entire family to their cottage on the beach at Lake Michigan. It was a resort known as Rosemary Beach. One of the exhibits at the Chicago World's Fair were early prefabricated homes. The owner of Rosemary Beach initiated his cottages by buying the homes from the fair. That winter he pulled the buildings across Lake Michigan on the frozen ice. Phil and I were quite impressed with that engineering.

The Cox's oldest son, Jerry, was about Philip's age. He was always arriving just in time for desert time. Everybody liked him and he liked desert. As patent attorney for Bendix Mr. Cox, annually, had us dismantle carburetors and then reassemble them so he could check for possible infringement of Bendix patents. That was good experience. I later put it to used by buying old cars, cleaning the carburetor and improving their performance so I never sold for less than I paid.

Jerry's bedroom was opposite the window on our landing. Somewhere we had found directions for making a telephone using a wire and cones made from a cow's stomach. We produced the items and for several days had communication from time to time. However, Jerry forgot to close the window during a rain storm and his cone got wet and collapsed. We had tired of the operation by then, so we threw everything away.

One of Jerry's Aunts tested us on etiquette particularly table manners. We impressed her. After all we had been raised near the Naval Academy and tea in the afternoon was one of our specialties. The Navy requires their officers to know protocol for embassy service. Sunday afternoon about four was official calling time. If someone arrived Mom had us trained. I started steeping tea, Phil got out the cookies and dressed the tray with cups and saucers. All was then served with proper decorum. We retired to the kitchen for cookies and milk.

Jiggs was our cat. He got the name because he loved corn beef and cabbage which was the favorite of a newspaper cartoon called "Jiggs and Magi" which was some sort of tale about a jilted lover. To get even the swain started this cartoon and you can see the play "Life with Father" which is based on Jiggs and Maggie. Anyway we brought the cat successfully all the way from Annapolis to South Bend. When we first entered the house we buttered his feet. When he licked them off this would be so pleasant that he would not want to leave. This was a larger house so the family moved in to stay, too.

One time I was working in the kitchen when I heard the patter of cat feet in quick succession from moment to moment. I carefully observed what was going on. Jiggs was facing away from me. He would stick his tail straight in the air and then lean sideways till he started to fall over and then would quickly sidestep to get his balance. I withdrew. The pattering stops continued for some twenty minutes.

Mom belonged to an ecumenical council. At one of the meetings the Rabbi sat down in the large rocking chair which was Jiggs personal point for observing the rest of us. Jiggs walked over and stared the Rabbi down. Mom carried Jiggs to the kitchen. By the time she was back in the living room Jiggs was up the back stairs and down the front stairs, the Rabbi had moved, and Jiggs was ready to observe the rest of the meeting from his chair.

Often in the evening Jiggs didn't get back inside before the house was secured and we went to bed. He would climb to the front roof and call our attention to the fact that he was still outside. One miserable rainy night Jiggs was meowing outside my window. Phil got up in disgust and let him in. Jiggs in disgust dragged his wet tail across my face and leaped gracefully before I could swat him in disgust.

Mom was a little upset with the way Phil and I decorated the table for supper one night. The original ideas were not strictly our own. We had seen them in a cartoon. Mom was not all that impressed with the dish of mashed potatoes shaped to look like a face with a heavy use of parsley to produce a wig and short carrot for a nose. the hot dogs were a log cabin. Toothpicks reinforced the corners and thus maintained the structure. The bread was stacked like a deck of cards to produce a tall A frame high rise. Just before supper we had a terrific hail storm. We figured everyone would appreciate a little cool ice ball in their milk that evening. We scooped up a handful of hail stones, the size of agate shooters, and added them to supper's milk. When Phil got to the bottom of his glass there was moth ball, which didn't float, on the bottom. He accused me of trying to poison him. Actually Mom has been airing the blankets from their summer storage and the mothballs had probably been dropped from them. anyone could have mistaken the mothball for a hail stone they look exactly alike.

Judge Sears lived across the street. He was retired but worked part time running the university court where prospective attorneys practiced mock trials based on true cases. He often visited Dad. Mary Lois was about five when she asked him if he would marry her. He said when she grew up he would be proud to do so. She asked Mom how to hurry the process.

There was the day Phil and I picked the tree of Queen Anne Cherries for the neighbors on shares. It was a good year and we took home our half of a bushel basket. There was the quart that Phil had eaten on his own which rather spoiled his appetite for lunch. I hadn't eaten many so that we could get the job done faster. but things got worse. We poured the cherries in the sink ready to pit them and hundreds of worms floated to the surface. So many worms that Mom said we would throw all our cherries out. I was upset. Phil was sick. I pointed out all we had wasted was the morning but he pointed out that he had eaten too many worms. He didn't like my suggestion that it was a protein supplement, he just got sick.

There were other jobs we did around the neighborhood. The hospital supervisor of nurses lived two doors away on the alley. She paid me fifty cents a week for which I mowed the lawn in the summer and fired the furnace in the winter. Every morning I would remove the ashes and clinkers and in the evening and the fire for the night. Sometimes in the summer she would pay me a little extra to help prune bushes around the yard. I don't remember shoveling the walks but that probably was included.

We also developed some artistic projects. There were times we played at knighthood with old pillow slips for Crusader costumes. Elizabeth would be the queen we her loyal subjects. One artistic venture from our experience with producing marionettes involved a professor who did not have a regular girl friend. We worried about him. We put together a marionette, a little German princess about fifteen inches tall. Her hair was golden floss braided in two pig tails. Her dress was full length and the blouse was smocked. He told us she was a great hit at all the parties they attended. We figured she was a fine date.

Elizabeth developed one of our most complex produce. We bought eggs cooked them and then did the Seven Dwarfs, Snow White, The Prince and the Witch. Each of us specialized in doing an India ink drawing of the characters. To this day I can still do Dopey, Doc, Grumpy and Sneezy. They were my production. Phil did the other three. Elizabeth did the leading characters. Ralph and Mary Lois colored the faces and put on the ears for Dopey, whiskers, and cone collars on which to display the eggs. We sold the ten eggs for $4.00 and produced about ten sets. I wish we had blown a few and saved them for posterity. Have since been intrigued with the Slavic eggs produced by multiple layers of dying and thread binding. They are amazing designs. There is a tree in Decatur Library that has so many eggs available at Easter time they can not all be displayed at one time.

Halloween was designed for us. One fall Mom decided she would entertain all who came "trick or treating." She bought about five gallons of cider, six dozen doughnuts, there may have also been some popcorn and other treats. Phil and I received them at the door. Phil had a rubber glove filled with cooked rice. I was maintaining a line on the porch and Phil would solemnly shake their hands with the soft rubber glove. Of course, the hand collapsed and the guest was reduced to hope he had not hurt anyone. We only allowed groups of three and four in at a time so that no one could indulge too much, a cup of cider and one doughnut each. The word got out and I had them lined down the side walk. We were open for guests about 45 minutes. As supplies ran out I closed down the line and when the last guest was gone we turned out the lights. Mom never suggested that again. But it was fun while it lasted.

Another Halloween party was one at Notre Dame. The faculty got together every fall and had a good time. For one of those I remember the fixings well. Dad dressed as a ballerina, his strong legs gave him away. Mom was a football player. Dad got her the real thing from the gym. Uniforms were not as complex in 1935 as they are today. With the helmet and a black face mask no one recognized her. Besides Dad's secretary that year went as Mom's date. He was wearing a white gown and had black hair. With make up he turned out pretty. Mom stood around with the professors and one priest was so boisterous as to slap her on the back in congratulations for a recent game that had been won. He was embarrassed when he found out he had pummeled a woman. Mom thought that it was funny. I guess we like to fool people for the fun of it.

We had a rooster that never learned to crow or eat corn except from a saucer. The rooster tolerated Jiggs. No other cat or dog was allowed to penetrate our yard. Even the milk man was in fear of him. When the milk man was not expecting it the rooster jumped out from the peony bushes along the driveway swung with his wing and tripped him. He had never before been so silently demolished. Phil and I would sit on our5 haunches and crow but the rooster assumed we knew what we were doing and never even learned to cackle. When we had to eat the rooster that fall, it was disaster time. Never again did we suggest buying cute little cuddly chickens for Easter. I have never even considered a rabbit as a pet and probably for the same reason.

It has always interested me how often I met famous people. I feel proud of the fact that my home room teacher was Johnny Wooden. That was a great home room. In 1934 Mr. Wooden was very excited about the coming basketball season. There was a new student, a boy who stood six foot one. It always tickled me when I watched his teams at UCLA with centers measuring seven feet and more. He must have been in seventh heaven compared to a measly six footer plus. He was in charge of tickets. He was too busy to keep us after school although he is not to be faulted for trying. Laura Froning, daughter of the Dean of the English Department at Notre Dame, was in our room. When the Fronings went somewhere by train, he took a book to read. When he had finished a page he would tear it out and hand it to the next in line until everyone on the trip had read the book. On the trip home the family would discuss the book. The books in his library were tied with string. Now they have to recommend you read with your kids.

My senior year I had become fairly well known around the school for a home room program about the history and lore of Hawaii and its people. One young coed who played the guitar would play Hawaiian songs for an opener. I really did a lot of research about the development of the islands. As Dad said always have three times what you can tell in case you forget something there will be more where that came from. He was scheduled to talk to a meeting of the American Association of University Women on Irish Authors and because of his leukemia was feeling so poorly he canceled and substituted me. I remember my Latin teacher was in the group.

Phil, as a sophomore, was into magic. Following my oratorical lead he too developed a show around some of the tricks he did, as well as, those he could purchase. Card manipulation was one of his specialties. On the way home after school and one of his shows a member of the audience challenged his ability. Right there on the street Phil pulled out his deck of cards and offered to let the kid pick one. Phil told me he guessed he had the Ace of Spades and he did. The challenger gave up. Phil was so surprised to have guessed right that he didn't continue pushing his magic show. Along with the magic he had purchased one of those buzzers that you hold in your right hand when shaking. It vibrates and scares the recipient. We knew where Dad sat down on the bed at night to take off his slippers. Of course, we put the buzzer, well wound, under that spot in the bed. The next morning we asked Mom what had happened to the buzzer. She just point at a hole in the window screen. We searched the back yard but we never did find the flown buzzer. Dad said nothing. We were not about to ask and that was about the end of all the magic tricks. As a precaution to a long life Phil took up photography and built a dark room at the foot of the basement steps.

The summer between my two senior years, 1937, I worked at Drewery's brewery. It was about a half mile out Portage Avenue. Their delivery trucks played. "How Dry I am" instead of honking. I worked on the loading crew at night from eleven to seven, often walking home in the morning sunrise drying out from accidents of spilled cases. We loaded box cars about chest high and often the switch engine came to pick up any that were already loaded. That meant we had to brace the incompletely loaded car so the bumping and shoving of the engineer didn't shuffle the top cases off. We were not always successful. When the order was for a state that had additional taxes, we swiped the stamps on the ends of the cases using a clear glue called Glasswax. It was water soluble.

One of the first nights when I came to work an old hand on the loading crew handed me a bucket of dried Glasswax with the brush stuck in the middle. He told me to go to the superintendent in the production building and get some Glasswax thinner. As I walked across the yard I decided this was one of those "left handed monkey wrenches." I found an outside spigot and filled the bucket with water. Then I went in the plant and found the night superintendent. I told him my errand and what I had done with the bucket. He said, "Would you like to see how we make beer?" After a half hour tour I thanked him and went outside to get the now softened Glasswax in the bucket. The loading dock forman was coming across the lot looking for me. I told him my errand and how I enjoyed a trip around the plant with the superintendent. I was never sent on a wild goose chase again.

By the way, barrels are round sided for a reason. I was sent over to the plant to help drain and poursome spoiled beer down the sewer. From my tour I knew that bottled beer was pasteurized but barrel beer is not. It will last a while but it must be refrigerated. The flavor is more robust at the tap in the lounge from a keg or barrel. Anyway, the warehouse plant loader and I popped the bungs out of about fifty barrels of beer. It had been in a truck accident. Until the adjustor for the insurance company had seen them those barrels of beer had been in the hot summer sun. Now when beer spoils it has globs of green mill dew that looks like spinach. We would tilt the barrels over the edge of the dock above the sewer drain, tap the bung cork, the internal pressure would blow the cork across the lot and the beer belched forth. It was a smelly job. Once we had them all empty they needed to be stacked for cleaning. They were rolled inside to the washing area. You press down on one end of the barrel release it, and push down on the opposite end as hard as you can. The barrel literally leaps into the air and you can stack them two and three high. That was empty. Full I could only get them up two high. A full barrel does the same thing, it is heavier with fifty-five gallons of beer inside but that liquid flops around and the barrel jumps up four feet. If you move quickly enough it can be lofted onto the first or lower row of barrels. The loader had me try and I actually was able to accomplish stacking two high. It is amazing when a hundred and seventy pound kid can move a five hundred pound barrel by pushing down and bouncing the barrel four feet into the air. That is the reason barrels are curved on the side.

Dad was an instant reader. Mr. Smithburger who sat on oral examinations with him said it was a terrible thing to watch Fred Myers quote page and number from the thesis' bibliography. Only the strongest of students could stand up to the fear that Dad was an expert already in a field that they had spent years encompassing. But he literally could quote you every word on a page. I have read Truman Kapote's self training to produce the ability to mentally record conversations without use of cassette. He reached a proficiency of over 99%. I am certain it can be done. Theodore Roosevelt as an instant reader. He could average a book in an evening.

I had took five years of high school so that I could have a business major, as well as, college prep. Dad felt that everyone should type. I have always argued the point with teachers over learning script. With the computer I believe typing is paramount. My senior year I took typing, learning the keyboard the first week because of my piano lessons. I was given a proficiency test the second week and they threw me out. Doing more than two lessons a day was not allowed and I was giving my extras to fellow students less capable. On an electric keyboard I can reach speeds of 180 w.p.m.

At Mother's funeral, Miss Hindelang and I had a long talk about the time I had been sent from the typing class to help her with the office machine room. I had taken an office systems class the year before along with shorthand. Now she put me to work in the typing class period which happened to collate with her office systems class. It was my first training in management. She would send two girls to the office machine room and I would train them on the Dictaphone, mimeograph, Hectograph, and stenciling machines. Those are antiques today, like the comptometer or calculators. Miss Hindelang said one time she asked if I didn't feel like doing a certain job and I had said no I would let my secretary do it for me. At the time she said she had been a little taken aback but later decided I might be right. Being able to do a job didn't necessarily mean you had to do it, particularly if there was something more important to be done.

It was the senior year that I found out about Creative Writing. In earlier years I had often supplied some of my fellow students who were taking creative writing with writing assignments when they were stumped. My standard charge was a quarter for an A, and I gave them a quarter for an F. I averaged twenty cents for two years. Because I took five years of high school for extra hours, I took creative writing. I was not a Demolay. The teacher graded by the caste system. Rainbow girls and Demolays got the A's and could skip the next assignment. I got B's although I got to read my renditions publicly. That is the more terrible thing to do to an artist.

He must stick to the written word no extemporizing as a better idea hits. Woody Romine sat in front of me and when an assignment to memorize a poem or some other writing came up we ruined almost an entire hour with our recitation. Honest! it was Woody's idea. Everybody learned an ode or some short poem Woody learned "Jabberwocky" and was starting through it a third time when she stopped him. Then I recited all 26 verses of the "Walrus and the Carpenter" most dramatically. I can still remember much of that poem. When the Carpenter shed a bitter tear I dramatically dropped one in the waste basket. It did put her behind one day because we had to continue on the next Monday to finish up the rest of the class recitations.

She got me into an argument about a passive form of the verb. I asked my Dad and he waved a hand and said "Oh! that is the passive paraphrastic." At any English meeting that is the most terrible snobbery. The Passive Paraphrastic means it could have been said with fewer auxiliary verbs but like Dickens who looked for all the ways that meant the same the paraphrastic was an extra helping verb. When I went back before school and told the teacher she wanted to know my authority. That is when she discovered my father was a professor at Notre Dame and she destroyed herself in my mind when she said, "I wish I had known, your grades would have been better." How's that for creative objectivity. I hope I never fell for the caste system, I hope I never do.

My graduation was not a happy time. Dad had leukemia for four years and came home that Spring with wonderful news. He went up to Ann Arbor where the leading research in cancer and leukemia was being conducted in the mid west. Dr. Isaac had given him a probably normal life expectancy. The disease was in remission and his bone marrow was back to 90%, double what it had been the year before. Then he got eczema, some form of streptococcus, on his face and somehow it must have gotten in his mouth and infected the intestinal track. Within three days of entering the hospital he was dead. His last hours were a delirium, reciting Shakespeare, scene by scene.

At the Notre Dame graduation that year mother was invited to the rostrum, the trustees had already voted Dad the Laetare Rosa, an honor bestowed each year to a member of the school staff who had exemplified the best in public relations. Dad never knew he was to be the recipient. At the funeral viewing which was in our home, I opened the door to Father O'Hara, the Notre Dame president and soon to be appointed chaplain of the Armed Forces. He greeted me by name, as well as, Philip, Elizabeth, Ralph, Mary Lois and Paul. We were impressed because we had never been introduced.

Since then I have, from time to time, met teachers who did summer work with Dad, they remembered him so well. One of the curious quirks of my career was that Jim Lewindowski did he teacher's training with Mary Francis Myers and in turn I did my teacher's training in 1960 with Jim Lewindowski. Perhaps there is a thread of the old Hoosier School Teacher running through our family. I may be the last in line but, I gave it my best and found it to be the most demanding of professions. I have been an accountant, secretary, office manager but never was I required to wear so many hats of personality as teaching required. It is not a profession for the squeamish.

Philip Owens Conley Montgomery Laurence Myer

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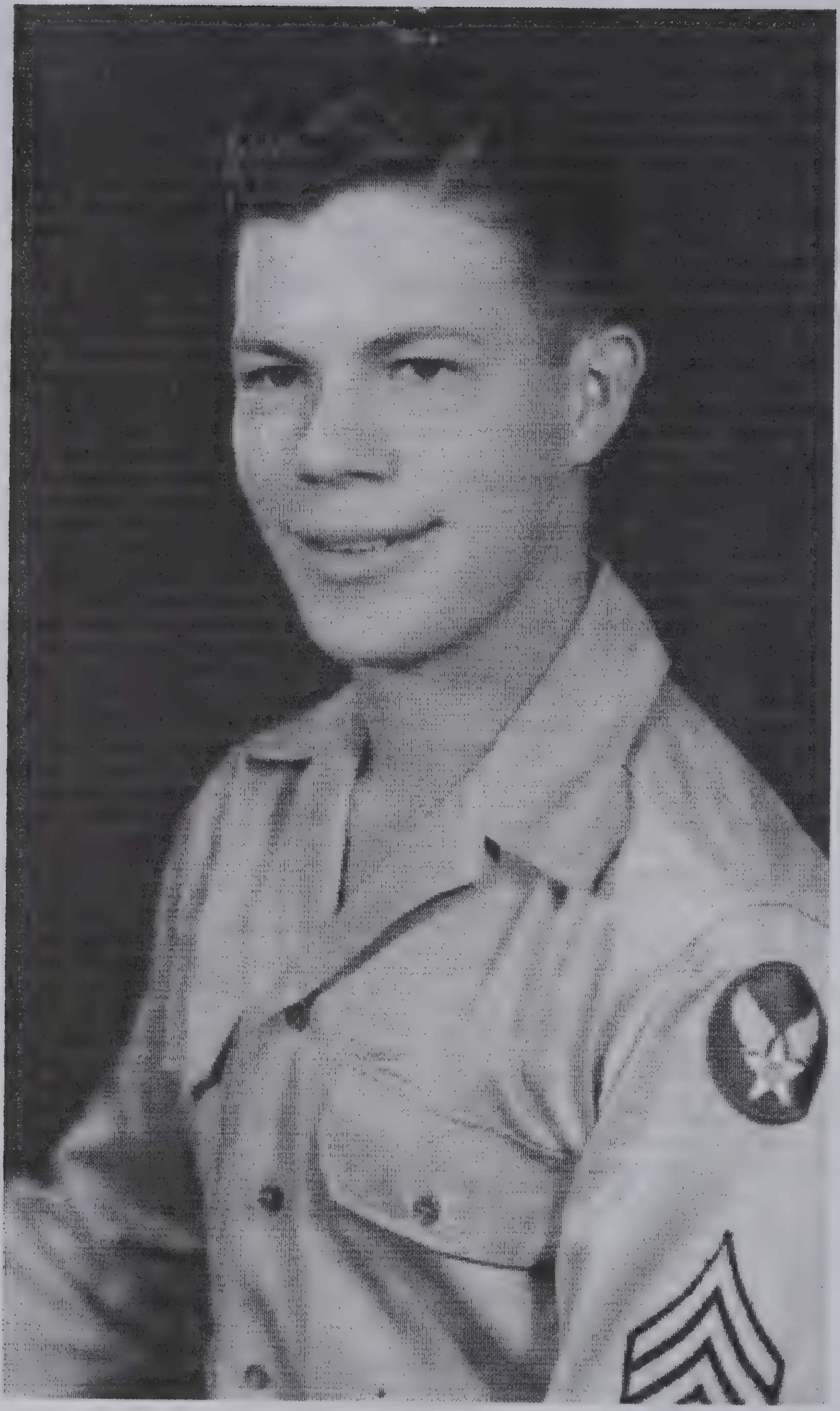
FREDERIC IRWIN MYERS

MARY FRANCIS MOORHOUSE



Sgt. Laurence

F. Myers, Egypt

I was inducted into the United States Army Air Force at Camp Perry, Ohio, August of 1942. You may not believe this but our barracks chief was Sergeant Sergant. We did the usual routines of debutting the area. I was complimented that I knew how to miter the corner of a bed. I was sent to Atlantic City and tested for training school. I took all the tests they had as rapidly as I could without worrying about the results and scored an average of 140, a range of 138 to 144, for the two days. This was in August and the Miss America pageant was about to open. I never got to see it. I spent September at Chanute Field training as a cryptographer.

After crypto school, I was reassigned to Atlantic City for processing over seas. We fell out the first morning to take drill instruction. It was to get us in shape more than anything else. We were issued rifles and a drill instructor who was a Menomenee Indian. Since most of us were intelligent he started giving us three orders before the command to execute. It looked terrific to see us right, left and about face in a series. There was a lieutenant who got intrigued and came over and tried to take over. We kind of liked the DI, drill instructor, so we fouled up on the first command from the lieutenant. Half of us did an "about face" twice while the rest of us did "to the winds" and back. The lieutenant gave up in disgust.

The second day they had "Laurence Myers" posted for clean up detail. So while everyone else fell out on the street I reported to the day room and was given a broom to sweep the wooden floors. The hotels on the Boardwalk had been stripped of the finer things in life, such as carpet, curtains and fancy chandeliers. Eventually I found myself on the floor of my room and discovered the corporal in charge wasn't too swift. I stretched out with a book, until I heard someone coming at which point I shoved a neat pile of dust around the end of the hall. The next morning I continued where I had left off the night before with that neat pile of dust. Two weeks later the rest of my room mates were still trying to locate my broom and cut off my prop for permanent clean up detail. They had not found the broom which I was carefully hiding over one of the closets through an overhead door. It was an entry for working on the wiring in the ceiling above the hall. I often wonder who found it after I was shipped out. It will probably be there until the hotel is torn down.

The Master Sergeant in charge of transport to Florida put us in coach and we changed trains in Baltimore and Jacksonville. Each time it was a poorer accommodation than the last. By the time we were out of Jacksonville we had figured the M/Sgt. was skimming us out of Pullmans with overnight sleeping. However, when he reported us in at Homestead we didn't get to the officer receiving us fast enough and that M/Sgt. got out the back door before we could bring direct charges. No one probably did anything about it.

In Homestead we played football, ate, and waited for shipping orders. First they transferred us to a hotel in Hialeah. It was a few blocks from the Curtiss home listed in the phone book. I wandered down there one day and rang the bell. The butler and his wife were all alone as Mr. Curtiss was busy running his aircraft plants building war planes. I had a fine afternoon drinking coffee and lounging in the kitchen with the butler and his wife. The next day at their invitation, I brought several others from the hotel and we played golf on the private nine hole course in the back yard. The butler and the cook served us sandwiches on the lanai, and some of the guys went swimming in their shorts. This only lasted a couple of days and they got us ready for overseas transport through South America. I had been on pass to Washington and visited with Uncle Dick. When I told him that I had been issued extra khaki uniforms because he was in charge of organizing the convoys to Europe he told me I was headed to Egypt.

We were shipped out of Hialeah at the Miami airport. Army trucks picked us up with our two barracks bags at the hotel and left us in a long cue into the airport. C-47's were loading and taxiing out and taking off. The fourth plane off suddenly spluttered and went down in the palms beyond the runway. A huge column of smoke from the crash spiraled into the early dawn. The C-47's continued to load and take off. Further view of the column of smoke was cut off as our line moved through the airport building. We were loaded into our transport. It taxied down the runway. It turned. It started the take off run and became airborne. We could see the wedge of burning fires from the crash sight beyond the runway as we turned south with the sunrise off the left wing. It was a slow turn and the lower wing was draining gasoline out behind. I expected to blow up.

That evening we landed on some island in the Caribbean. The pilot got off the plane and began talking with the revetment sergeant and pointing at the right motor. In the air force it would be #2, they number engines left to right. When we got to the mess hall they were serving sandwiches and coffee. This was not much of an improvement in diet. I checked with one of the cooks for possible alternatives and discovered a dollar would buy a good meal in the local hotel including wine. I scrounged four other GI's from our group that were interested. We pooled a dollar each. They were a "Kentucky Colonel" Mittlebeeler, who had the largest personal collection of national flags, Abraham Moser who had worked at the Kennedy Furniture Mart in Chicago, Andy Preville from New York City, whose older brother had been drafted earlier and was pulling MP duty in his home town and living at home to boot. Preville felt that they should trade places and he would not have to go over seas so soon. The fourth member of our group was another cryptographer who's name I have forgotten. We hired a taxi, went into town had a wonderful meal with a bottle of wine and returned to camp much better fed. At the next stop we repeated the trip to town. The taxi driver showed off his skill by driving on the street car tracks across a section of street where the cobblestones had been removed. If he had skidded off the tracks I'm not certain where we would have finished the war. I decided he was an Italian as he honked all the way.

Early the next morning we took off into the sun from an air strip that sat on the side of a mountain. The end of the run way was several hundred feet in the air and we dropped some one hundred feet before the plane actually did begin to climb. The landing that night was somewhere in South America. The pilot got off first and again was pointing at the #2 engine. We were again late to mess which was sandwiches and coffee. We did the hotel routine again. By the way, Preville and Moser were Jewish and Preville had been quite a trouble wanting to be sure that everybody paid right down to the last penny in equal amounts. The first night we had some 33 cents in change and I talked Moser into acting as Treasurer and suggested he straighten out Preville so the group didn't break up. None of us had been paid regularly by the army yet and pennies counted.

The next morning we took off into the sun. About two hours into our trip, we hit a down draft. The plane fell out from under us for about five seconds. Floating on the ceiling with the duffel, I realized the stop was going to be sudden. I pulled a couple of barracks bags under me as I floated on the ceiling. When the plane flew out of the down draft the sudden descent stopped. One soldier broke his wrist when he hit the floor. Someone was under my duffel bags. I made a safe landing. We were about half way across the delta of the Amazon when the #2 engine quit. We slewed sidewise for a second then the pilot recovered control. We finally got to Belem, Brazil. Again the pilot was the first one off and we watched until the mechanic climbed up into the motor nacelle and recovered a two foot wrench that had been left there. In Belem we were to wait for further transport across to Africa. The first morning a local Brazilian wandered by with a large burlap bag. By signs, I got him to show me the contents. It was full of tropical fruits. We made a supreme deal and his commitment to return in several days with another bag. This cost me fifty-five cents. We had five pineapples, some quava, a dozen bananas to eat for a couple of days. I felt like this was living. I also learned that eating fresh fruit without peeling properly could lead to serious digestive problems.

We shipped out about a week later on a Pan Am Clipper. In fact they bumped a couple of Colonels and a general because they had to get us to school in Cairo for English ciphers training.

Before we really get to the war zone I should tell you about Mittlebeeler and the wonderful troubles he brought on me. He wanted to get flags of the seven states of Brazil. I lways thought there was just one Brazil but he knew better. We were downtown in Belem along the harbor docks. The two of us started asking where we could get flags of the states. A couple of kids who spoke enough English to understand us recommended a local cloth shop. The best the clothier could do was show us a bolt that had the flags printed as a design. They were only small postage stamp size and not what Mittlebeeler wanted. He was looking for three by five foot staff size. Of course, we had already drawn a crowd of curious. This seems to happen when Americans get off the beaten track where normal smart travelers would not have gone. The local police showed up. It seemed our enquiry was suspect since General Balboa, the Brazilian dictator, had eliminated the individual states of Brazil. We were going to be charged with starting a riot. The police escorted us back to camp and the MP on guard promised he would not let us loose on Brazil again. He didn't have the slightest idea of what was wrong. We were not drunk. It was the morning and the brothels were not open so he told us to watch it in a very loud tone so the local police would think he handled the problem. I think we stayed in camp.

We were flown to Dakar, Senegal. From there we were sent to the British Gold Coast. Mittlebeeler and I again started to town. This time I was a little more careful of how far I let him wander. He really needed my protection. Once he was going to follow a young teenager up an alley which I considered a trap waiting to get us at the other end. I talked him into coming to the bar next door. It was an interesting bar. Mostly British soldiers with a few American sailors. Mittlebeeler and I were probably the only American army present. Fortunately I followed Hickok's rule of picking a table where I could sit with my back to the wall, actually a large window to the street. A little negress came along with a mulatto baby on her hip. The child was probably about a year old. Some stupid American sailor made a comment about the British and the blue eyes on the baby. All "heck" broke loose. I leaped out the window and Mittlebeeler followed. Those more intent on clearing their good names cleaned up on the sailors inside. This traveling was certainly exciting.

After lunch we wandered down to the port area and suddenly saw the flag of the Gold Coast flying over the Custom House. By the time the afternoon was over we were sitting on the back verandah of the prosecuting attorney who was considering selling Mittlebeeler the last of three flags that were in existence at the time. After all before they would need the second flag they could get some more made by their supplier in London. The upshot was we were invited to attend the criminal court for the next day. Mittlebeeler being a lawyer was interested, I as a stranger was also interested.

There are three official languages used in the Gold Coast, English, French and Swahili. Swahili is the international African language and the basis for drum talk. The English was British and hard enough to understand. The judge assigned an interpreter to us, and a bench in the court above the rail. I felt a most superior person since I did not have to sit on the benches of those attending the court. It was an experience. British accent and court procedure, the white wigs on black pates, manacle and chains on the accused and a rolling testimony platform. One woman had stabbed her husband when he came home drunk and abused her. She was fined only a couple of pounds. Another woman who was a laundress had pulled the black out curtains aside at night for the cool breeze while she ironed. She was fined five pounds.

From the Gold Coast we started north flying over the southern edge of the Sahara. In the early morning when the shadows were long we could see the camel caravans but by noon the shadows were too small and they disappeared into the endless ocean of beige sand. As we approached Khartoum on the Nile in the evening the shadows stretched out east wherever there was a caravan. Because the battle of El Alamein, we stayed two days in Khartoum. There was a night club in town and the Negro girls painted themselves in blues and reds and orange. It was a wild mixture of color I'm not certain but I suppose they were covering their black beauty. In the street a huckster had a chess set. The men were about five inches tall it was local carving and beautiful. The white was the British army in ivory the black were African warriors in ebony with amber inserts for shields. I only had five dollars and though he was willing to trade, I did not have the nerve to part with my last money. Erroneously I assumed in Cairo I would find more chess sets. My rule is if you see and like it buy, you may not come this way again. Chess sets to this day always remind me of that lovely one down in Khartoum.

El Alamein was accomplished and we continued north to Cairo. Our transport plane was about six to seven thousand feet above the rolling sand dunes of the Sahara. We landed in Heliopolis a suburb of Cairo and were immediately taken to our pensione. There were twenty five of us. The English cipher school was about three blocks away. There we had intensive training from the British with Sundays off.

The local movie continuously showed one of the American musicals with the song "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes". The actors are Gary Cooper, Irene Dunne, Fred Astair, Ginger Rogers and Ned Sparks. It was fun to go see. The audio was in French, the subtitles in Arabic and English. You could learn language that way. Every morning the Madame and her daughter served us breakfast, oatmeal, sugar and cream, coffee and toast. Some of the guys complained about the cream. I found it not too bad. After all it was hand milked on the street every morning by the little shepherdess who made the rounds with her flock of sheep each day. When I pointed this out, a few eliminated oatmeal for a time from their breakfast. There was no substitution. This was a war ravaged country. When I asked about oranges I found out they were very expensive but the Madame and her daughter came up with some every so often. Finally school was over. We were paid. We paid our bills at the pensione. Our receipts read "received with Tanks", I'm not certain Madame was being facetious or did not know the error. You see the Egyptian would just as soon the English lost.

My first assignment was a nice one. Telecom Middle East. It was the intercepting station for world communication. The deciphering service was a huge room with row after row of desks. Those rows were endless. We were given a formula and a scrambled message. Once we seemed to have something that looked like sense, we were immediately to bring all material to the Flight Officer and he would then give us a new formula and file. I asked the desk next to me what his formula was. About a half hour later I was turning in my scramble and was asked to report to the Colonel. I was to be assigned to Deversoir on the Suez Canal. I did not regret getting into the field. Never finishing something on purpose is not to my liking. I may not finish some things but it is because the solution not the answer is all that is of interest.

Deversoir, Egypt, is in the middle of the Suez Canal on the south end of the Great Bitter Lake. It is in this area that the parting of the Red Sea may have occurred in the Exodus of Moses. Our barracks were standard army style but the beds were of interest. They were woven split cane much like wicker furniture. They were about eight inches high, a small rim and the three inch cotton army mattress fit it perfectly. With sheets and blankets they were much more comfortable than the army cot which tends to sag.

Flight Officer Frisby was our charge-de-affairs. He was British, light skin with blotchy cheeks, and would have made a great Macawber. Sgt. Logan came from somewhere in Delaware and Avery from Cleveland, Ohio. Avery was the most intelligent, interesting and educated of all of us. He spoke all the languages of Europe from Spanish to Slavic, including Yiddish. As an archeologist with a doctorate from the American Academy in Rome, he had specialized in Egyptology and spoke Arabic. Every time I went to Cairo on a pass he would tell me another point of interest to visit from shopping areas to the pyramids.

Gropie's Hotel was the place to go in Cairo. For lunch I often had coffee and French petite fours. The coffee was ground to powder, too bitter to drink until your spoon stood in the sugar you added. It was here one afternoon I invited a Senegalese sergeant to join me at my table. We talked about our homes and families. In its scabbard on his hip was beautiful knife, its handle encrusted with inlayed jewels. When I asked to see it he pulled it forth knicked his thumb drawing blood, and handed the knife to me. Later Frisby said this is a fighting oath every warrior makes when his Grandfather and trainer gives him his battle knife, do not resheath your knife without drawing blood. Our cowboy had the same rule about drawing his gun. He must have liked me to slice his finger, but it did take some fun out of inspecting that knife.

When Sergeant Avery first arrived we went to town together one afternoon. We met a local business man and he began talking with Avery. When the Egyptian shook my hand and invited us over for dinner and girls that very night I got suspicious and asked Avery what he was telling the man.

"Oh!, We're Gestapo agents in disguise," says Avery.

I ran for two blocks.

When Avery caught up with me he was laughing at the joke he had played on the Egyptian. I was upset and took him down to Great Bitter Lake of the canal area. We borrowed some field glasses from the British MP on the dock and I pointed them at a freighter lying at anchor, waiting for clearance to move north into the Mediterranean. There was a boat alongside the freighter passing fresh fruit, dates, pineapples, and bananas through a porthole to sailors aboard. While Avery was using the glasses I asked him if he saw anything else being handed inboard.

"Yes", he said, "papers and bottles."

I explained that if the freighter were headed for the Mediterranean a note dropped in a bottle could be picked up by a German sub on station. Making a joke of being a Gestapo agent in Egypt was not funny, particularly in our jobs in cryptography. The British had enough trouble with recalcitrant Egyptians without getting us entangled. Being part of the British Empire was not fun. Americans had fought a war on the subject. By the way there is the huge cruiser of King Farouk sitting in the bay devoid of its diesel engines because the British had caught it headed into the Med with many of the Egyptian cabinet and the king himself aboard, also war plans and detail maps of Egyptian ports and facilities. A little suspicious to the British.

"That," I said, "is why I ran away from that Egyptian you were supposedly having fun with. We could be shot at sunrise, especially with our jobs in a cryptographic office."

Avery is the guy who came up with the "horgastacle" a supposed destruction device on our switchboard. The master sergeant spent several days looking at blueprints and the equipment trying to locate the horgastacle. He admitted defeat and we told him that the next best thing would be to keep an ax handy to destruct the equipment in case we were being captured by the Germans. The painters for the camouflage unit were not quite so easily led to look for the dew proof paint that would keep our tents from sagging during the night. The dew was so heavy from the Mediteranean that our tents would literally look like it had been raining in the morning. This tightened the canvas and ropes so much that they could actually tear out at the peak. If you forgot to tighten the ropes after the sun came up and dried the canvas the tents sagged like punctured balloons. The painters were practical people and never proffered any water proof paint to solve our problem.

Sergeant Logan got upset with me. One morning I was humming something from Gilbert and Sullivan when he came on duty. He told me he didn't care for G&S. Flight Officer Frisby arrived in time to hear my last hum. The next time Logan saw me he said he'd kill me if I ever got Frisby singing Gilbert and Sullivan again. Apparently F/O Frisby was a fan and knew all the operettas which more than filled the morning for Logan. Besides, I am a better singer than Frisby.

During the period of the Spring equinox we have several days of strong winds. The Arabs say that after only four days of the kasabi even killing is justified. The desert sand is a sand blast and your ears can be raw after only a few hours if you dont have them covered. Plastic sun glasses get frosty from the continuous sand. I was working my way from the barracks to the office by staying on the tar road as I walked. There was a loud crashing sound approaching from the left and I stopped. Only a foot or two in front of me a sheet of corrugated roofing cart wheeled by. If I had been two feet further forward I could have been sliced in two.

They all got upset the time I filled the kerosene heater with Flit instead of oil. We began noticing headaches at night and they asked me which storage can I used. I pointed to what I thought were cans of kerosene but Frisby identified that it was filled with insect repellent. I, of course, pointed out the lack of mosquitoes during this time but this did not seem to alleviate their feelings.

As the desert campaign closed we were being reassigned. Avery was to go to China and a whole new family of languages. In the early summer of 1943, I was reassigned to the 98th (H) Bombardment Group stationed at Benghazi, Libya. They sent their "Unknown" Liberator down to pick me up. That plane had been assembled from parts of other aircraft damaged on missions. Using undamaged parts an unlisted B-24 had been built and was used for picking up supplies around the Middle East. It flew down from Libya to pick me up and everyone on pass in Cairo showed up for a ride back to Libya. Everyone got on and then they loaded me and my barracks bags. As I was fifteenth to load and the cockpit was already filled, five of us were on the bomb bay cat walk. It was discovered the plane was so loaded that it was dragging it's double tail fins on the ground. To initiate rolling down the runway for take off, the pilot called the tower for a truck of twenty-five empty drums delivered to us out on the field. This seems to have been the customary method of getting a rolling start.

The barrels were lined up under the tail in a string forward the length of the fuselage. Everyone climbed aboard, me last in the bomb bay, the plane settled down on twenty-five barrel bearings, the motors roared and we began our forward thrust. Somewhere around the time we were about to become airborne, the bomb bay doors came open. I am certain it was pilot error trying to pull throttles for more lift. I had the dubious pleasure of looking past my feet at the ground and those barrels rolling off in all quarters of the runway. The trucker who had to get those barrels off the field before anyone else could land or depart was not too happy. Now that we were airborne we moved to the waist area and stretched out in comfort. Arrival at Benghazi was uneventful. Sergeant Beaudreau, tech for the crypto section, picked me up in the jeep and I moved in with Les Forbes, Al Cofer, and Wodarek. The war was closer now that I was in a fighting unit. By the end of the war the 98th had 406 missions, two Presidential Citations, and fourteen battle stars. Aireal bombardment is a pretty routine business. To the flyers it is not, but to the ground crews the orders come in, assignments are made, the planes are loaded, crews briefed, the planes take off, most of them return, and the results are filed. One exception to that was the Ploesti Mission. Sgt. Forbes and I were temporarily transferred to a group sent down from England without their cryptographers. For that month we had four bombardment groups to mount the attack on the oil fields. Forbes and I had extra time and we engineered a superior tent accommodation.

We liberated carraza marble from the local hotel for our tent floor. A sand bag was put at the bottom of the tent pole and a crate with our rifles was slung two feet up the pole. We practiced intensely. With the approach of anyone to the tent we could trip the lanyard of the gun crate, hold our hands out of our cots and the rifles would fall into our outstretched hands. It was a brilliant concept. Instead of hanging our two mosquito nets over our beds we made a screen wall to the west, primary source of wind. A canteen was wrapped in burlap which was kept wet for extremely cold water. My brother Philip had written us how to make skim ice in the middle of the desert from a half inch pannier of water. It works, the dehydration increases the sixty degree night temperature to the point of freezing about quarter inch of ice. A bomb tail became a blast furnace for our quick hot water bason which was a confiscated (liberated) British Tommy's helmet.

General Brereton when he inspected our quarters said it was better than his office in Cairo. He misread the title of our book "Immortal Lyrics" for immoral. He felt we were doing such a good job where we were that helping him improve his quarters became secondary but he thanked us for the offer. He felt we were getting along quite well where we were. Oh yes! when we got our marble we found a German army gallon of saur kraut. We looked at it for three days then buried it for fear it was booby trapped.

For many weeks the bombers practiced flying at fifty foot level wing to wing like cavalry charging across the desert on days they were not mounting a mission into Italy or Greece. Tents were collapsed with the passage of low flying bombers. The final mission was across the Med below radar and up mountain ravines into Rumania to the Ploesti Oil Field. General Ent, Wing Commander, flew with the 376th HB Gp and unfortunately they missed their target and approached the valley assigned to the 98th. Navigators noted the error but since the 98th had not yet arrived they hit the exposed target with delayed action bombs. So that a bomber would not be blown up by its own bombs going off in just a fifty foot drop, they were set to detonate twenty minutes after impact. The 98th arrived fifteen minutes later with the target exploding in front of them. Colonel Kane and his cavalry charged, winging up the valley, into a Valley of Death, with those delayed explosions. We spent the next two days sending out notifications to headquarters of the loss of twenty two planes, and the 200 airmen. Two crews were rescued in the Mediteranean where they were picked up by air sea rescue units. Two more planes made the round trip returning to the air field that day.

As the war collapsed back into Europe and Rommel's Afrika Korps was routed, we were moved forward toward Italy. The movement hesitated several weeks in Tunisia and flew some harassing missions into Greece helping the Russian advance. Sergeant Forbes and I were assigned to a temporary headquarters to coordinate these missions. We were issued a new white English tent for our quarters. Cryptographic personnel were not in barracks with other units but kept as separate as possible. The British tent with its double top is better suited to the desert than the American pyramidal tent. In the French farmhouse that was the administration office I found some crayons. From the Easter egg project I put large three foot sized cartoons of the seven dwarfs on the tent. There was a huge ten foot thistle that waved above the tent entry, labeled the biggest aspradastra in the world.

General Doolittle came round to inspect headquarters the next day. When he saw the tent which we had pitched beyond the farm wall with its gaudy 'camouflage' and was told it was where the cryptographers stayed, he just shrugged. But the crowning glory was when he entered the ciphers room. The door to the room was thrown open, "Attention" called, Doolittle entered just as I stepped down from the cipher machine. My right foot pinned his to the ground, I said, "Excuse me, Sir!" and raised my right foot standing at attention. He is short. He has blue eyes. I felt like a dog caught at the hydrant. He said, "At ease", then commented we looked efficient. I wondered if he referred to the office or sleeping quarters.

Earlier in the Desert Campaign we dropped supplies from time to time into the desert to aid the Rat operations and now did the same thing for Tito when we crossed guerrilla territory. Later in Italy our assistance to Tito paid off with the aid those guerrillas gave our downed airmen in the Balkan mountains. They would smuggle them down to the Adriatic and across within a few days of their loss on a mission.

During the year we were in Italy I quickly learned Italian based on the five years of Latin I have survived in school. Foreign language teachers look at me and smile when I tell them I was taught Italian by a little old man who was illiterate. It is true. I would read the paper to him. He would correct my pronunciation. The large words I recognized he would tell me the more common simple forms like 'libreria y chiesa.' Within three months I was in charge of building the headquarters mess hall and bar on the base at Lecce with an Italian work crew of twenty-five. I would carry cigarettes and hand them around during break time. We had masons build the walls and floor. We purchased the material. The local administration- o officials were very happy because we were helping bolster the economy which was in ruins from the war. However, when we put on a roof with steel rafters and flattened steel barrels, the Italian workmen could not believe that it would stay. Of course, architect and construction men in the outfit helped design the roof and I am certain it could still be there. The barrel sheathing could be removed and replaced with galvanize to great advantage but the construction we had, thought heavy, did not leak. Italian construction is entirely of stone, heavy arched and stolid.

I discovered one of the masons was an amateur artist so we had a back bar nude on the calice' wall in concave. It would have made Titian proud if the wall and been red. We had to increase the size of her lower hip. It was flat enough at first that jokers could leave bottles on it, so we made the hip bulgier with too much slant to maintain a beer bottom. The top to the bar was terraza which those masons polished until it sparkled. The combination of know how to two different construction methods was most interesting. Down there in the airport south of Lecce there is a Neoyankeeitalianate structure that will shake archeologists someday.

Now that I could speak Italian I decided to study piano in Europe. That would look great on my resume. I had not only spent six years in preparatory piano but I had studied with Professor D'Ilia, Chopin expert. I wrote home and Mom sent me four Etudes by George Gershwin, as well as, his Rhapsody in Blue for piano. I gave them to the professor and for the next several weeks he showed me how Chopin had been reversed, mirrored, and turned around by Gershwin in those four Etudes. I thought Gershwin had only studied piano for a year and then played by ear. His one year was some education for Gershwin and in Italy for me. The Professor also told me the terrible tragedy in the death of Air Admiral Balboa. I remembered those planes that flew into the Chicago World's Fair. The Admiral resisted all attempts of the Luftwaffe to incorporate the Italians into their command. Finally they executed him when he flew to Benghazi. After he had taken off the Germans changed the air corridor approaching Benghazi harbor. When Admiral Balboa's plane arrived it used the aborted approach and the gunner protecting the harbor shot the plane down. Shortly thereafter the Italian air command was bing directed by the Luftwaffe.

Up in Brindisi I met the Boeros. It was there that Beaudreau and I enjoyed Christmas Eve. The youngest, Eugenio, carried the infant Christ around the house and then put him in the manger scene. The song was a tune of an army refrain whose chorus was "Covered all over with sweet violets". The Boeros thought we knew their song. The manger is interesting. It is a town scene with people doing their occupations and paying no attention to Mary, Joseph and the Child off in one corner. I later learned the kings do not wear their crowns when in the presence of the Child. After that march around the house, we all left for midnight mass at the cathedral. We came home and spent the rest of the night and day sleeping and eating it was one great fiesta.

Brindisi is the beginning of the Apian Way up and across to Naples and Rome. It is a very old port familiar to the Romans and ancient Greeks. In Africa we had seen Greek Theaters. The acoustics are excellent. They have no roof but we tested all the seats and there were no dead spots.

It was a sunny day when I saw the refugees who had been brought across the Adriatic. They were a sad group of about a hundred people mostly women and children. All the men had their right hands maimed. They had been clubbed so they could not fire a rifle. There were no males between the ages of ten and sixty. I am sure they all had the tattoos with which the Germans marked prisoners.

It was also in this port that Sergeant Forbes and I stole the jeep that had been stolen from one of our officers six months earlier in Alexander, Egypt. We often went down to the port facilities and if there were any naval ships aboard we would bum a cup of coffee. The navy makes strong coffee, some American army cooks do not. Anyway we went down to the dock side and there was a British submarine tied up at the dock. On the wharf was an American jeep. It had the numbers of one we knew had disappeared back in Egypt earlier that year. We assumed the submarine crew had been in port and had removed that jeep. They must have kept it lashed on deck because I don't think there was any way they could have gotten it inboard. Anyway Forbes and I discussed the situation. I talked to the submarine watch to distract their attention, Forbes drove the jeep off around the block. I walked a couple of blocks and got in and we drove came back to the base. The motor pool sergeant was surprised and put the jeep back on his roster.

We were brought home just before the end of the European Theater of Operations was finished. President Roosevelt died. We were loaded on the S.S.America bag and baggage. I had given my one lung motor cycle to our Italian bat boy. He was the richest kid in his village if he sold it at the right price. That was a tearful goodbye but he was a proud kid when he rode home that night. On board we met Red Skeleton. He was a corporal. We understood he had made a smart remark to some officer and they busted him. He would meet us on the taff rail below officers decks and spend four hours with one story after another. I can't remember any except a couple that I wouldn't repeat in mixed company. Skeleton would chain smoke about four cigars in an afternoon and point out the officers just dieing to join us.

Once we landed at Norfolk, Virginia, a point system had been established and I think I had some 130 for discharge. They sent me on temporary assignment to Sioux Falls. I packed my two duffel bags and climbed aboard the train to Omaha. there was a squad of colored troops boarding about one more car back. I changed in Omaha and arrived Sunday morning in Sioux Falls and there was that squad of colored getting off. I rode into camp with one of their trucks and dropped off at the squadron where I was to report. The Sergeant on duty assigned me a barracks and bed and I asked him where the signal office was. He said to report back in the morning.

I reported back and the Sergeant told me to fall out with several soldiers dressed in fatigues. I remonstrated and asked to be directed to the signal section. Getting no answer I tramped back to my bed and spend the day reading. The following morning there was a Lieutenant in attendance. The Sergeant again ordered me to fall out with the fatigue detail and I told him I was to be sent to the signal section. At this point the Lieutenant chimed in and asked my military service number. He had to look up 860, but he immediately ordered the sergeant to drive me to signals. That was one upset Sergeant. I don't think he understood what happened. I have a letter that says it is a court martial offense to put cryptographers on fatigue detail. Their brains are too tender. Of course, the Major at signals when I reported was upset that it had taken me two days to get there. You win one you lose one. I was there about month then the orders sent me to Camp Atterbury, Indiana. There they processed me, gave me my honorable discharge, and started me home. I changed buses in Indianapolis without joining the celebration where they were diving into the fountain on the circle. The war was over. I was headed home.

BLACKHAWK HOTEL, Atlantic City, NJ

Odds and Ends

Once I was home from service I was at loose ends. I went back to work for the finance company and was sent to IBM program training. For a little over a year I worked in the accounts receivable. But soon realized that college was where I should be. In this interim between service and school I renewed my family ties. Elizabeth got married to Don Johnson. Phil was out in California. The rest of us did dishes and enjoyed the quiet life. One comment of Mom's, "The inflation of the war means it costs ten dollars a bag of groceries where it used to be only five." She should be here now.

In the summer of '46 Bill Conrad and his wife, friends who wanted to see Mom and now, that travel was available, were taking a vacation. He taught at the Naval Academy and had been one of those who cut down a tree at Christmas time with Dad. Dad had initiated a program at the Academy for tests. History was checked in the English test and English checked on the History tests. Bill said it was still the way tests were being coordinated. He had retired from teaching at the Academy. He had been born in Adams County, Indiana, and had known Dad then. We wrote letters to friends in the Decatur area and I drove them around for several days. It finally got to be a joke, but we had chicken in every style of cooking imaginable. Beef had not yet recovered from its reduction in the food chain during the war.

Another visitor was Uncle Dick. I showed him the old telescope that he had given us while we were still in Annapolis. It was from a sea disaster on the inner channel in Alaska. But first you must know that Uncle Dick did not get sea sick, he got land sick. As soon as he arrived in port which was San Francisco he headed for home and tried to eat. If he could get a meal on his stomach soon enough he would not get sick on land. To abet this preparation of a meal, he had given Aunt Marian a telescope from the bridge of his command destroyer. As soon as she saw the fleet arriving she could use the telescope and determine if it was her husband coming home and in need of his supper. On one of the fleet's cruises they were running along the Alaskan coast. It was heavy fog and contact was minimal down the line that night. This was before radar. The lead destroyer radioed brushing against the bottom and losing some forward speed. Commander Myers immediately gave the order which sends the line left and right on alternate headings. This is a procedure which means half will steer away from the danger. Fortunately they were in water open enough that actually nothing else happened. It may have been a brush with a whale. Upon the fleets return to port an Admiralty Inquiry was initiated to determine what may have occurred.

Now Admiralty Inquiries are very complete. As part of their information a complete inventory of all ships involved is made. The telescope which Aunt Marian had was noted as missing from the bridge and Uncle Dick said it had been lost overboard during the maneuvers. Just in case, he got it out of the house and sent it to us. Phil and I happily used it as part of our play when using the upper window as our flying bridge, pretending to sail the house out to sea with an official Naval spy glass.

My brother Phil, an aeronautical engineer, was working for Lockheed during the war and went up to San Francisco to visit Uncle Dick. He had come aboard with sailors lined up in review and all kinds of pipes blowing, with a drum roll. Phil wasn't certain they understood that he was only the nephew of the fleet commander. Uncle Dick, when Phil got to his quarters, told him that he shouldn't say too much about the reception, it was for ambassador level, but it was a good indication of the respect Rear Admiral Richard Myers received from his men. He had the most adventurous postings around the world every three years. He was in Shanghai during the Panai Incident. His official record was international in background. Whenever he came to South

Bend, Mom always had a running supply of coffee, strong coffee. She often remarked how two pots were just not enough for them while he told those wonderful sea yarns.

Uncle Paul was another visitor. Mary, Fred and Paul had all been at Indiana University at the same time. Paul had dated Mary and that is how Dad first met her. I guess Dad, as a senior, was a little more impressive on Mary. Paul and Dad were always the best of friends. Dad was with Uncle Paul out in a hunting lodge. Some local character and Dad were playing cribbage. Dad said something to Paul about the guy cheated. Paul said everyone put up with it. Anyway Dad called the guy when he palmed a card and accused him of cheating. I remember Uncle Paul was not to happy about hurting the guys feelings but the game continued and the guy never cheated with my Dad from then on. Now it was Uncle Paul who was impressed.

Once after breakfast Paul got started on those stories that are the forte of any salesman. He told about the foggy night he hit a prone figure in the highway. Since there were Mexicans in the area for farm harvesting, he decided he better go back. Actually it was a 100 pound sack of potatoes that he had smashed all over the road.

"Dammit to hell! Mary, I'm glad I went back or I would have worried all my life about killing someone." Mom would wince on the open expletive but this was her favorite in-law, besides the story was the point.

Another involved a sway back horse. A farmer told him that he and two friends could hunt on the property and would he shoot the sway backed horse, the only horse on the farm. The farmer said he would appreciate it and it would save him cleaning his gun. Of course, there was nothing else to shoot all afternoon and Uncle Paul had not told the others about the horse. He began complaining about the farmer who let them hunt knowing there was nothing to shoot. Then he saw the sway backed horse. He pointed his gun and said, "Dammit to hell! I'm going to shoot that horse," and he did. Mom winced. Uncle Paul was slapping his leg at the same time he said, "Dammit to hell."

I have never been more fascinated by the interplay of personality. I was home from the Army and Mom knew it was not necessary to say anything about such language in front of the kid, but I know she winced. We spent all morning with stories whose punch line was not the story but "Dammit to hell! Mary." By the way, Paul's hunting companions were so surprised by his violence on the horse they ran to the car drove off and left him to walk to town.

He told about when his brother Charlie was only six. Charlie was upset about school, about doing chores, just about everything. Charlie never changed much. One Saturday morning he came down after breakfast with some of his clothes tied in a large bandanna on a stick. He informed his mother, Dora, that he was leaving. She set him down and said she would pack him a lunch. She took her time slicing the ham and spreading the bread while Charlie cooled his heels on the kitchen chair. She added salt to the ham packed it in his bandanna and solemnly shook hands and hoped he would write.

He walked out and down the lane. Dora could see him out the living room window sitting across the road. About noon he ate his lunch. Shortly after that she heard the pump handle when he came to get a drink. Then about the middle of the afternoon she saw him coming back up the lane. He went upstairs with his pack and after a while was back down. He said he had decided that maybe he would stay until he ad a job, in the meantime, could he help his mother set the table? "Dammit to hell! Mary," said Paul, "He always helped around the farm."

I knew Charles Myers as my talking Uncle on Dad's side, Edward Moorhouse was from Mom's family. Uncle Eddy had been to the Philippines. Charlie never strayed too far from that farm. He injured his back working in a factory, married a great cook and started a truck stop the Loblolly. He was telling me about trying to raise tomatoes and they turned out to be those little ones and he was so mad he had them plowed under. I said he should have had them picked and sent to Chicago for garnishes in the loop restaurants. After all one of those truckers who went through would have loved to go shares. Then he was mad again because he hadn't thought to do that. Charlie saw the point in a story but missed something in life. Fortunately the pies his wife baked kept the truckers coming back.

Paul was a super salesman. The New York area was not doing too well so they transferred him to Rochester for two years. He never liked the place. Referred to the neighbors as high school graduates that wanted you to think they had been to college. In a way he got even with them.

He would start out Monday and be gone all week. The house he bought did not have a garage so he rented one a couple of blocks away. Friday nights he would get back from the road late and the first week parked the car all night in front of the house. The next week he did the same thing, putting the car in the garage Saturday morning. However the third week he and Aunt Chrisie were finishing breakfast when a policeman knocked on the door. Uncle Paul invited him in. The policeman was there to issue him a citation for parking at the curb all night. It was a curfew law. Uncle Paul said fine and was there any law against parking on the lawn. The policeman said, "No."

Uncle Paul and the policeman spent the rest of the morning building a ramp of two by fours at the curb. The policeman directed backing the car up over the curb and sidewalk onto the front lawn. Uncle Paul shook hands with the policeman. The policeman left. Uncle Paul went in the house. The car stayed on the front lawn all week end. Monday morning Uncle Paul drove down over the ramp of two by fours and was gone for the week. On the week end he again parked the car on the lawn. Sunday he was out in the yard when a deputation of three men called on him.

This was the first contact by any one in the neighborhood. Uncle Paul was most gracious and finally the men got around to the subject of parking on the lawn. Uncle Paul said apparently some powerful citizen had exhorted the police department to issue a citation about parking at the curb after midnight. Since he was able to park on the lawn without any inconvenience to the police he was doing so and would continue to do so until he felt it was again safe to park at the curb. If the deputation would spread that around the neighborhood it was presumed that in three weeks it would be safe to park at the curb. Otherwise Uncle Paul would be forced to put in a couple of cement strips up his lawn to facilitate parking. They might be unsightly but he had been assured they would be legal. He hoped the powers that be would understand his need to eliminate that late night walk home from the garage.

The men left assuring him that such would be the case. Uncle Paul canceled his rented garage, and for two more weekends parked on the lawn. The third week and for the rest of his stay in Rochester he parked at the curb whenever he wanted. There was no disturbance of his peace.

Christine Pape was married to Uncle Paul. She was trained as a concert violinist. My brother Ralph had taken about a year of violin lessons and was almost past the squeaky stage when Aunt Chrisie came to call. She picked up that violin and played most beautifully for an hour one time. That was the last time the violin would be played. Ralph never touched it again.

One of Uncle Paul's stories was involved with the speed with which cold came to Minnesota. If the fall had been damp he claimed a sudden temperature change to cold and you could hear the shingle tacks popping on the roof. I doubt it could happen but Uncle Paul was certain. Paul enjoyed life. Twice he totaled cars to avoid greater damage in a head on. Once going over a 500 foot cliff on a mountain road. As a heavy weight wrestler at Indiana University, he had the strength, as he said, to wrap his legs and arms around the steering wheel column and then walk away with minor cuts and bruises. A picture I saw of one of the wrecks looked like it had been entered in a crusher. He died in 1962 of heart failure.

Dammit to hell, I miss him.

College

Bloomington, 1947-1950

After the war and my discharge VJ-Day in 1945, I went to college. There was a tremendous development in higher education with the new GI Bill for veterans which subsidized their college education. Because I had learned Italian and was interested in travel, I enrolled at Indiana University with a major in linguistics. Staying for summer semesters, I was able to complete requirements for a degree by 1950.

That educational bill for veterans upset the collegiate world. The tremendous expansion in enrollments in college required quick expansion of dormitory facilities but it also brought professors face to face with men and women who had questions beyond the high school experience. Indiana University bought army barracks which were reconstructed on campus. My dorm assignment was in an area where the dorms were old army barracks converted to two floors with double rooms. There was a quadrangle of eight dorms all named for a tree, Hickory Hall was ours occupied almost entirely of military veterans. The other seven dorms of this quadrangle were coeds. Our dining hall was the first coed dining on campus. The dorm ratio was seven to one. It was interesting to note that in our dining room the men came to eat with clean T shirts and seldom referred to it as the "mess". In the cafeterias that were not coed dress was more slovenly.

My room mate was Ed Romans, a former square dancer from the WLS Barn Dance. We quickly settled who got the upper bunk, I took it, my reasoning, no one sits on the upper bunk. Besides they never rig the top bunk to collapse because someone might be in the bottom. It took about two weeks before someone from downstairs came up to our room to complain that someone was dropping only one shoe every night when they went to bed. We said we'd check into it. Shoes were put on hold so to speak.

When I went to enroll for classes there was an interesting sign. You were expected to take at least half your classes in the afternoon. As I skipped through the application form requiring to know my church affiliation, hereditary affiliation, and sex etc. I considered the signs significance. When I picked out my classes the checker said you have all your classes in the afternoon. He agreed there was no rule against it, just that everyone wanted morning classes. It took a couple of years for my dorm mates to register that Monday morning free meant my weekends could be longer. I seldom returned from trips until Monday noon. Study was better no one was in the dorm when I had my mornings free. Actually I usually stayed on campus.

Coming home late Saturday night Ed and I found a lipstick that someone had dropped crossing the campus. Not wanting to waste any potential, we developed the following practical use. Checking all rooms to see if there were only one person already in bed and one still out, we marked the inside of the door knob with lipstick. The assumption was a room mate coming back to his room at night usually undresses without turning on the lights so he doesn't wake his room mate. Most will muss their hair, and scratch the face with their dominant hand. Thus the lipstick from the doorknob will be smeared around. The next morning Ed and I stayed in the bathroom waiting for anyone showing up with lipstick smears on his face. Several of our victim's were very upset because they had not been out with the girls. We pointed out they should not drink so much they couldn't remember.

Another opportunity presented itself when a coed with whom we often ate, a very attractive blond, asked us what she should do in the following situation. A fraternity wanted her to make a soda date with some gullible kid in their frat house and then not show up. The presumption was he would brag about the gorgeous girl who wanted to meet him and the frat brothers would kid him when he got stood up. We looked at each other and said, "We'll handle it". She was to make the date and not show up. We then arranged for three girls, a blond, a red head, and a brunette, unknown to the original girl to keep the date. They were to meet him in a certain booth, sit down, tell him that his brothers were just waiting at the fountain bar for him to be stood up, and they were saving him the embarrassment. They were to leave within a minute before the bar bunch recovered and closed in to meet them. Ed and I were ensconced in the next booth, the fraternity boys were down the bar on stools, our three girls showed up, half a minute late, spoke softly to the gullible one, one even kissed him on the cheek and they left. The brothers were in shock. Things were not going according to their plan. What was even worse when they got to the gullible one he had no idea who the three girls were. Ed and I congratulated ourselves on a backfired practical joke.

That summer Ed and I took rooms in a private home. The lady let me do our washing. Ed was willing to let me. I learned a very important fact. I washed everything together since there was not a large load. The first week white things were a little gray. The next week I increased the soap but this time they turned a little pink. After discussion with the lady of the house I found out one had to separate colored clothes from white and also colored should be done in cool or cold water. Subsequent washings cleared up the situation and Ed was happier with me.

A student in his senior year lived across the hall from us. Al Burlingame was one of those students who had to make perfect grades. After the first semester grades came out he was complaining that one of his was only an "A". We were headed for dinner and heard a fellow student say he had passed three of his courses at least he was staying one more semester. We pointed out that there were some worse off than Al. He had a part time job on the campus paper as a proof reader. He was fast, accurate and good. Because of my training in the army I had ignored punctuation so much for three years that now I had to push myself to put periods at the end of a sentence. My first semester English teacher Miss Compton was giving me A's for content and F's for punctuation. At mid terms I discovered the grade on the bottom was the one she counted. I began asking Al to proof my work and then I turned it in but I was in trouble again late in the semester when Miss Compton accused me of plagiarism. We walked to the Dean's office where she remarked that my last composition, a short story, was something she knew she had read somewhere else. The Dean asked me what I had to say and my comment was that the short story was developed from a piece of precise writing which we had done very early that semester. The Dean excused me. Miss Compton gave me a "D" which meant I had to take another class in Freshman English. The class I took required some research and a mock research paper which was well worth the effort.

Al Burlingame was majoring in French, he planned to be a writer. Ed majored in Spanish, he planned to be a speech therapist. I took some French but was fluent in Italian. The three of us ate together and would practice talking in our foreign tongues. All three understood the other languages but only spoke in our favorite. This was very disquieting to the young coeds who were majoring in Spanish or French but were not that conversant nor capable of listening to more than one foreign tongue at the same time. We had a lot of fun with that activity and the coeds who wanted to get even with a more capable foreign language student would send them over to eat with us at breakfast which was a terrible way to ruin their day.

Earlier I mentioned the veterans practical approach to education was a bit surprising to the college professors. For instance the four high school seniors who were housed in our dormitory were somewhat confused with the idea of artificial insemination. They happened to be city bred. Well a sheepherder from Montana soon brought their education up to date. He was quite familiar with the process from sheep ranching. The Dean of Men, Mr. Shoemaker, had him on the carpet when he heard about the demonstration the shepherd put on with a lucky canine that strayed by during the discussion. The high school kids found out about braying to the brass. But it was this practical approach to education which caught the colleges unprepared with pat answers. Veterans clued in on the basic more keenly than the high school seniors who were still naive and not the cynics from the trenches. The old moral argument about being stranded on a deserted island would you prefer a blond or a book just did not work. Too many had been in that situation and did not consider any prospect but escape worth considering. The veteran questioned, "Why stay?"

I was dating every weekend. But did not go out with the same girl the following week. Finally the president of that coed dorm came to our table and complained to me that I would have to be more of a gentleman. It seems that I had been dating room mates one after the other and right down the hall. She said that one hall was in coventry with itself. No one was on speaking terms down that hall. There were six other dorms to work on.

One of our fellow inmates at Hickory Hall had a car and often was to tired to walk from the parking lot on Saturday night. Sunday morning his car would be in the little apron in front of the dorm entrance. The third Sunday we took a pair of tennis shoes and white wash and made it look like two people had walked up the back of his trunk across the roof and down the hood. It was washable paint that time but he got the message and we didn't need to press the point. I signed up to help move beginning students in their dorms the next year. I came back a day early and had a fine time. Went over to the new dormitory and met worried parents and freshman not certain about what had happened to them. It was fun playing host getting them portered up to their rooms and showing them the showers and laundries. That first week was a bit rough because they only had left handed doors. Someone had thought that was the only kind they needed. Every other door frame was for a right hand door. I figured a former army supply sergeant had been at it again. The next year I volunteered for a coed dorm. Freshmen girls come two days early for orientation and I was more than interested in how disoriented they were.

A tragedy that second year was when I met an African Prince from some emirate down in the Congo area. He wanted to go home for Christmas vacation which was two weeks but his father could not afford expensive gasoline costs flying their private C-47 in the United States. We worked out a deal that a dozen of us could chip in the gasoline costs and visit their country, all the rest expense free. It was a little over $20.00 for each of us but we had to get Passports. By this time it was Thanksgiving and less than a month. We checked and found that it would take about six weeks. I went to the Dean of Men hoping he could give us a little pressure to wing the passports through. He did not want us out of the country and told me so. No dice. I should have contacted our Congressman, the publicity would have been terrific. Anyway Dean Shoemaker scuttled that brilliant opportunity.

For Christmas I took a fellow student transferred from Prague, Czechoslovakia, home to South Bend. We rode with Ed up to Chicago on the Monon and the three of us went out to my favorite hotel the Edgewater Beech. We got in a little after lunch and went down to the Yacht Club. Started to have a quiet lunch and suddenly every waiter was standing around our table.

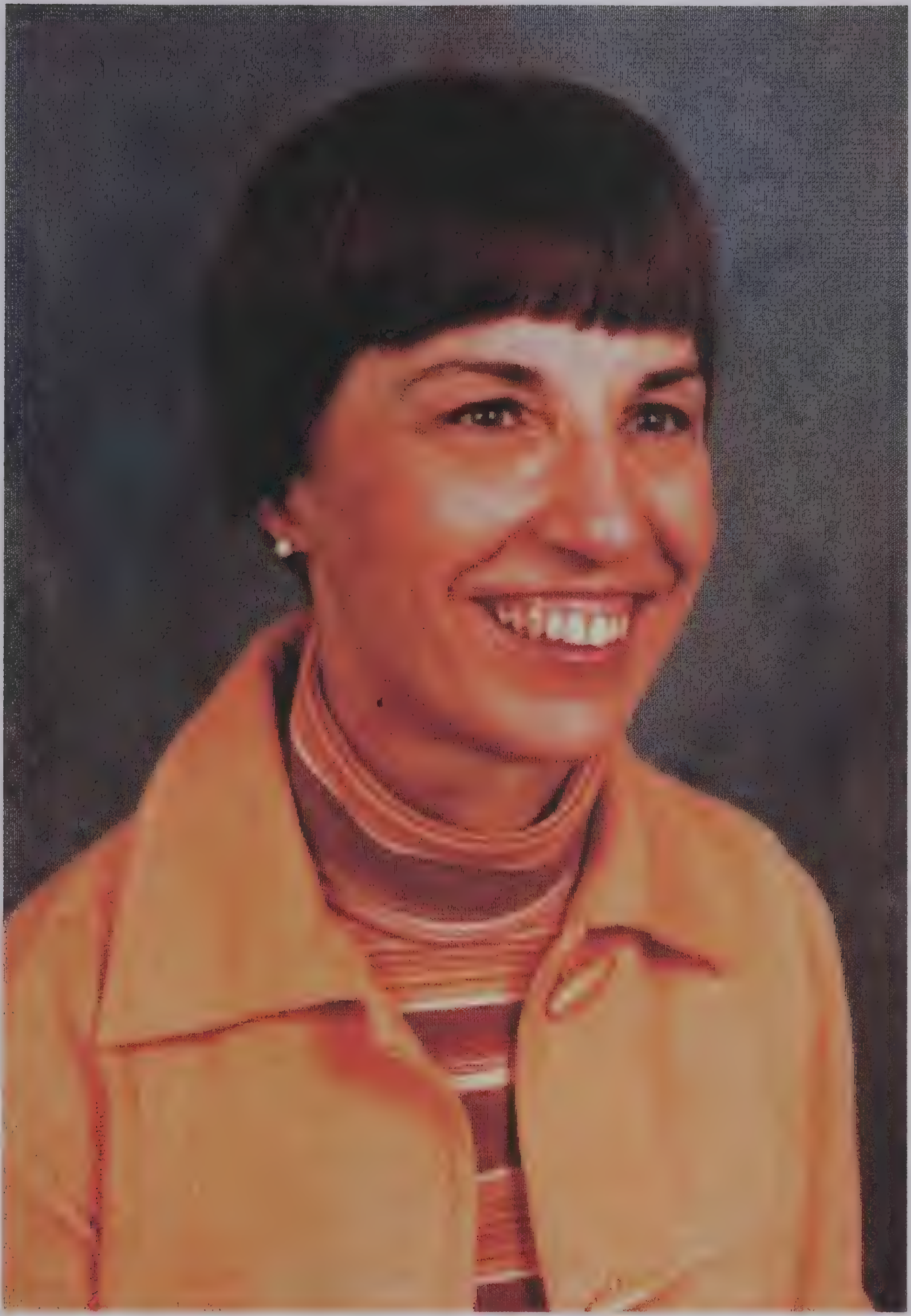
They were Czechs that had escaped during the war and hoped to make their fortunes in America. My friend from school spent all his time telling them about their country and what it was like now with the Nazis gone. We stayed until the last train to South Bend was due out. We had frozen daiquiris by the pitcher courtesy of those waiters. They were great.

From my experience in the army where I made friends of the supply sergeants and the cooks by helping type their end of the month reports. I found janitors a good substitute for supply sergeants, they would give me paper and pencils left behind and the latest scoop on what was happening in the administration. Instead of cooks the kitchens had supervisors called dietitians. Ed knew one of them and had been dating her. There were three more in a house over by the campus and one night Ed and I went over there to meet two of them and play bridge.

That is when I met Joyce Hughes. Now you must know that Ed and I took bridge seriously as we were playing regularly in the competitive bridge club on campus. We sat down to play bridge but unfortunately Joyce trumped my ace lead. We have seldom played bridge since.

We dated a lot the second year and she decided that she would go to work for the State Board of Health with an assignment to the Fort Wayne branch office. My senior year I was to concentrate on study but every six weeks I spent the weekend in Fort Wayne.

We fell in love.



BETTY JOYCE HUGHES

B: 20 March, 1924 M: 5 June 1950 D: 12 September 2001

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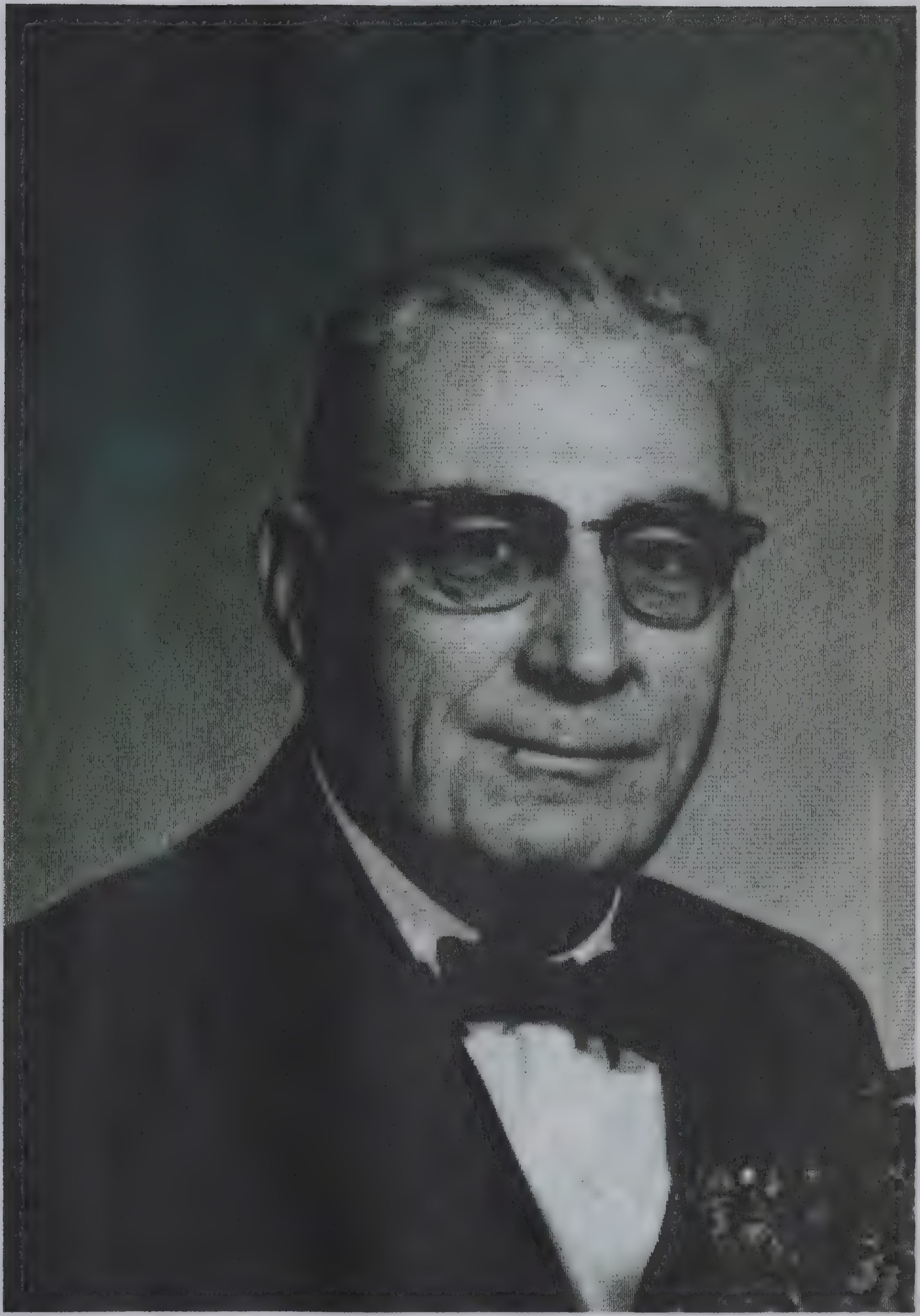
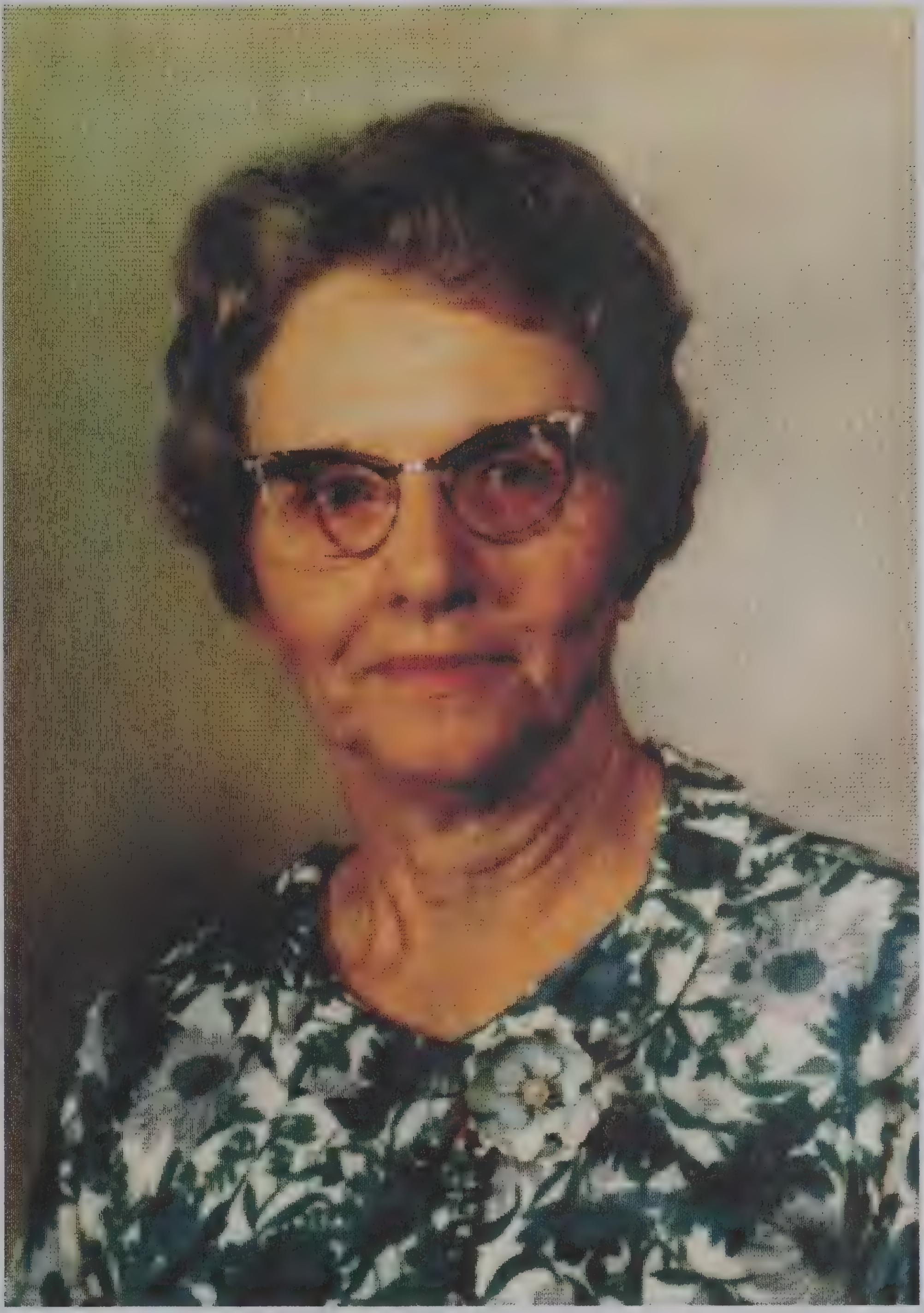


DALE HUGHES

B: 21 Auguest 1899 M: 30 April 1921 D: 21 January 1990



WILMA ELIZA COLE
B: 20 April 1901 M: 30 April 1021 D: 28 November 1968

First home, Standish Drive, Fort Wayne, Indiana

Joyce was working for the Indiana State Board of Health as a Nutrition Consultant with the branch office in Fort Wayne. We first rented. Discussion was held on the potential of buying a trailer and the possibility of Larry going back to school for a Master's in Business. Joyce's mother, Wilma Cole Hughes, came down for a shopping weekend and when Larry came home that night the two girls were going through folders about trailers. Over the next several weeks, we visited trailer sales, talked to people who lived in trailers and finally bought a trailer in Angola that had an outside enamel finish just like an automobile. During the three years we lived in that trailer Larry simonized it several times, waxed and polished.

When Marcia was born, she was two weeks late. Joyce was in labor for twenty hours. Once, when Dr. Smith was checking progress, Joyce sat up and said, "It's a good thing I'm not an Irish washer woman." Smith looked puzzled.

Larry said, "Oh about two months ago, there was an article about an Irish woman who had a seventh child that weighed 18 pounds, and I kidded Joyce about such a large baby."

"Never kid a pregnant woman about the baby," said Smith, "they take everything seriously."

Marcia weighed in at eight pounds thirteen ounces. She was almost twice the size of the baby boy in the next bed. When Larry went to the crib room to see the newborn the nurse pointed to Marcia. She looked Italian, black hair, mad as all get out and doing push ups. She was not happy face down and she was actually doing push ups. She looked like a mad beet.

We went home and started becoming a family. Marcia was in charge. We sold the trailer to a couple in Berne and after we delivered the trailer and received our check we went to Habeggers, and bought most of the furniture that was to go in our home 4501 Standish, right down to the pictures. We had fun. This is where we brought Kathy after she was born. For the first month Joyce lived with her folks in Salem Center, Steuben County, Indiana. Marcia had been most helpful with her new sister. She even tried feeding her match sticks in case she was hungry.

As part of growing up and learning responsibility, Grandpa and Grandma Hughes bought a little yellow gosling for the girls one Easter. We baptized him Petey Bleep and he used a shoe box for his bed room. Out doors he was into everything. The backyard fence was not small enough to slow him down. Daily he wandered the neighborhood. He was always home for supper with the rest of us.

One day Larry came home from work and the neighbor, Doris, asked about Petey. They had poured cement for a breezeway and double garage addition and just when the men had finished floating the cement Pete had tried it for a swimming pool. They fished him out but he got away before they could clean him up and she was afraid the cement might have set on him. About then Pete came up the drive nice and clean. Maybe he found a puddle or someone had hosed him down. Anyway he was no worse for wear and Doris went home. I think she had visions of a cement statue of Petey under someone's peony bush.

With my papier mache the girls enjoyed some wonderful costumes for Halloween. Joyce made a cat outfit for Kathy and I produced a cello for Marcia they were the cat and the fiddle. Marcia peeped out of the resonance hole. That was the year we lost her. The routine was that several father's and mother's would be a chaperoning committee for the "trick and treaters" and we got involved in a conversation. Marcia had asked to go into one house so the grandmother could see her in the violin. When she came out she didn't see us and started on down the street for treats. We felt silly going to doors asking if they had seen a violin go by. Then someone brought her back to the corner and all the worry was over.

Another year they were Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum. In every case we read the stories involved. The time they were St. George and the Dragon they knew the tradition of the English Saint. I made a gorgeous suit of armor for little Kathy and a tremendous dragon for Marcia. We told them to announce who they were because a local station, whose characters were a rabbit and an alligator, Cecil B and Herkimer, which I had made were very popular.

I was surprised that of some sixty houses we visited in two nights only one woman knew who St. George and the Dragon were. The second night Kathy was tired early but Marcia did not want to quit. Joyce took Kathy home and I continued with Marcia. Marcia would knock on a door and announce she was the dragon, "St. George got tired and went home." I thought that dragon knew how to put a knight to bed.

We began looking for a larger home. An older house was a better buy. We found one at 4828 Devonshire Drive. It was built in 1862 of white oak. We remodeled, added a new furnace, and Ben Franklin Stove in lieu of a fireplace. We lived for some fifteen years and made many friends. We still visit some of those neighbors now in South Bend and North Carolina.

Joyce went back to working for the Indiana State Board of Health, Fort Wayne Branch Office. There was no maternity leave in those days and she had been required to resign and reapply. All the spouses of ISBH staff organized as the "Angels," the better half, an unofficial friendly group. The Christmas parties were held at homes of fellow workers. The year it was at our home on Devonshire, we invented tiddly wink golf. If you have played tiddly wink you make points firing your tiddly wink into a shot glass. To play golf, nine saucers are placed around the rooms. Hazards are bare floors, shag carpets and in the case of our old house, heat registers. Putting it into a saucer is ticklish, the wink keeps going on through the flat saucers. Everyone took off their shoes and we crawled around on all fours for a half hour or better. Scores were quite high but it was the first time anyone had ever played the game. It was a great party.

The next day I spent some time opening up the heat duct to retrieve all the lost tiddly winks that had gone down the register, worse than a lake for a handicap.

In the family we began to appreciate the Christmas season. Early we had to draw a line about how soon we would go down stairs Christmas morning for our presents. Five o'clock was negotiated with Kathy and Marcia and the first year, Joyce and I received a loud alarm clock to be sure we didn't sleep too late and they had to go downstairs by themselves. It was one of the requirements that we all go down together.

We also continued the idea of getting the tree from some farmer and once with poison ivy. Larry rubbed his face after trimming the tree base for mounting and the next day his chin had little blisters. Fortunately Christmas break that year was two weeks long so he was almost able to get rid of the rash on his chin by the time he went back to school in January.

There is a good story about a little boy drawing the Christmas scene with a rather round shepherd off in the corner who was 'Round John Virgin.' Marcia, who was about seven, asked me about the angel hanging at the peak of the roof on the Cathedral Creche. We were getting off the bus right in front of the display.

"Dad, is that Harold the Angel?"

"Of course," I replied. "I'm sure that is the soloist for 'Hark the herald angel sings."

We always put up the tree Thanksgiving weekend. We alternated Thanksgiving and Christmas each year with either Joyce's or Larry's family. We always went downtown to Wolf and Dessauer to see the Christmas window decorations for children and the huge Santa Claus sleigh which is still hung every year although W & D's have long since been sold. The city maintains the display as a local tradition.

From time to time we went to Chicago one weekend in the Christmas season to see Marshall Fields windows which were always lovely. Once each window was a section from the poem "A Visit from Saint Nick." They were well done and most fun for children. Adults would let little children get up front to see each of the windows down the block on State Street.

For more formal training in cultural activity Marcia and Kathy were enrolled in Mrs. Gates dancing class at the Women's Club to learn the social graces of dancing. The girls were in Junior High School at this time. Several of the neighborhood boys went also so we had a car pool to the classes. The girls dressed in their Sunday best even with white gloves. The boys wore slacks, jackets and ties. It was a festive affair. All were very bashful but did learn the basics of the waltz, fox trot and swing. Marcia was baptized in the First Methodist Church, Angola, Indiana, by Dr. Frank Hickman who had married Joyce and Larry in Durham County, Durham, North Carolina. There is a picture in the photograph album after the ceremony of Dale and Wilma Hughes, Dr. Frank and Veva Hickman, as well as, the three of us. It was taken at Dr. Hickman's home. Kathy was baptized at Simpson's Methodist Church, Fort Wayne. Our family transferred as charter members of Epworth Methodist Church. The founding group met originally in the house and when the house was demolished in the barn on the property. We felt closer to God because of the manger in the barn. Pictures of the group beside that barn are also in the album.

The girls often remembered Petey Bleep. When he got big, in the fall we had taken him up to the farm where Joyce's folks were living. He was there several weeks and then disappeared. Her father was suspicious that he wandered too close to a hungry neighbor. I suspect he paid no attention to roads and in the country cars move a lot faster. Now we decided it might be time for another more permanent pet. We visited the local SPCA in a house. The puppies were in a bathroom and the girls selected one that was a bit of a runt, black with white stockings. A contract was negotiated that the girls would be responsible for the dog. The dog was a mix of poodle and spaniel. In the west it is a popular breed called a "Cockerpoo." It is a highly intelligent animal.

I was in the process of painting the kitchen and from time to time would put a bone on the ladder to entice Pepper-ther-Poo to climb the ladder. I did have to lift her down. She quickly learned hand signals. Two snaps of the finger meant to heel. I even used that with the girls. We would go shopping and when I could not see the little ones all I had to do was snap my fingers or clap my hands and they would return to me. One time I wanted to call them to supper and clapped my hands as Marcia was about to leap across the neighbors lawn. She actually turned in flight landing sideways and started for home.

All the kids on the block thinking that Monday and Friday was when Pepper understood Italian. Tuesday and Saturday was German, and Wednesday and Sunday was English. Actually Pepper was watching my hand signals and I could have recited Latin and it would not have bothered her. When we were down at the play ground I often put her through her paces sending her up the slides. Here she simply slid down. When the kids asked I said we had bought her from a Circus because she couldn't balance a ball on her nose. Once in awhile you would see some kid trying to get her to balance a ball. The poor dog had no idea what was wrong with the kid.

From our trip to Europe we had noted that their dogs do not bark. You can be fined in some towns for honking the car horn or letting your dog bark. I think it was five pounds in London. We trained Pepper to do the same. Our method of training was simple. Whenever she did something not allowed she sat in the basement stairway while we looked around the house for Pepper. Ten minutes of that and even you would do what you were told. It was always a joyful reunion when the buzzer went off and we opened the stairway door.

Our neighbor, Bruno, was over one afternoon and we were having a drink on the back porch. I set mine down and Pepper never moved. Bruno commented that he would feed her bones on his patio and she would take them out in the grass. I told him that she was not to eat on the cement for fear of staining. Another thing he said was that she would often come over when their company arrived stay long enough to be introduced and then come home. Of course, I explained that was how I kept up on the neighborhood.

There was a boxer who was using Bruno's plantings for a water closet. With an alternator from an old model T we wired his chicken fencing that so far had not protected the plants. Saturday morning we sat down behind the picture window and waited for the boxer. He arrived, raised his leg and we next saw him in the middle of the yard his leg still raised. That dog would cross the street rather than walk by Bruno's yard.

We wanted our daughters to be thrifty. The handling of money and its responsibility are important in the affairs of man. The local bank was opening a new branch and we took Marcia to see what banks were like and acquire a little tin can savings bank they were giving away. It was explained that she should collect coins and save them for the future. Store cash now for later sales, buy, when possible, at sale time. Through their classes in elementary school, they have savings clubs.

It was Larry's habit when he came home to go upstairs and change into work clothes. As he left the room He realized Marcia had her bank and was rifling through his pants for loose change. He told Joyce that this was carrying the savings project beyond the usual and customary allowance. He was reminded that his pants should be hung up not tossed on the bed.

Around Spring one of the groceries was selling fuzzy cloth rabbits for ninety-five cents. We had stopped for milk and that was all the change available. the girls wanted to negotiate a loan. They would rob their banks when we got home. A check could be written they insisted and then they found out you had to put money in a checking account too, just like the little tin bank.

Marcia and Kathy were involved in Science Fairs taking ribbons for their projects at Village Woods Elementary and Junior High School. Both played the piano but neither wished to practice so after several years decided they would not continue this endeavor. We went through the song flute stage with both and Kathy did continue to play the clarinet. She played in the Junior High School Concert band which was really quite good. Marched in several local parades and with the High School band played in the Indy 500 parade. Al Donahue was her driver.

Both girls took German in High School. For Marcia's German Club Dance, Larry was the chauffeur. She and her date were not old enough to drive. Larry dressed in black with hat and umbrella service because it rained. Reminded Larry of the time he took his sister Mary Lois to her graduation prom because she was too bashful to ask anyone. Both times he had a wonderful time.

Kathy had a pen pal in Eastern Germany, a communist with whom she enjoyed corresponding. For Christmas we often sent him several pairs of blue jeans which are quite the rage even today in Europe, and were hard to find in communist countries. Horst Bauermeister invited Kathy to visit. We went along as chaperones and that trip is a story in itself. Our travel agent suggested Czcheckoslavakia, a rather neutral area, instead of East Germany which would be a restricted Visa. Just before we started we called Horst to alert him that we were on our way. We had an enjoyable trip through Europe until we arrived in Prague. Horst was not there. Nothing! Kathy was upset. All we could do was spend our five days at the hotel and trip about Czcheckoslavakia. We met the grand Guru of Afghanistan on one of our first trips and did him a favor. No one including our guide could communicate with him but I could draw well enough that we got along fine. I taught him to lay ten and through my help he talked the girls into trying a particularly sulfurous spring at Karlsbaden. We laid ten. When we got home we got a card from a "friend" of Horst who said he was not allowed to visit us for some reason but his "friend" would be glad to relay any communication we would like to send. Kathy never wrote again. After the fall of the Berlin wall Horst wrote to her and told us he was no longer in trouble. He and Kathy have exchanged a few letters since.

One weekend morning I saw a young neighbor kid lining the twins up at the foot of our drive. Everyone had a shoe box. I hiked out the back door and met the young fellow coming up the drive.

"What are you planning?" I asked.

"There's a wild rabbit running around your yard and I was going to catch it for a pet."

"I'm sorry!" I said, "That's my rabbit and I rather like him. He exercises our dog by leading him on a merry chase."

"Oh! OK!" he shrugged and went home with the little girls and their shoe boxes.

Later that afternoon the door bell rang and the young man wondered if I would sell my rabbit for fifty cents. I smiled and explained that there was no way he or anyone could catch that rabbit and he should plan on a more normal source for a pet. He wasn't too upset but I must admire his ambition.

The girls would rake up the leaves in the fall. With those three large sugar maple trees there were plenty of leaves and many of their friends enjoyed the fun of leaping into the rustling pile. One fall afternoon Marcia came into the kitchen and complained that the neighbor boy was hiding behind a tree and just as they got the leaves piled up he would jump in, but he wouldn't help with the piling. I told her to follow the bible text of loving they neighbor and don't make an enemy of him. She ran out threw her arms around his neck and said she loved her neighbor. It was a whole week before I saw him again. He had brought a friend and was trying to get him to charge into the pile of leaves. I imagine Marcia's friends had told the story around school of how neighborly she was. The boys left without further incident. Actually the girls were doing me a favor because I would eventually grind up the leaves, use them as mulch for the flower beds, and bury them in the Spring. There was one problem. On windy days before we got started on raking, the neighbor across the street was collecting some of our leaves. Finally she came over and commented that she would appreciate it if I would collect the leaves earlier before they blew all over. I said my arrangement was with God, he got to paint them and I had to clean up the studio. She said she could help me do that and we got along fine.

We had purchased two antique school desks, the kind with the fold seat and desk lid for storage of books. They were often used by the girls and their friends to play school. Marcia as the oldest was usually the teacher. One afternoon I found Valerie sitting on the stairway. She was not being punished but told me she was the superintendent about to make an inspection and she was just waiting until the school was ready. It was hoped that this could carry over to routine times with a family inspection but nothing really developed.

Another neighbor lived on the far side of the slight curve in front of our house. From time to time drivers going to fast did not realize there was a curve and ran across his lawn. It was particularly wet one Spring and he planted a small tree which eventually might be a deterrent to traffic through the yard. Every so often someone flattened his tree. Saturday morning I helped him drive a big three inch pipe down alongside that tree. If the tree wasn't big enough yet maybe the pipe would help. That afternoon, Marcia who was taking driver training was to drive us to the grocery. Now our car was a long station wagon with large rear overhang. As we pulled out of the drive Marcia's wig fell off the dash. Instead of completing her turn she grabbed for the wig. We crossed the road curled across the three inch pipe and parked at the curb. The neighbor came storming out of the house. I got out to help repair the damage. The neighbor pulled up the sapling and sailed it across the roof of his house. He stamped back through his front door and that was that. I got back in the car. I recommended we concentrate on staying in the road.

High School boys came over. There were wonderful afternoons of cooking cookies with friends. Joyce enjoyed seeing the young men in aprons. Larry's railroad layout in the basement became a trap. Several times the young men spent time with him and his trains. Once one young man received a small starter set which he in turn gave Larry. Transfer cards like those issued by regular railroads were given in case the train needed to be returned. Later there was some complaints from the girls waiting for their dates while the boys checked out a new switching. The basement became off limits during evening hours.

Two friends worked at a local grocery and after one Saturday night teepeed the house with a grocery cart of paper. It was beautiful. Pepper didn't think anything of it after all it was being done by friends. That morning when Larry went down to the kitchen he saw the white cloud in front of the door. He opened it but did not step through the shower of paper. Later the boys admitted they were just outside when the door opened and were certain they would be caught. Counter plans were laid. Girl friends of Marcia and Kathy helped and the yard of one of the boys was teepeed. Each girl had her tree and once the roll was tossed headed for the getaway car. Joyce made her reputation and the high school crowd knew she drove the getaway car in this successful foray.

Down the block there was a five year old that would hide behind the parked cars and suddenly appear from behind a fender. It was a bit nerve racking. After a rainy week end, I was moving some bushes when I heard the neighbor come home. Shortly thereafter there was the click of heels up his driveway and a determined rap on the front door. The neighbor answered in a low mumble and the woman rattled off at a high pace. I was not close enough to distinguish the words. After a short exchange the heels clicked down the drive. I could not resist my curiosity. Well, the neighbor tells me he had gotten a little tired of the kid popping out. This time with the kid in the street he swerved through the yard leaving ruts in the grass. The mother came down to ask him what he thought he was doing. He replied that since her child was playing in the street to avoid confusion he would drive on the lawn. The young man never popped out again.

Our Family

We enjoyed that house on Devonshire but the area began to go down hill. The girls were in college and we invested in a fine neighborhood. We moved to Forest Ridge. The only time there was much noise around was when the girls came home and all their friends descended on our basement. Mostly it was much quieter. Pepper now had chipmunks as well as squirrels to chase and an occasional rabbit. She was getting too old for such exercise and we finally had the veterinarian put her to sleep. She had been a great friend and I hope she is having a circus wherever they send pets.

The girls graduated from Purdue and have married and they now have families. Joyce and Larry are busily retired. We settled in Florida and will finish research in our genealogy. These memories stop. Now the grandchildren will be the sequel playing in our lives.

"Topothemorn" Forest Ridge, Fort Wayne, Indiana

Official Navy Biography

CAPTAIN RICHARD E. MYERS

Richard Edwin Myers was born in Wells County, Indiana, on October 13, 1905, son of Charles Milton and Dora Anna (Acker) Myers. He attended Hartford Township High School before entering the U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland, from Indiana, on July 2, 1923. Graduated and commissioned Ensign on June 2, 1927, he progressed through subsequent promotions to the rank of Captain, to date from March 20 1945.

Following graduation in June 1927, he remained at the Naval Academy for the brief course in aviation, and in August reported for duty aboard the USS TEXAS, Flagship of the U. S. Fleet, until December 1928, when he was transferred to the USS WHITNEY, destroyer tender for Squadron 9, Scouting Fleet. After six months aboard, he served successively, during the period June 1929 to January 1931 in the USS OSBORNE, a destroyer unit of Division 27, and the USS TAYLOR, of Division 27, Squadron 9, Scouting Fleet.

Continuing duty afloat from January 1931 to December 1933, he was attached to the USS BULMER of Destroyer Squadron 5, assigned to the Asiatic Fleet, and returning to the United States, served briefly at Headquarters, Twelfth Naval District, San Francisco, California. In March 1934, he joined the USS HAMILTON, operating with Destroyers, Scouting Force, and after three months duty aboard, was detached to return to Annapolis as a student of the General Line Course at the Post-graduate School. Upon his detachment in June 1935, he reported to the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida, for a two-year tour of duty in the Aviation Training Department, engaged in the expanding Naval Aviation Cadet Program.

On May 23, 1937 he joined the USS WYOMING, a battleship of the Drill Squadron, and after two years aboard, reported on May 3, 1939 to the Naval Inspector of Machinery, Newport News, Virginia, to assist in fitting out the USS ST. LOUIS. He served in that light cruiser as assistant to the First Lieutenant and Damage Control Officer, from her commissioning, May 19, 1939, until December 9, 1940, when he was transferred to the USS Hammann as Executive Officer. Eight months later he was ordered to the Navy Department where he served first in the Office of the Chief of Naval Operations, establishing the section for convoy and routing, and from May 1942 to April 1943, at Headquarters, Commander in Chief, U. S. Fleet.

Reporting in April 1943 as Assitant Operations Officer to the Fleet Operational Training Command, Atlantic Fleet, then engaged in training ships of the rapidly expanding war fleet, he remained in that assignment until October 1944, when he assumed command of the USS DORTCH. "For meritorious acheivement as Commanding Officer of the USS DORTCH, assigned to a carrier task Force, operating against enemy Japanese forces during the Palau and Philippine invasions, and air strikes against the Philippinges, Okinawa and Formosa, from August 30 to November 11, 1944. He was awarded the Bronze Star Medal with Combat "V". The citation further states:

"Leading his command forcefully and with cool courage under repeated enemy air attacks, (he) fought his ships gallantly during operations against formidable hostile strongholds and, by his daring initiative, determination and skill, maintained a sturdy defense of the Task Force and contributed to the infliction of extensive damage on the Japanese...also participating in the rescue of numerous downed pilots..."

In may 1945 he assumed command of Destroyer Division 21, one of the first radar picket destroyer divisions. He continued in that command throughout the war months, and from December 1945 until June 1946, commanded Destroyer Division 52. In July of that year he reported as Operations officer to Commander Operational Development Force, at Norfolk, Virginia, and was attached to the USS ADIRONDACK (AGC15), Flagship. After two years in that assignment he returned in September 1948 to the Navy Department for a second tour of duty in the Office of the Chief of Naval Operations, Fleet Readiness Section. He was detached in June 1950 with orders to duty as Officer in Charge, Naval Biological Laboratory, naval Supply Center, Oakland, California.

Under order Of August 22, 1951, he assumed command on November 10, 1951 of the USS LOGAN (APA 196).. He served five months in Korea in that command, assisting in the transfer of the 187th Airborne Division from Beppu Wan, Japan, to Koje Do, Korea, during the POW riots of Spring 1952. In June 1952 he was designated Commander Destroyer Squadron 7 with additional duty in command of Destroyer Division 71. During this second tour in Korean waters he served with Task Forces 72, 77, 95 and TG 95.6. He commanded Task Unit 95.2.1 at Wonsan, Korea for five weeks, under active enemy fire.

He received the Legion of Merit for this duty. It reads in part: "For exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services to the Government of the United States as Commander Destroyer Squadron 7 and Commander Wonsan Defense and Patrol Unit, while conducting operations against the enemy in support of United Nations Forces in the Korean Theater from 6 March 1953 to 24 July 1953. During this period, Captain Myers directed the ships under his command with great skill and professional ability in support of minesweeping operations in the Korean Theater..."

He was detached as Commander Destroyer Squadron 7 and Destroyer Division 71 in July 1953, returned to the United States and assumed duty as Officer in Charge Inspection and Survey Group New York. He relocated this Command in Newport, R. I. prior to detachment, and assumed Command of Norfolk Reserve Fleet in April 1956. He served in this Command Group until retirement in August 31, 1957. He was retired as a Rear Admiral on the retired list August 31, 1957.

After retirement, he spent one semester at Florida State University as a graduate student and student assistant. At the end of this semester, he moved to Arizona because of illness of wife who suffered from arthritis. He became a graduate student and teaching assistant of mathematics at Arizona State University. He spent the period of January 1958 to June 30 1972 earning a Master's Degree and the role of Lecturer of Mathematics at this Unviersty.

In addition to the aforementioned Legion of Merit and Bronze Star for combat, Adm. Myers also holds the following medals: Yangtze Service Medal, American Defense Service Medal, China Service Medal, American Campaign Medal World War II Victory Medal, Philippine Liberation Medal, Korean Service Medal, United Nations Service Medal, Expert Rifelman's Medal, Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Medal, Philippine Republic Presidential Unit Citation Badge, Korean Presidential Citation, Navy Occupation Service Medal.

RAdm Myers married Miss Marian Helen Pilton, daughter of William and Mabel (Dunkley of Bermuda) Pilton, on July 28, 1928. Mrs. Myers was graduated from Bryn Mawr College in 1927 with a Bachelor of Science Degree, and in 1948 received he M.E.D. Degree from the University of Maryland.

On the death of his wife, he later married Mrs. Blanche S. Clark and retired to Carefree, Arizona. Mrs. Clark is the daughter of John H. and Lillian Eisele Schuster of Weekhawken, New Jersey.

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